The Saturday Evening
POST
June 23, 1956 – 15¢

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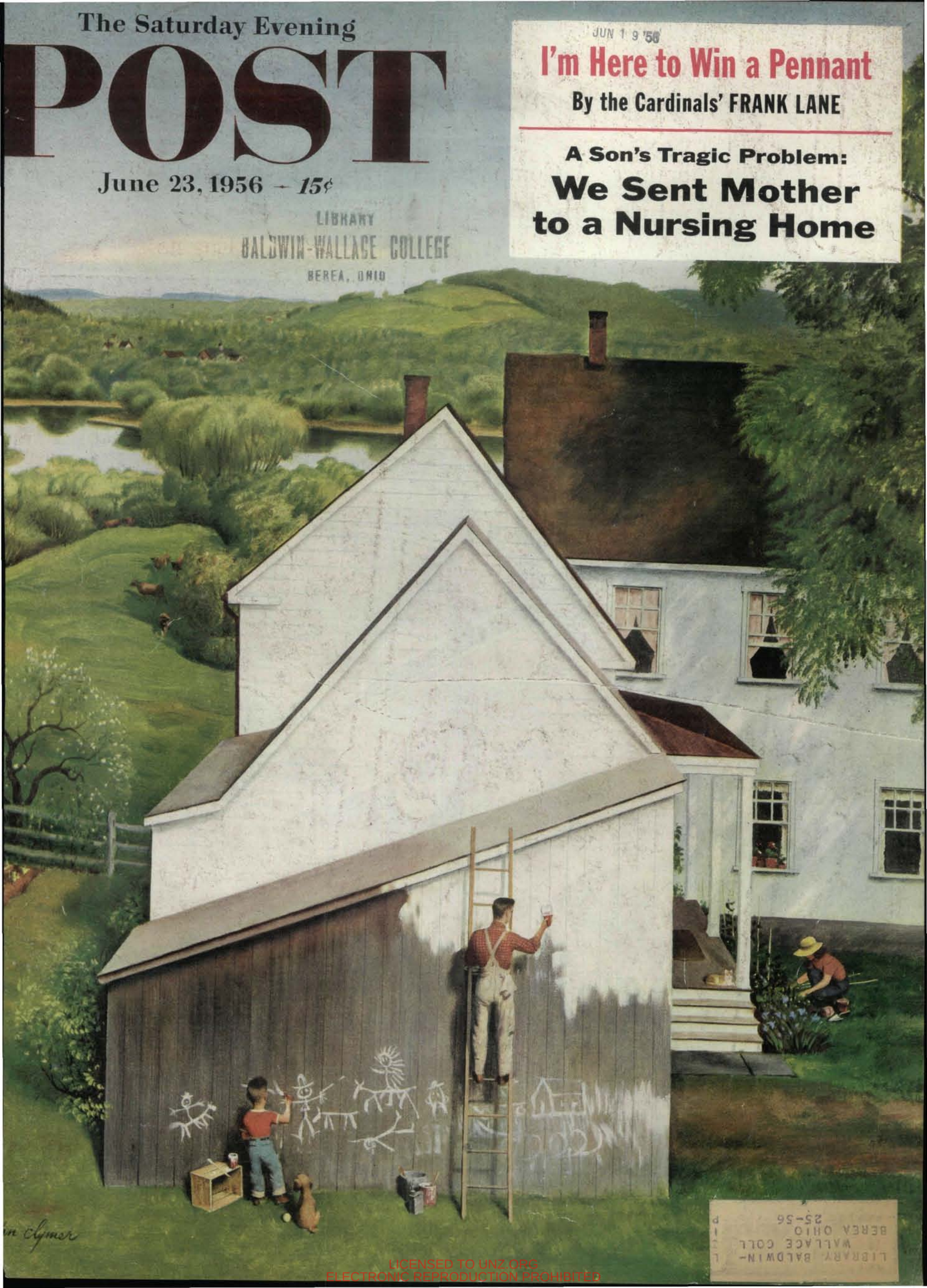
BEREA, OHIO

JUN 19 '56

I'm Here to Win a Pennant
By the Cardinals' FRANK LANE

A Son's Tragic Problem:
We Sent Mother to a Nursing Home



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Too Hot to Hold 'til '57!

Nash Announces A Completely New Concept in Fine Cars...
The New **Ambassador Special** with Torque-Flo V-8...
World's Newest, Most Advanced Automobile Engine

PRODUCT OF AMERICAN MOTORS

SEE AND DRIVE this completely new idea in fine cars today. So different it makes all the old yardsticks of performance and value out of date.

- **All-New Torque-Flo V-8—rifle acceleration, with far more gas mileage than other V-8's!**
- **New Flashaway Hydra-Matic Drive—whip-quick response, silk-smooth getaway.**
- **Biggest, most comfortable room ever built into an automobile—more room than any highest-priced car!**
- **Trimmer, shorter outside for easiest parking and handling. Plus sports-keen cornering on turns.**
- **Twice as strong, twice as safe with single unit construction. Frame is a steel, box-girder enclosure as big as the car itself, giving "wrap-around" protection in front, rear, above, below, at sides.**
- **Completely new riding comfort with bigger, softer springs—world's finest travel car!**
- **Tops in resale value, because it stays new longer.**

Hurry! See this *newest* of all the 1956 cars . . . discover this totally new concept in fine cars . . . try driving this completely new triumph in V-8 performance and economy. At your Nash dealer now.

SEE THE NEW
Ambassador Special
AT YOUR
Nash
DEALER NOW

AMERICAN MOTORS MEANS MORE FOR AMERICANS

See DISNEYLAND—*great TV for all the family over ABC network*

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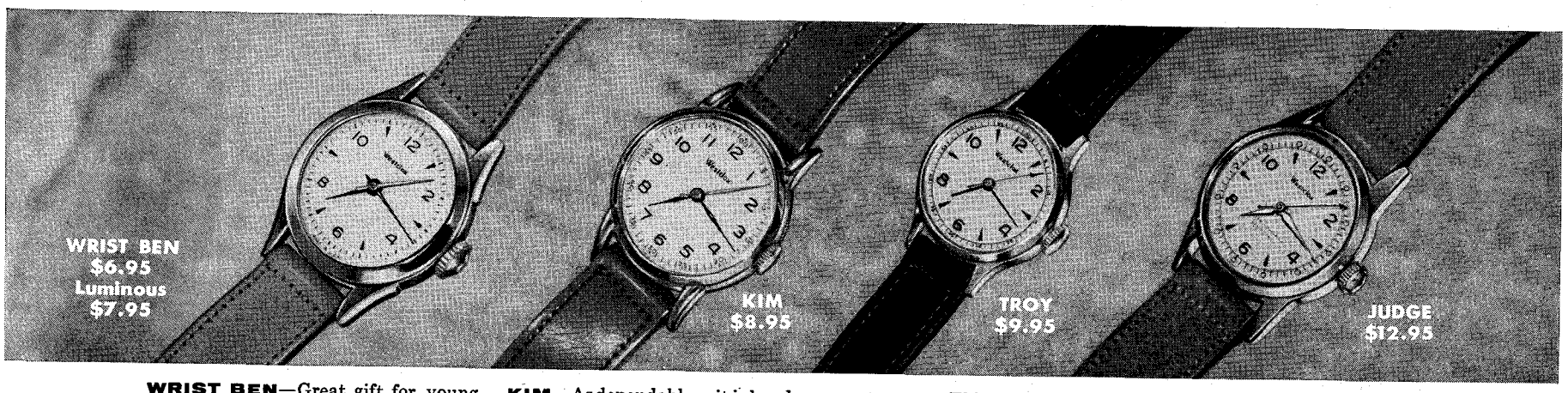
More summer vacations have been spent by Westclox time than by any other

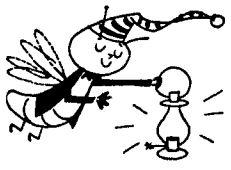


WRIST BEN—Great gift for young athletes! A sturdy watch, smartly styled for an active life. Shock resistant; anti-magnetic. Stainless steel back. Sweep hand. $6.95. Wrist Ben with charcoal luminous dial and alligator type leather strap (shown on wrist above), $7.95.

KIM—As dependable as it is handsome. The clean-cut case has sparkling chrome finish front and stainless steel back. Anti-magnetic. Sweep second hand. Unusually legible dial. Nonbreakable crystal. Smart gray leather strap. An outstanding value! Only $8.95.

TROY—This small, graceful, yet sturdy watch has a gold-color case and gold-color raised numerals. Stainless steel back. Anti-magnetic. Sweep second hand. Nonbreakable crystal. Rich-looking black suede band. Perfect for a thoughtful "going away" gift. $9.95.

JUDGE—Superbly styled, with features galore! Water, dust and shock resistant. Anti-magnetic. Raised gold-color numerals. Sweep second hand. Stainless steel back; nonbreakable crystal. And Judge has a luminous dial. Handsome leather band. All this for $12.95!



Remember, you can read a luminous dial in the dark.

In watches, it's

WESTCLOX*... dependable as the day is long

by the makers of BIG BEN

PRODUCTS OF GT CORPORATION

WESTCLOX, La Salle-Peru, Illinois • In Canada: Western Clock Company, Ltd., Peterborough, Ontario. *Prices quoted for U.S.A. only, do not include tax and are subject to change.* *Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office.

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RCA VICTOR found a way to save thousands of dollars in *one* record-making operation, through use of a product of Shell Research.

New platter batter gives better servings

A growing part of the busy record industry is discs for small fry. Children's records pose highly specialized problems. They must be tough and extra flexible.

Was there a way, RCA Victor asked Shell scientists, to turn out a better unbreakable record—and still keep costs in line?

Two years of work in laboratories and factories followed, until an answer was found in *a new way* to use an established product of Shell Research—Dutrex. Because Shell Dutrex® is a plasticizer, it makes molding easier—actually *saves* money—and the records flex yet resist warping in normal playroom use.

This is one more example of Shell leadership in the petroleum industry. Shell Research leads to better value, more for your money, when you buy products bearing the Shell name and trademark.

SHELL

Shell Research leads to finer Products—
more for your money

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

John Clymer glimpsed this house with the afterthought appendages while motoring in one of two states, he can't recall which. Evidently the original homesteader kept tacking on things as his family multiplied, and it looks as if he consulted three different architects who didn't like one another. By and by—let us imagine—the homesteader's children all got married and started over again on new houses. And now a new owner, Mr. Pharmer, has moved in and John Clymer, who wanted to paint the multiplying house, has come up with the indolent idea of letting Pharmer do it. As for the future, if Mr. P. assumes his son will one day go to agriculture college, he'd better switch his assuming to art school. The lad's a born illustrator—Western stories, and love stories will come later.

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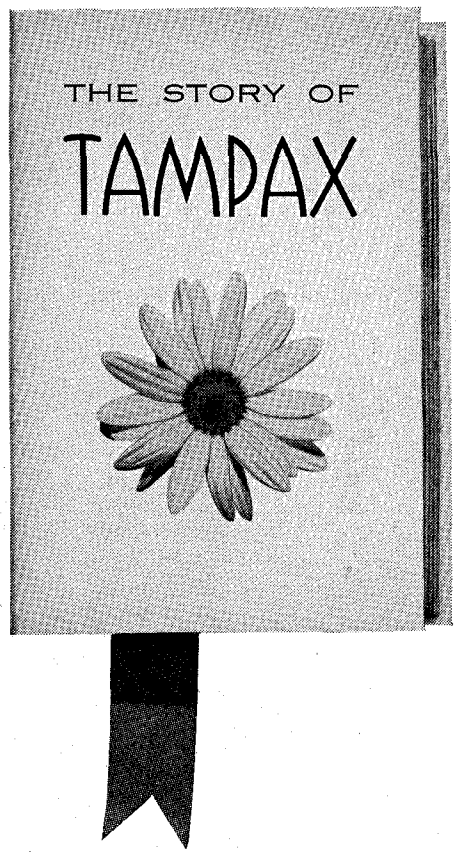
Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.



Tampax not only has a history—it has made history! Although only twenty years old, it has revised and revolutionized the whole idea of monthly sanitary protection. Millions of women have used billions of Tampax—wouldn't consider going back to the bulk and inconvenience of pads.

Tampax was made by a doctor . . . for the welfare of all women. Tampax is simply the purest surgical cotton, compressed in slender, easily disposable applicators.

More and more women began using Tampax. Tampax continues to gain new users each year, because women welcome the poise and freedom Tampax brings. It's both invisible and unfelt when in place . . . no bulges or ridges to "show."

Now Tampax is known all over the world. Women in over 75 countries use Tampax. It's particularly popular in hot, sticky climates, for Tampax cannot chafe or bind . . . positively prevents odor from forming at any time.

Drug and notion counters everywhere carry Tampax, in your choice of three absorbency sizes (Regular, Super, Junior) to suit individual needs. Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

Invented by a doctor—
now used by millions of women

TAMPAX INCORPORATED
Palmer, Mass.
Please send me in plain wrapper a trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Absorbency is checked below.
( ) REGULAR ( ) SUPER ( ) JUNIOR

Name_____
(Please print)
Address_____
City_____ State_____

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Strange, how we sin against ourselves!

Some of us can be, at times, our own worst enemies. We're so busy taking care of others—our husbands, our children, our homes—that we neglect our own good health.

"Oh, I take care of myself," you say. "I eat fairly sensibly. I watch my weight from time to time.

"Of course, I don't sleep as well as I should . . . sometimes feel sort of dragged out in the morning, but then *who* wouldn't be with my schedule? And, let's face it. I'm really not as young as I was ten years ago."

The insidious thing about this kind of "female logic" is that it's so very unfair to your family and yourself.

Without realizing it, you may gloss over the "small" danger signals of nervous stress that can, and do warn of trouble ahead.

For instance, be honest with yourself . . .

Do little daytime worries grow big when you turn the lights off? . . . Are you too quick to punish the children and later blame it on "nerves"? . . . Are you oversensitive to criticism?

Like so many women, when you're irritable, moody or just break down and cry, are *you* inclined to fall back on the age-old female excuse that it's "that time of the month" or "miserable weather" . . . or a *dozen* other things?

Any one of these just *may* be the explanation—but *not when you feel "wrong" day after day.*

Maybe you're the victim of a habit that's *grown* on you . . . the habit of depending on the caffein in coffee or tea for quick, artificial "steadying" . . .

Your doctor would tell you

Your doctor would be the first to tell you that, for some women, one of the worst offenders against the human nervous system is caffein.

When you use this strong stimulant constantly, its effects tend to "build up" . . . and may result in a state of nervousness, sleeplessness, irritability.

If this has happened to you . . . if caffein is acting as a "drag" on you . . . isn't it time you did something about it?

And there *is* something you can do—to get yourself in tune again and feel as you used to.

You replace a bad habit with a good one

You switch from caffein-heavy drinks to a new, wonderful, caffein-free hot beverage . . . Imitation Coffee Flavor Instant Postum—now available for the first time.

What a rich aroma this new beverage has! And it tastes *so full-bodied, so satisfying.*

Your grocer has both new Imitation

Coffee Flavor Instant Postum, and *regular* Instant Postum with a distinctive flavor that millions have enjoyed for years.

You make Postum *instantly*, right in the cup. Just add boiling water and stir. You can enjoy it straight or with cream and sugar, all day long, without fear.

There isn't a taut nerve, a sleepless hour or a headache in Postum.

It *can't* make you nervous, irritable. It *can't* keep you awake at night because *it doesn't have a single speck of caffein in it.*

You owe it to yourself and to your family to try this wonderful, caffein-free beverage not just once, but for 30 consecutive days. After all, you can't really expect to free yourself from the accumulated effect of a habit of years in two or three days or even a week for that matter!

Costs half as much as most coffees

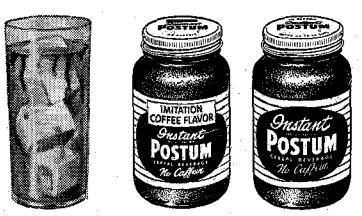
Whether you choose new Imitation Coffee Flavor Instant Postum (red label) or regular Instant Postum (blue label), you'll get up to 100 cups from the 8-oz. jar and up to 50 cups from the 4-oz. jar . . . for less than a cent a cup!

Postum is so inexpensive, compared with most coffees—cup for cup, it costs only *half as much.*

So, try Instant Postum for at least 30 days—take this one step that may make a real difference in your everyday life—every waking hour, every sleeping hour.

Don't let another day go by without giving this caffein-free beverage a fair trial. Start the 30-day test *today.*

See if you don't feel better! Act better! Look better! Postum is a registered trademark of General Foods Corporation.



So satisfying—hot or iced!

Letters

Fluoridation (Cont'd)

Dear Sirs:

The Post of May 19, 1956, in the article by J. C. Furnas, entitled THE FIGHT OVER FLUORIDATION, published under a news photo a qualified interpretation of my position on fluoridation. . . .

Our concern and responsibility in the Department is to provide all the people of our city with a dependable supply of the purest and safest water possible. With so much adverse evidence in existence concerning fluorides, no one can guarantee similar safety to all the people of the city under a program using the water supply as a vehicle for an agent of such known toxicity.

It is of the utmost importance that the entire public enjoy complete confidence in the purity, integrity and safety of their daily water supply. As one who works with the perspective of a water-supply official, it is upon the foundation of such solid fundamentals as these that my position must be based.

ARTHUR C. FORD, *Commissioner*
Department of Water Supply, Gas and Electricity
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Fluoridation, as a procedure applied to the production of public water supply, is a far better documented operation than any of the other procedures when first applied to water treatment—such as chlorination or coagulation. Both coagulation and chlorination have been carried on now for many years and both have resulted in the saving of many human lives because of the better quality of water that is possible to produce for municipal consumption.

HARRY E. JORDAN, *Secretary*
American Water Works Ass'n., Inc.
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

The Marshall, Texas, fluoridation effort has just completed its tenth year of study with a reduction of tooth decay (D.M.F.—decayed, missing or filled teeth) of 54%, according to a report released by Dr. Frank Bertram, Director of Dental Health, Texas State Department of Health, Austin, Texas. A detailed report on this study and statistical data is available to any person who will write the Dental Division, Texas State Department of Health.

WILLIS H. MURPHEY, D.D.S., F.A.C.D.
Fort Worth, Texas

Toughest Soldiers

Dear Sirs:

Cast a vote for unleashing the plenary powers of Special Forces (TOUGHEST OUTFIT IN THE ARMY [by Lt. Col. Melvin Russell Blair, U.S. Army (Retired)] May 12, 1956) upon the Pentagon in an attempt to reinstate the beret.

What an error it was to suppose the Pentagon had finally surfaced and seen the need for a fully rugged, visual distinction among the services. More than a symbol of potency the beret was the cherished cause of instilling an overwhelming feeling of "Mass Individualism," a prime requisite for our "behind the lines" fighters. . . .

We have, for too long, neglected the necessary conception of "look the part to play the part."

GEOFFREY C. CLIFFORD
Kingsville, Texas

Dear Sirs:

Here at the Psychological Warfare Center, we sincerely appreciate the accurate manner in which the article portrayed training activities of the 77th Special Forces. The article not only made interesting reading but also furnished important information.

For your information, Col. Noel A. Menard succeeded me as commanding Officer of the 77th Special Forces just as your magazine became available on newsstands in this area. I, in turn, replaced Col. Edson D. Raff, former commander of the PsyWar Center, who is now en route to Europe.

COL. WILLIAM J. MULLEN, JR.
Fort Bragg, N.C.

Pancakes

Dear Sirs:

Just finished reading A PASSION FOR PANCAKES [by Sophie Kerr, May 19]—and now please excuse me while I dash out to the kitchen and make a batch of the kind that Sophie Kerr didn't even mention: incomparable potato pancakes!

KATIE ANDLER
Oak Park, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Sophie Kerr's panegyric on the noble pancake left me drooling until I came to blueberry pancakes. Raw blueberries laid between pancakes! In the blueberry, or huckleberry, country of Michigan, the ripe berries are stirred into the batter and

cooked until the berries burst and the luscious juice permeates the cakes! Then add butter and scraped maple sugar and the gods on Olympus can have their wasted ambrosia.

ARTHUR E. GORDON
Seville, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

Imagine my frustration and disgust to pore through the whole delightful list of pancakes, including Indian chapatties, and not one single mention of tortillas—the staff of life of our nearest neighbor on the south.

MRS. MILDRED W. BAKER
El Paso, Texas

Correction

Dear Sirs:

In your issue of May 5, Dr. Salvatore R. Cutolo, in his article MY LIFE IN BELLEVUE [As told to Barbara and Arthur Gelb], Part Four, states that "New York sends out-of-town psychotics on their way whenever there are enough to fill a couple of Pullman cars."

I would like to advise you that the state of New York does not follow such a procedure.

(Continued on Page 6)

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New G-E Wall Refrigerator-Freezer puts all foods at your eye level

This big new 11-cubic-foot General Electric Wall Refrigerator-Freezer is *the most convenient of all refrigerators*, because it puts all foods within easy reach.

You just reach out and pick the foods you want. No need to bend or stoop for foods because everything is at eye level and can be seen at a glance. Even in the true, zero-degree freezer, shelves are easily accessible.

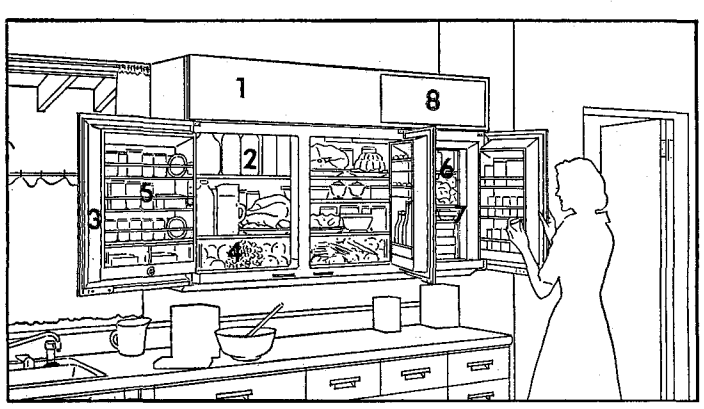
What's more, it gives you more room in your kitchen. With your refrigerator on the wall, extra floor space is gained for the addition of base cabinets and counter surface.

See this luxurious new General Electric Wall Refrigerator-Freezer at your G-E dealer's. Ask about the easy terms and generous trade-in allowance most G-E dealers are offering. Look for his name and address in your classified telephone directory. General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

Hangs on your wall like a picture!

It's so easy to install! There's little or no remodeling necessary. Cabinet is hung on a sturdy "picture-hook" mounting bracket which is fastened securely to the wall. Can be hung at any height to suit yourself.

Magnificent new G-E comes in these Mix-or-Match colors Canary Yellow, Turquoise Green, Petal Pink, Cadet Blue, Woodtone Brown—or White.



So much room for all your foods

1. 11 cubic feet of space. **2.** Big automatic-defrost refrigerator section. **3.** Permanent General Electric Alnico Magnetic Doors provide sure seal . . . close silently. **4.** Separate vegetable and fruit compartments. **5.** Adjustable door shelves for small jars and cans. **6.** 2-cubic-foot true zero-degree food freezer holds up to 70 pounds or 83 packages. **7.** New-style Mini-Cube ice trays. **8.** Dependable and whisper-quiet sealed-in General Electric refrigeration system. **9.** Complete unit is 64 inches long, 39½ inches high, 17⅞ inches deep.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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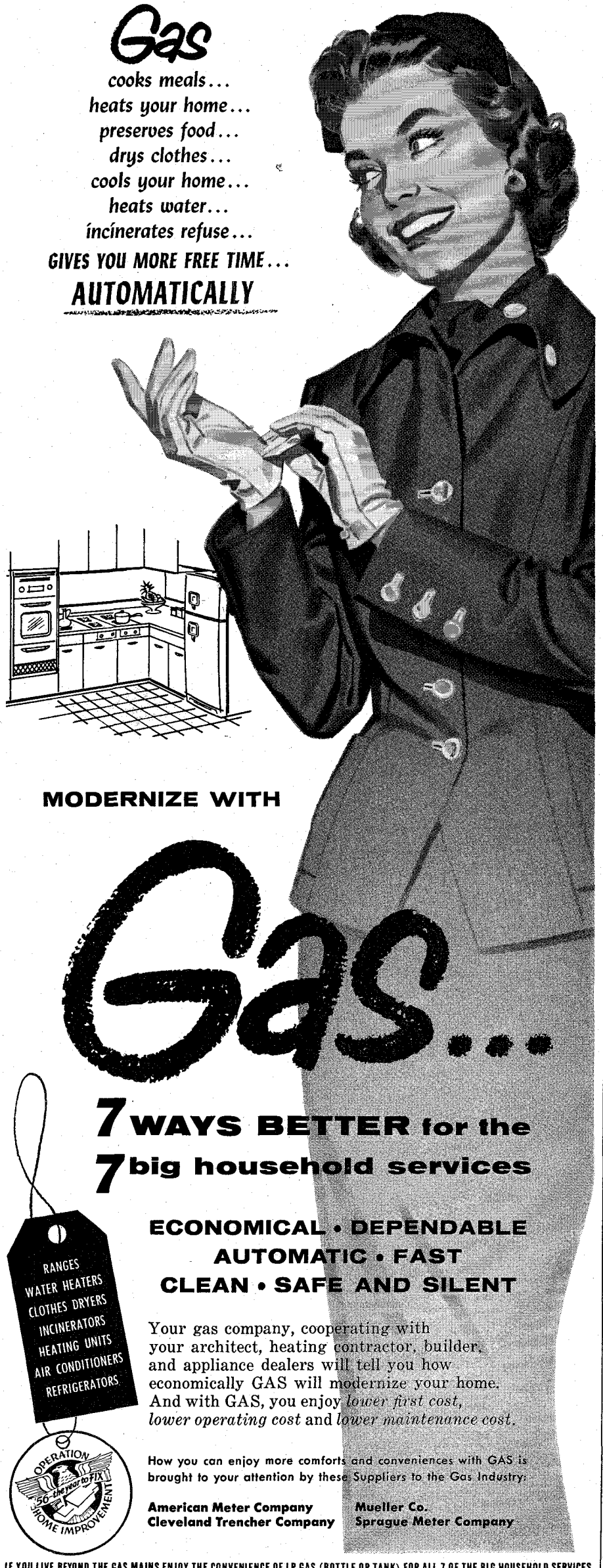
Gas
cooks meals...
heats your home...
preserves food...
drys clothes...
cools your home...
heats water...
incinerates refuse...
GIVES YOU MORE FREE TIME...
AUTOMATICALLY



MODERNIZE WITH
Gas...
7 WAYS BETTER for the
7 big household services

RANGES
WATER HEATERS
CLOTHES DRYERS
INCINERATORS
HEATING UNITS
AIR CONDITIONERS
REFRIGERATORS

ECONOMICAL • DEPENDABLE
AUTOMATIC • FAST
CLEAN • SAFE AND SILENT

Your gas company, cooperating with your architect, heating contractor, builder, and appliance dealers will tell you how economically GAS will modernize your home. And with GAS, you enjoy *lower first cost, lower operating cost* and *lower maintenance cost.*

OPERATION 56 the year to FIX HOME IMPROVEMENT

How you can enjoy more comforts and conveniences with GAS is brought to your attention by these Suppliers to the Gas Industry:

American Meter Company
Cleveland Trencher Company
Mueller Co.
Sprague Meter Company

IF YOU LIVE BEYOND THE GAS MAINS ENJOY THE CONVENIENCE OF LP GAS (BOTTLE OR TANK) FOR ALL 7 OF THE BIG HOUSEHOLD SERVICES.

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

Whenever an out-of-state resident is admitted to one of our institutions, we contact the central agency in the other state, asking for authorization to transfer the patient to one of their state institutions. After this authorization is received, the patient is immediately transferred to that institution by the best mode of transportation available, accompanied by one or two trained attendants.

JAMES A. BRUSSEL, M.D.
Assistant Commissioner
New York State Dept. of Mental Hygiene
New York, N.Y.

● *Doctor Cutolo replies: "I regret the inaccuracy of my statement. I will certainly make the corrections in the subsequent printing of my book."*
—ED.

Unitarian Church

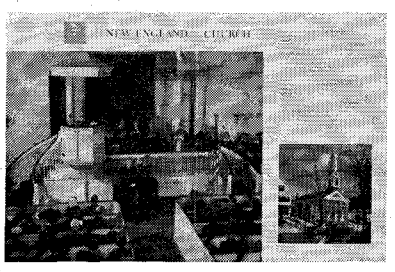
Dear Sirs:

It was with a great deal of pleasure that I viewed the Face of America feature on our church [The Face of America: NEW ENGLAND CHURCH, May 12]. Not only did Larry Keighley's pictures come out well but the brief write-up was excellent.

HAROLD W. ADAMS
Peterborough, N.H.

Dear Sirs:

This is the church where I first attended Sunday school and where I first entered the ranks of the professional musicians by . . . pumping the organ an hour for twenty-five cents. . . . The organ is now electrified. Also when I worked



for Grimes, the jeweler, it was part of my duties to climb the ladder up into the belfry every Saturday morning and wind the clock. At that time the clock was run by a weight consisting of a large wooden box about three or more feet square filled with rocks. The clock now has also been electrified. . . .

If you see page 164 of The History of Peterborough, New Hampshire, Richard P. Smith, Publisher, it tells about the origin of the church and how they spent $44.83 for rum in connection with its building. That's more rum than is used in any of the churches that are built today, and as rum could then be bought for two cents a glass, you can figure it out for yourself; and from what the history says about the ministers, there wasn't much grape juice available then.

HENRY EARLE WOODS
Yonkers, N.Y.

Dedicated Nurse

Dear Sirs:

Alverta Burns, the nurse from Teller County, Colorado [ANGEL OF THE HILLS, by Bill Hosokawa, May 26], is one nurse who has not turned her back on the *real* meaning of her profession! What a full and rich life she is living! Too many nurses of today are turning their backs on bedside nursing to strive for high administrative positions in the profession.

MARIAN WOODARD DENNIS, R.N.
Oakland, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Hosokawa states in his story: "It might take five minutes to complete a long-distance connection through the mountain phone system" whereas Woodland Park is a part of the Colorado Springs dial-phone exchange with instant service and no toll charges. . . . The trip [from Colorado Springs to Woodland Park] can easily be made in a half hour and the route is one of the safest to be found in any mountain area and carries a very large traffic load the year round.

E. C. ALEXANDER
Woodland Park, Colo.

Dear Sirs:

Most visitors to Cripple Creek, the county seat, come via Woodland Park and more than 100,000 passed through here last summer. No part of Teller County is "remote" in any sense of the word. Teller County residents belong to Colorado Springs country clubs, attend concerts and the theater regularly and they get from "remote" Teller County in less time than it takes to drive across Denver. The highways are open every day of the year. . . .

RICHARD W. JOHNSON, *Editor*
Cripple Creek Gold Rush
Cripple Creek, Colo.

Dear Sirs:

There has been a continuously operating hospital in Cripple Creek since the turn of the century. I, personally, have been in practice here for over twenty years. . . .

A. CAMPBELL DENMAN, M.D.
Victor, Colorado

Dear Sirs:

In my story about Alverta Burns . . . I wrote that there was no hospital or doctor in Teller County. This is incorrect.

There is a doctor named A. C. Denman in the town of Cripple Creek (population 800). He also runs a small hospital. I had been under the impression that Cripple Creek is in Fremont County, but I learned today it is in Teller County by a few miles. . . .

BILL HOSOKAWA
Denver, Colo.

● *The Post's face is red. We apologize to Doctor Denman and everybody else in nonremote Teller County.*
—ED.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

6–Larry Keighley. • 20–Ollie Atkins. • 21–Ollie Atkins, anonymous, two by Ollie Atkins. 22, 23–Mortimer Wilson. • 24, 25–Eugene Kammerman. • 26–Bob Hilbert. • 27–Ollie Atkins. • 28–Harry Saltzman. • 29–Two by Harry Saltzman; three from Wide World. 30–Gus Pasquarella, Sid Avery, Bill Shrout. • 31–Dick Stone. • 32, 33–Bill Shrout. 34, 35–Peter Stevens. • 36, 37–Larry Fried. • 38, 39–Edwin Georgi. • 43–Hy Rubin. 52–Eugene Kammerman. • 106–Ollie Atkins. • 112–Four anonymous; Bill Bailey, Gus Pasquarella.

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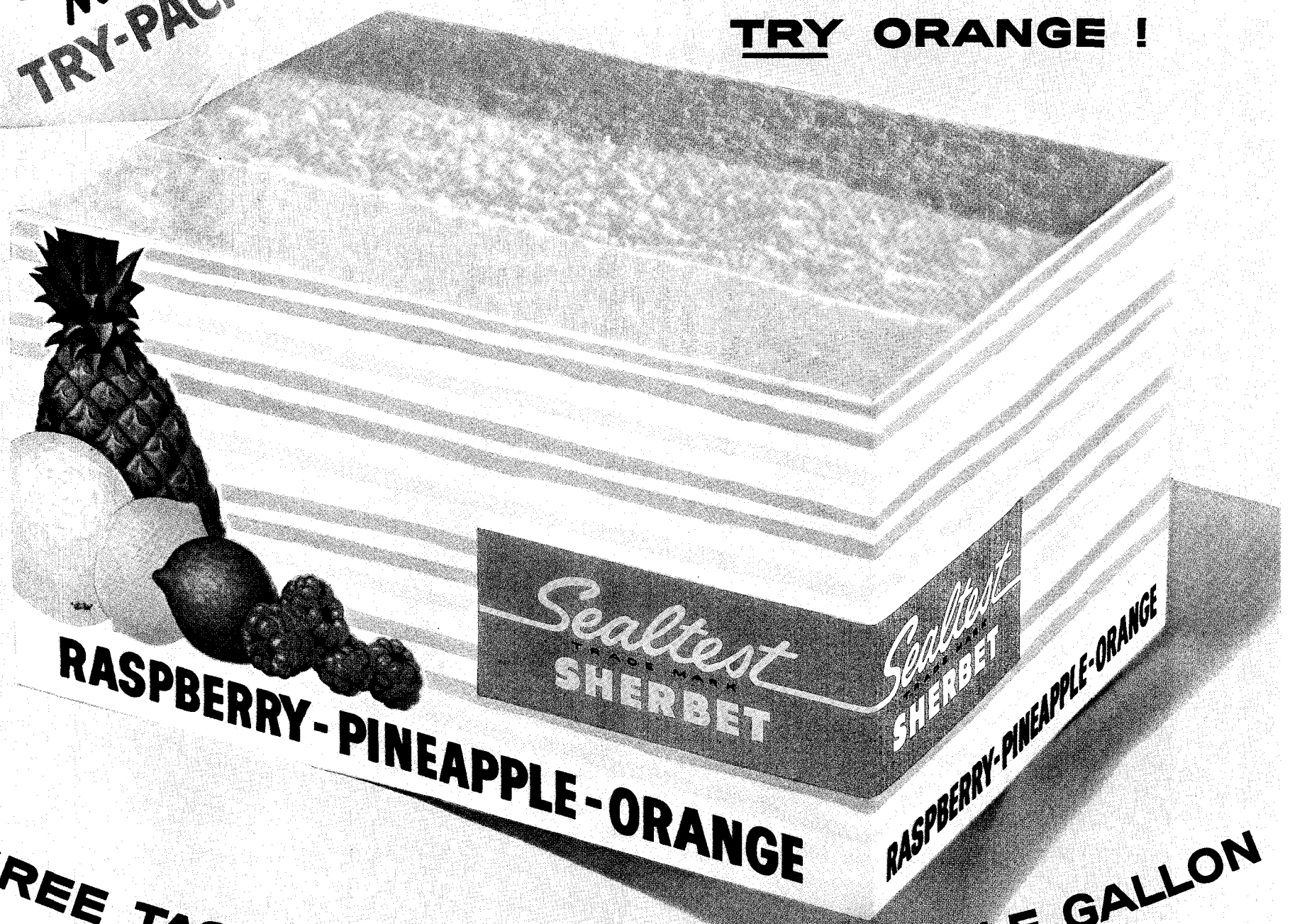
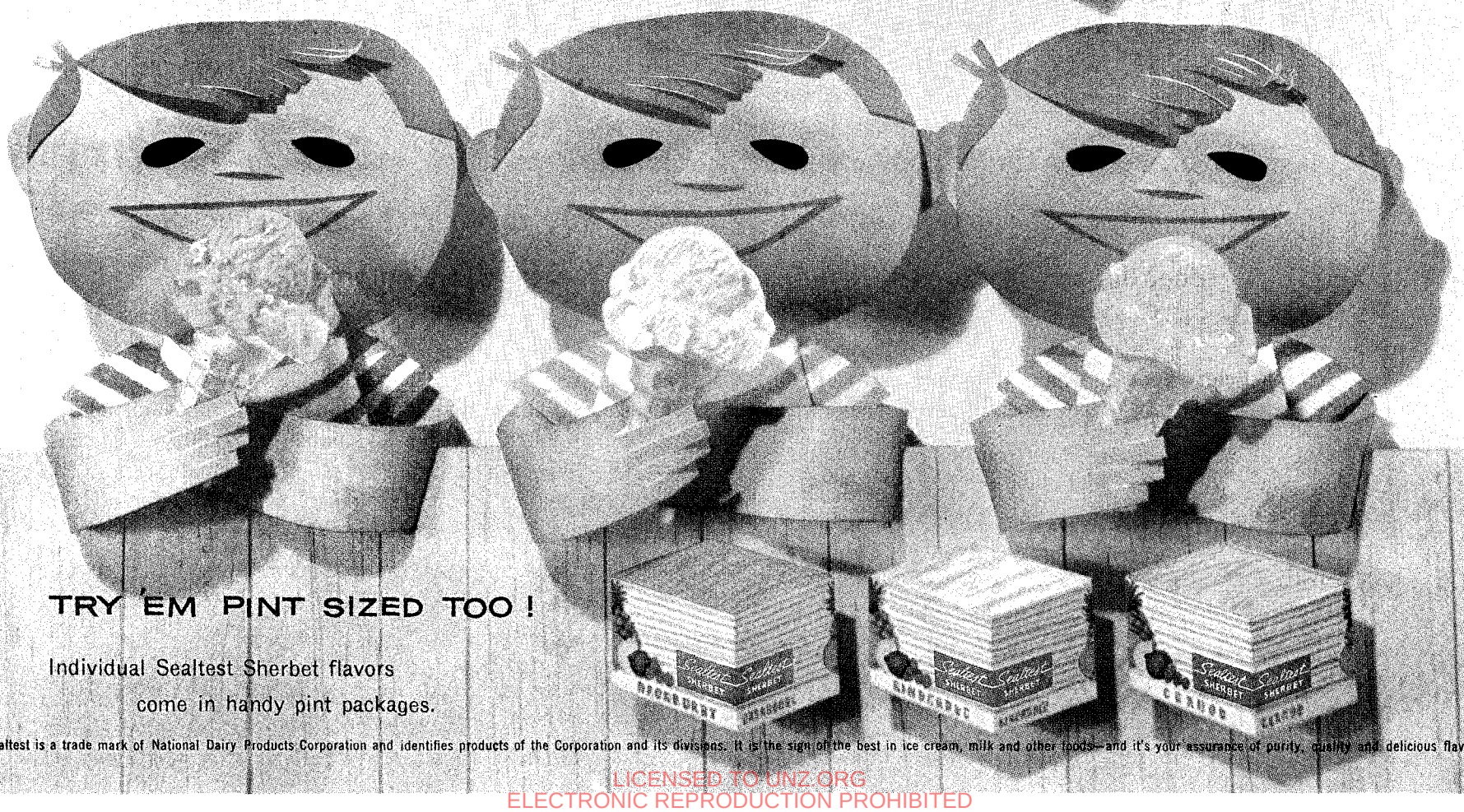
SPECIAL NEW TRY-PACK

TRY RASPBERRY !
TRY PINEAPPLE !
TRY ORANGE !



THREE TASTY SHERBETS IN EACH HALF GALLON



TRY 'EM PINT SIZED TOO !

Individual Sealtest Sherbet flavors come in handy pint packages.

Sealtest is a trade mark of National Dairy Products Corporation and identifies products of the Corporation and its divisions. It is the sign of the best in ice cream, milk and other foods—and it's your assurance of purity, quality and delicious flavor.

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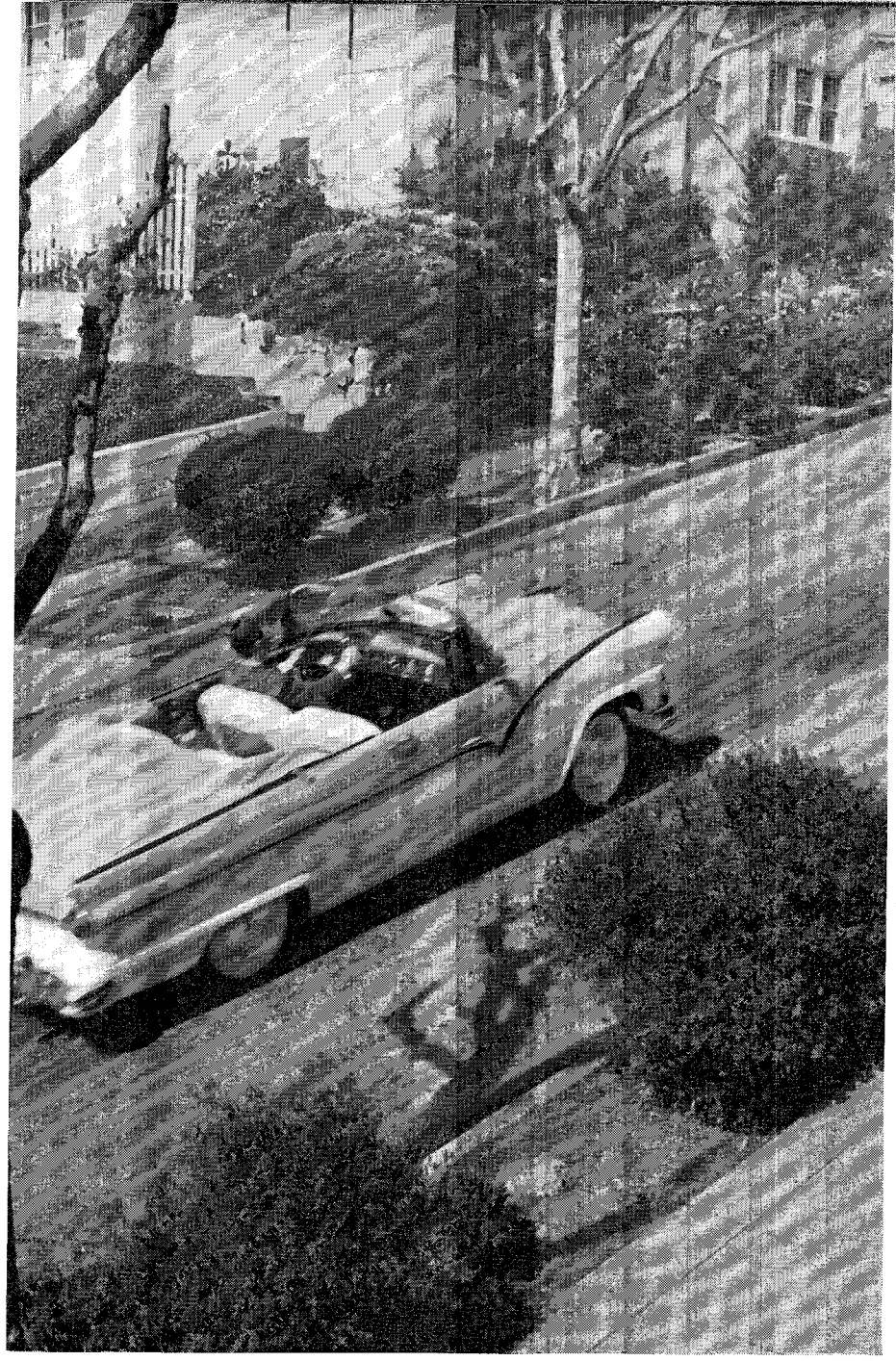

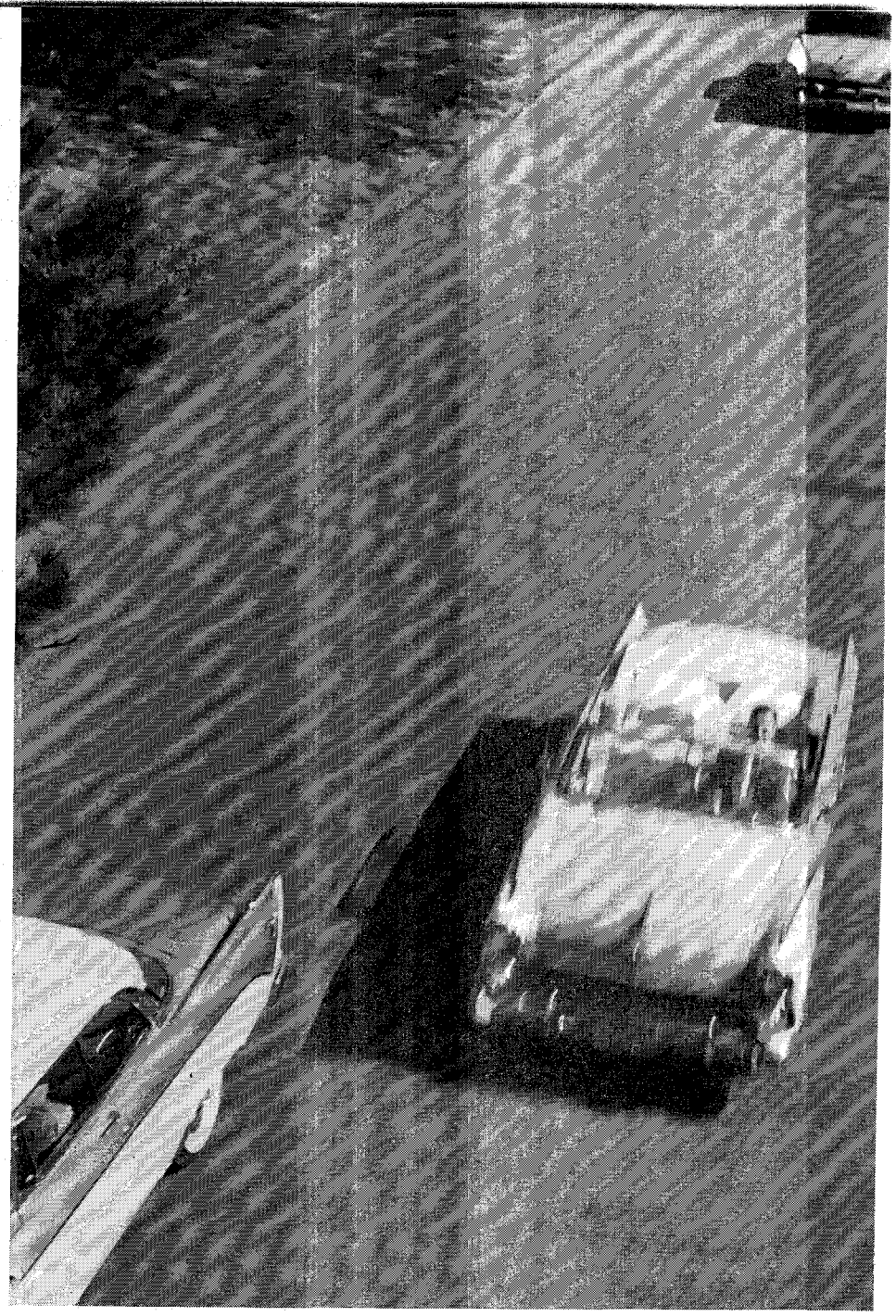

24% more road horsepower—for hill climb!

24% more road horsepower—for passing!

Champion introduces a great new spark plug

Tests prove new Champions give big power boost to cars that have gone about 10,000 miles without a spark plug change. If you haven't changed your plugs recently, put in new Champions—and feel the difference immediately!

You just can't imagine what a difference new 5-rib Champions can make in your car's actual road horsepower.

But this difference has been proved—without a shadow of a doubt—in tests conducted by one of the country's largest independent research centers. Regular passenger cars whose plugs had gone roughly 10,000 miles were tested first with their regular plugs; then with new Champions.

Nothing about these cars was changed except their spark plugs. Yet there was an immediate increase in their road horsepower—the real power actually delivered at the rear wheels!

Some of the results were spectacular. For example, a 1955 six-cylinder car whose plugs had gone 10,000 miles actually showed a gain of 72.5% in road horsepower! A 1954 V-8, whose plugs had gone 12,000 miles, got a boost of 53.5%. Some cars, of course, showed smaller gains; 20% in the case of one 1955 V-8 and only 6.5% (the smallest gain) in another. *But the average road horsepower gain for all cars tested was a fraction over 24%!*

And what a difference these new plugs can make in your car's starting! Tests show Champions reduced starting time by as much as 71%—with an average of 39% for all cars tested!

If you haven't changed plugs recently, it's high time to install new Champions. Whatever your car, these great new plugs give you more actual road horsepower—*immediately!*

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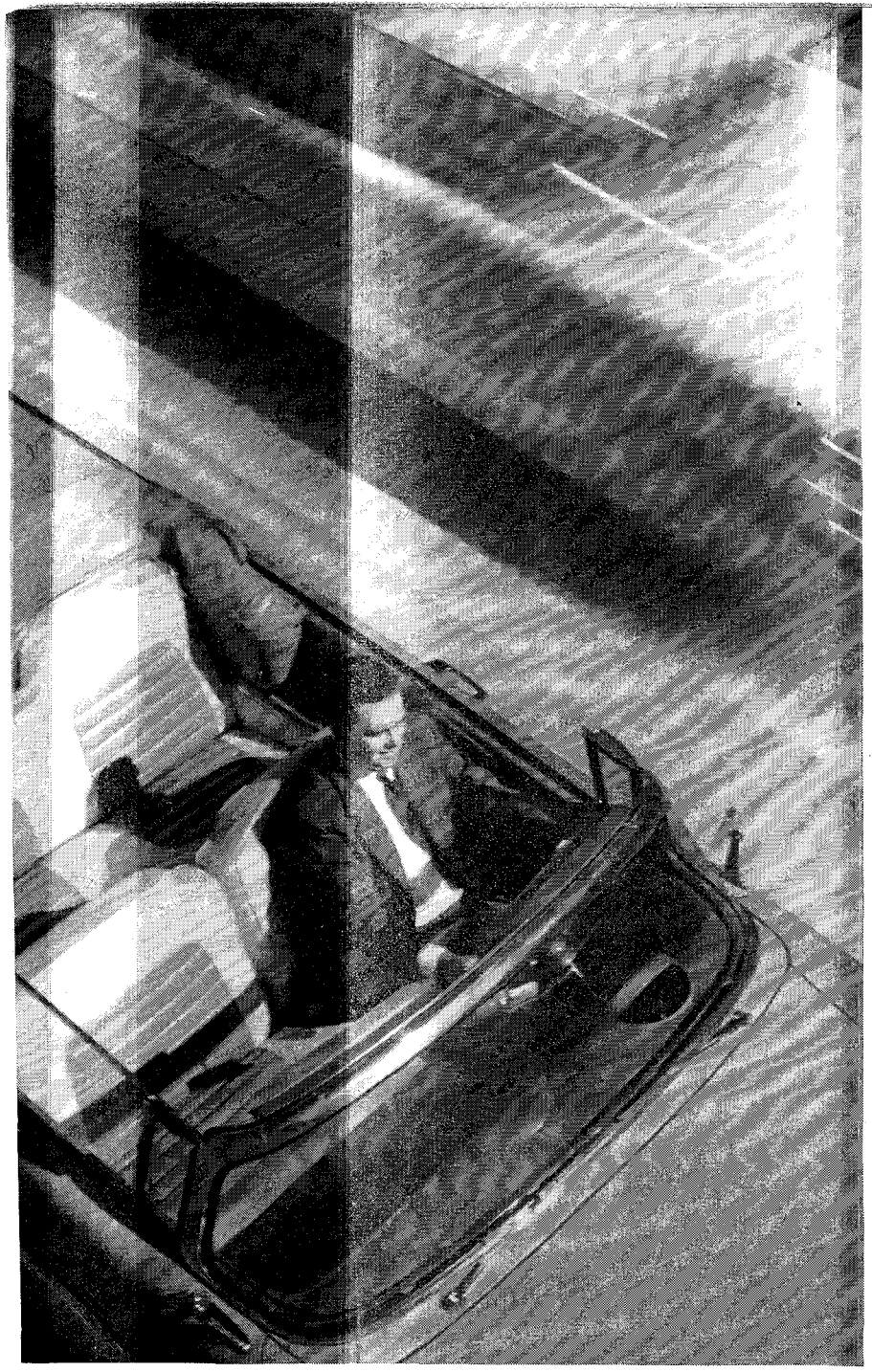
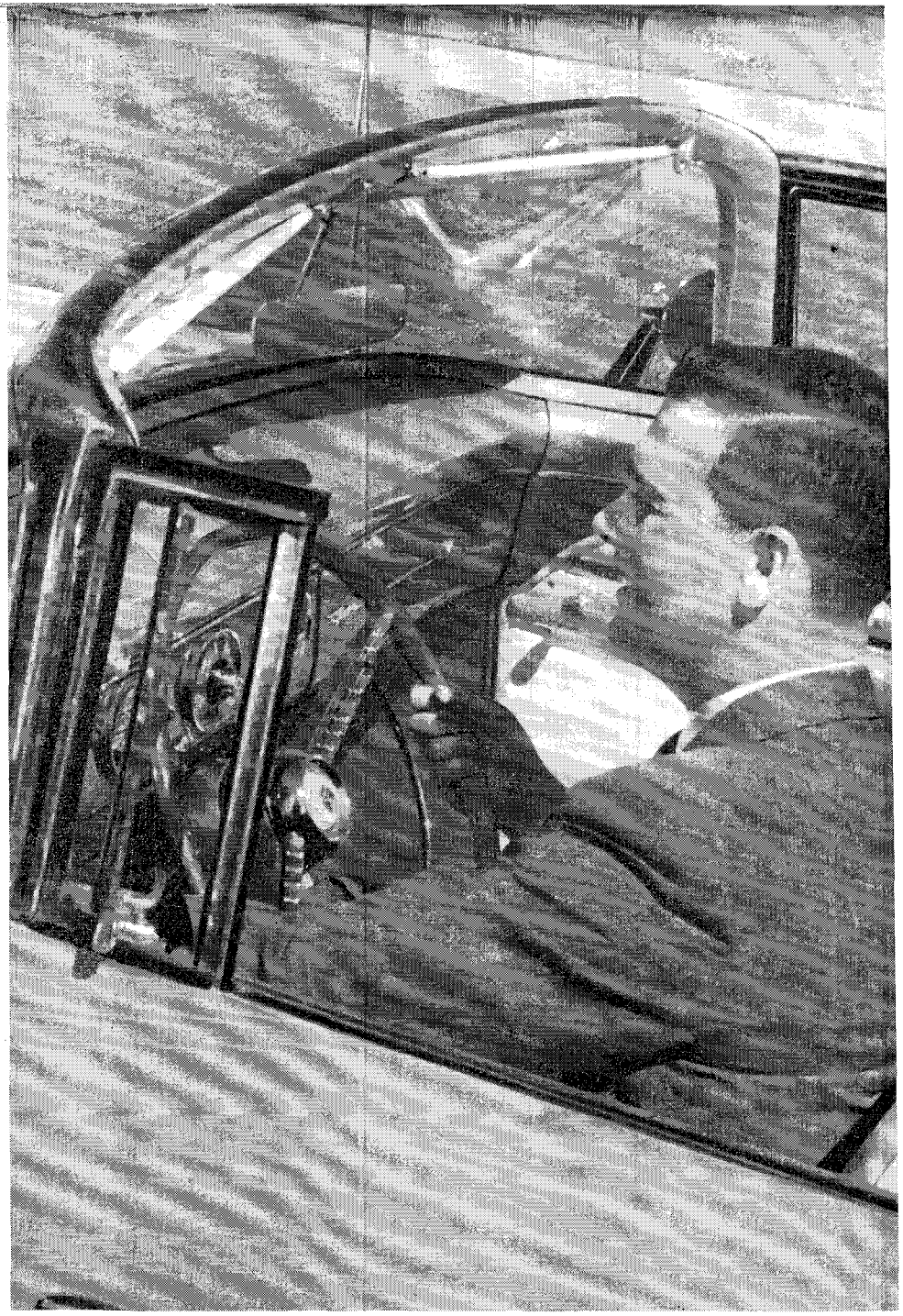


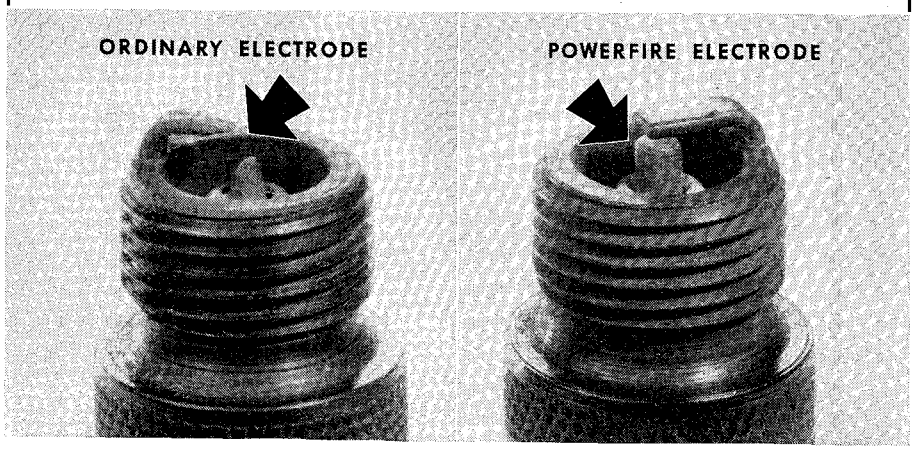


% more road horsepower—for the straightaway!

Quicker starts, too—39% quicker!

t can increase road horsepower by 24%!

SEE HOW MUCH BETTER AND LONGER NEW CHAMPIONS STAND UP IN TODAY'S HIGH-POWER ENGINES



New Powerfire electrode makes the difference! Both of these spark plugs have been subjected to identical use in a modern high-compression engine. And you can clearly see the old style electrode (**left**) is badly pitted and burned away. Plugs like that in your car often misfire . . . waste power and gas. Champion's new Powerfire electrode (**right**) is still able to give many more miles of powerful, full-firing, economical performance!

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Editorials

Liberty is the Message People Expect From America!

Ten years have passed since our wartime propaganda agencies were converted into what is now the United States Information Agency. Recently the Advisory Committee on Information recommended that more attention be paid to content and less to methods of distribution.

From the first, the chief problem has not been in the technical means of communication, which are thoroughly familiar to Americans. The real question has always been, and still is: "What shall we say?"

Back in the OWI war days, when it was considered necessary to compromise our own principles in order to placate the Soviet bloc or Red Chinese "agrarian democrats," we were making propaganda against ourselves. Some of the ideas about communism which we are now trying to uproot were planted by our own officious labors.

Too often we adopted an apologetic tone about American affairs and the American way of life, as though we were somehow ashamed of freedom. It took a recent immigrant, Prof. Massimo Salvadori, quoted approvingly by President Eisenhower at a press conference, to tell us that there was an effective defense to the sour criticisms of "soul-destroying capitalism."

The key word is liberty, and that clue to America's strength was detected from the very beginning by other immigrants. Here is Carl Schurz, writing home in 1852, after being in this country only six months. Within forty years he would be, in turn, minister to Spain, major general, a senator and Secretary of the Interior.

"Here in America," wrote young Schurz, a revolutionary exile from Germany, "you can see how slightly a people needs to be governed. . . . Here are governments, but no rulers—governors, but they are clerks. All the great educational establishments, the churches, the great means of transportation, etc., that are being organized here—almost all of these things owe their existence not to official authority but to the spontaneous cooperation of private individuals. It is only here that you realize how superfluous governments are in many affairs in which, in Europe, they are considered entirely indispensable, and how the opportunity of doing something inspires a desire to do it."

He added: "It is my firm conviction that the European revolutionists will drive the next revolution into a reaction merely through their lust for government, through their desire to improve things quickly and positively. Every glance into the political life of America strengthens my conviction that the aim of a revolution can be nothing else than to make room for the will of the people—in other words, to break every authority which has its organization in the life of the state, and, as far as is possible, to overturn the barriers to individual liberty."

This is strong doctrine, but it has been American doctrine since the foundation of the republic. And in the long history of this old and powerful land there is no shortage of texts with which to illustrate it. To alien ears, tired of weary and defeatist propaganda from their own rulers, a blast from freedom's bugle will sound better than labored explanations of minor shortcomings in American civilization.

Congress Has a Catchall for its Misfits—the Record

By SIDNEY SHALETT

It is not exactly hot news to note that the Congressional Record, the "Dear Diary" of Capitol Hill, is a fascinating catchall for odd bits of information. The record does, of course, print much useful stuff, including excerpts from committee reports, statistical material and so on. Nevertheless, congressmen cram the Record—particularly its Appendix—with all sorts of speeches, including reprints of their own deathless oratory; newspaper and magazine articles, and back-scratching letters from and about constituents. In one recent 210-page issue, for instance, the 80-page Appendix contained such items as: Yes; Nursing Career is Wonderful; Retirement of George P. Teel as Personnel Manager [of a Pennsylvania factory]; Hon. Jonah J. Goldstein 70 Years Young, and Watsonville (Calif.) Register-Pajaronian Wins Sigma Delta Chi Award.

In another recent issue, the Record proper contained a tribute by Representative Metcalf (Dem., Montana) to Herb Plews, a home-state boy who has joined the Washington, D.C., baseball club. The congressman confessed he wished he could be out at the ball park that afternoon, watching Herb [". . . a pesky, spray-type hitter . . . a hustler who never walks when he can run."] make his debut.

According to the Joint Committee on Printing, it costs eighty dollars a page to print the Record, and this very well may be a small price for the taxpayers to pay for such an anthology of wisdom. However, something of a record was set when, in the April-seventeenth issue, the Hon. Ed Edmondson, Democrat, of Muskogee, Oklahoma, read into the Record itself—not the Appendix—a reprint of virtually the entire editorial contents of the April issue of Air Force, a publication of the Air Force Association, consisting of a series of articles all devoted to the Strategic Air Command (SAC).

Now SAC and the Air Force are vital to our national defense and everybody loves them, except maybe the Army and Navy at budget-making time. But this particular insert ran to seventeen pages, which made it a $1360 tribute. Veteran staff members of the Joint Committee say they cannot recall such an extensive reprint of magazine material in recent years. Congressman Edmondson, by the way, is a Navy veteran, so the matter is militarily nonpartisan.

As an added fillip, the Appendix on the previous day carried one of the same articles which the Oklahoman threw in on April seventeenth, so students of the Record could read the same thing twice on consecutive days.

Maybe Congress ought to tighten up on what goes into its "Dear Diary"?

Iron-Curtain Poland Gets Cheering News of Free Compatriots

Among the pieces of printed matter dropped by Free Europe balloons over the satellite states is a miniature newspaper that finds its way into the hands of the Poles. It is a single sheet folded into eight six-by-eight-inch pages bearing the name *Wolna Europa* (Free Europe). This means of reaching people behind the Iron Curtain is in some respects superior to the radio, which is systematically jammed.

News items of little significance to us can pack a tremendous wallop in the satellite countries. For example, a recent issue of *Wolna Europa* displayed on its first page a picture of the 10,000-ton freighter, *Wolna Polska* (Free Poland). The caption stated that the ship sailed from New York on January 14, 1956, for Europe, "the first ship of the free Polish merchant marine, its crew all Poles, its captain Jan Cwiklinski. (See article p. 5)." To Polish readers this information bulletin spelled action. For people so long fed on promises, here was concrete proof of steps taken in behalf of a free Poland.

It was explained that the sailors on *Wolna Polska* are all Polish seamen who refused to stay with their ships when these were turned over to the communist Polish government or later escapees.

The readers of this leaflet learned that a Polish American established this Pulaski Transport Line and that 2000 people were at the dock to see the boat start on its maiden voyage. This information was accompanied by a picture of Captain Cwiklinski, who, until his defection in 1953, was captain of the Red regime's pride of the seas, the Batory. The fact that not only a captain but common seamen had managed to escape and were serving the cause of a free Poland certainly was not missed by dissatisfied Polish youth.

Moscow wants no Free Europe balloons bringing the subjugated peoples encouraging news like this. Every effort is made to prevent it. But for once we seem to be delivering the right kind of propaganda, and it is having its effect.

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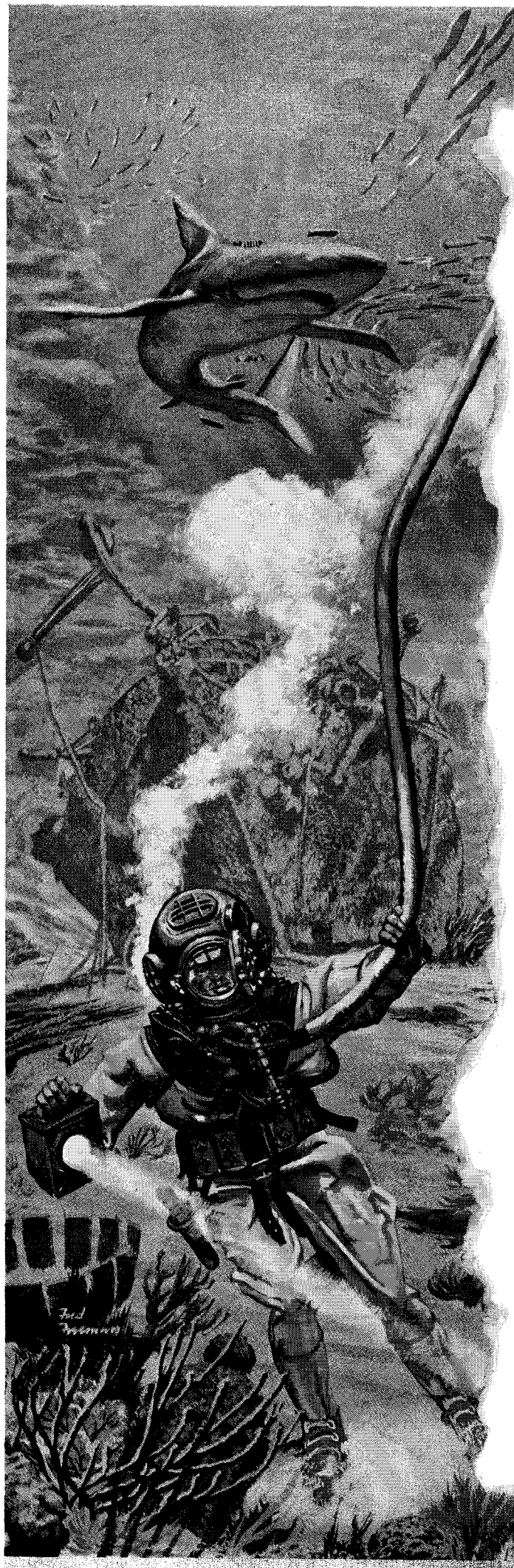

What you can learn from the deep sea diver about high blood pressure...

Though deep sea diving is hazardous, divers can work for years without serious mishaps. They do so by avoiding situations that mean trouble . . . and by taking other precautions for underwater safety. For instance, they never work too long at great depths under great pressure.

Anyone with high blood pressure (hypertension) of the moderate, uncomplicated type . . . should face his situation in much the same way as the deep sea diver does his work.

This is because successful control of this disorder may depend upon knowing what to do and what not to do. In fact, by avoiding situations and conditions that adversely affect blood pressure, it is possible in many cases to bring an elevated blood pressure down . . . or keep it from rising to excessively high levels.

What is high blood pressure and what does it do?

When hypertension occurs, the very small terminal portions of the arteries contract. Pressure within these narrowed blood channels rises . . . and the heart works harder to force needed amounts of blood through them.

If the blood vessels are strong enough to withstand the extra pressure, harmful effects may not be noticed for many years. The continuous strain, however, may eventually overwork the heart and weaken the blood vessels throughout the body.

If hypertension develops, then what?

If the disorder is mild and not caused by some underlying disease, the patient can do a great deal to help himself just by taking it easy . . . emotionally and physically.

Since tension, anxiety and worry are believed to be related to this disease, it is important to live calmly and to be moderate in eating, working and everything else. One good rule is this: *do everything your doctor permits, but no more.* Following this rule alone is often all that is needed to help patients live long, comfortably and usefully with hypertension.

If more rest and recreation, and avoiding tension and strain, fail to control this disorder . . . then the doctor may try diet, drugs or surgery. Use of newer drugs gives promise that dietary and surgical treatment are less likely to be needed.

What about guarding against hypertension?

When hypertension is discovered early, it is usually easier to control.

So, everyone should have periodic health examinations . . . especially those who are middle-aged and older, are overweight or have a family history of the disorder.

One important safeguard is weight control. For high blood pressure occurs more than twice as often among overweight people as among thinner people.

Many helpful and reassuring facts about hypertension are given in Metropolitan's booklet, Your Heart. Use the coupon below for your free copy.

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Please mail me a copy of your booklet *Your Heart* 756-E.

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Dr Scholl's

The name that means Foot Happiness!

Millions of people all over the world owe their foot happiness to Dr. Scholl. He has devoted 52 years of his life to developing and perfecting over 100 different clinic-tested Remedies, Pads, Plasters, Insoles, Appliances, Arch Supports, Surgical Stockings and Shoes to meet the needs of those with foot, leg or shoe problems. *Let that name be your guide to foot happiness.*

Now, especially, is the time to get relief—during DR. SCHOLL'S FOOT COMFORT WEEK—the time each year when Drug, Shoe, Department, 5-10¢ Stores and Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort® Shops everywhere feature and demonstrate Dr. Scholl's Aids for all common foot troubles. For FREE booklet on FOOT CARE, write Dr. Scholl's, 213 West Schiller St., Chicago 10, Ill.

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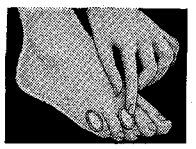
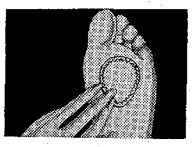
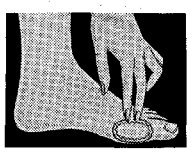


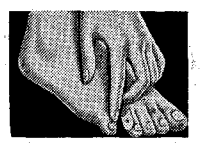
CORNS—SORE TOES
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads quickly relieve pain and gently remove corns; lift shoe pressure. Prevent corns, sore toes, tender spots. 40¢ a box.



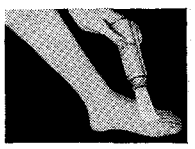
CALLOUSES
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, special size for callouses, cushion, relieve painful pressure. Quickly, gently loosen, and remove callouses. 40¢ box.



BUNIONS —Tender Joints
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, bunion size, relieve painful bunions and enlarged and tender joints; lift shoe pressure. Cushioning, protective. 40¢ box.

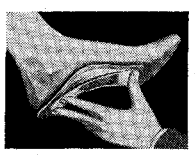


SOFT CORNS Between Toes
Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, special size and shape for soft corns between toes, quickly relieve pain; speedily remove soft corns. 40¢ a box.



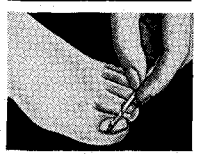
TENDER, HOT FEET
Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder relieves tender, hot, tired, perspiring, odorous feet. Eases new or tight shoes. Helps prevent infection of Athlete's Foot. 40¢ can.

ACHING, TIRED FEET
Dr. Scholl's Foot Balm quickly relieves feverish, tender, sensitive, tired feet caused by exertion and fatigue. Soothes, refreshes the feet. 50¢ jar.

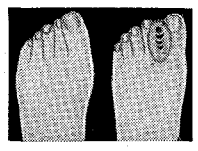


TIRED, ACHING FEET, WEAK, FALLEN ARCHES
Dr. Scholl's Foot-Eazer and exercise quickly relieve these symptoms of foot arch weakness. Adjustable. Only $6.50 pair.

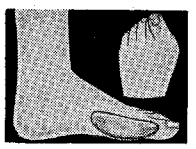
PAIN HERE?
Dr. Scholl's Metatarsal Arch Supports and exercise relieve pains, cramps, callouses at ball of foot due to weak arch. Light, flexible. $2.50 pair, up.



FOR INGROWN NAILS
Dr. Scholl's Onixol. A few drops in nail groove relieve soreness, pain; soon softens the embedded part of nail for easy removal. 75¢ bottle.



CROOKED TOES
Dr. Scholl's Toe-Flex of soft, cushioning rubber, tends to gradually straighten crooked or overlapping toes. Very comfortable. Worn invisibly. 75¢ each.

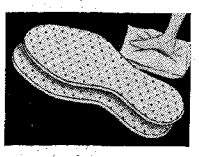


BUNIONS
Dr. Scholl's Bunion Reducer, of soft rubber, relieves painful shoe pressure, hides the bulge. 75¢ each. Leather Bunion Protector, wool felt lined. $1.25.

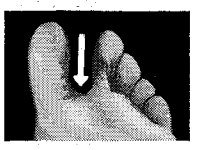
CORNS, SOFT CORNS
Dr. Scholl's "2" Drop Liquid Corn Remover relieves pain and removes hard corns on toes, soft corns between toes. Dries quickly. 35¢.

ODOROUS FEET
Dr. Scholl's Bromidrosis Powder. Stops excessive perspiration and bad foot odor caused by a disorder of the sweat glands. Very soothing. 60¢.

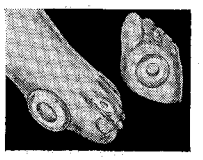
RELIEVES PAIN, CALLOUSES at BALL of FOOT
Dr. Scholl's Ball-O-Foot Cushion, made of soft Latex Foam, loops over toe. No adhesive. Flesh color, washable. $1 pair.



LIKE WALKING ON CUSHIONS
Dr. Scholl's Air-Pillo Insoles of soft Latex Foam, relieve pain, callouses on bottom of foot. For men, women. 60¢ pair.



ITCHING FEET and TOES, ATHLETE'S FOOT
Dr. Scholl's Solvex relieves Athlete's Foot, itching feet and toes. Kills fungi on contact. Liquid, Ointment or Powder. 60¢, $1.

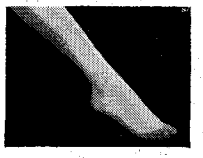


RELIEVE CORNS, CALLOUSES and BUNIONS
Dr. Scholl's Bev-Edge Pads of felt with new, thin beveled edge. Relieve painful shoe friction and pressure. 40¢ box.

REDUCES CORNS and CALLOUSES
Dr. Scholl's Corn File quickly, painlessly reduces and relieves hard corns, callouses on soles and heels. 25¢ and 35¢.

PROTECTS TENDER FEET
Dr. Scholl's Kurotex, soft, cushioning foot plaster, relieves shoe pressure on corns, callouses, bunions, tender spots. Cuts to any size and shape. 35¢.

SOOTHES BUNIONS
Dr. Scholl's Halluxol — a soothing lotion for relieving painful bunions, irritation and swelling due to inflammation. 50¢.



VARICOSE VEINS, ACHING LEGS
Dr. Scholl's Super-Sheer Elastic Stockings-51 gauge, full-fashioned. No over-hose needed. Relieve Varicose Veins, aching legs. $12.95 pair.

HEEL BLISTERS
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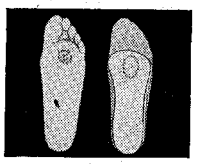

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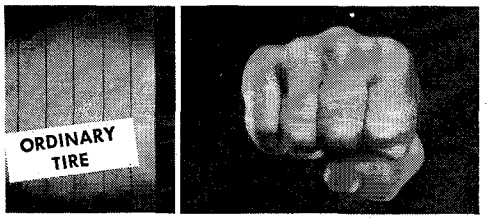
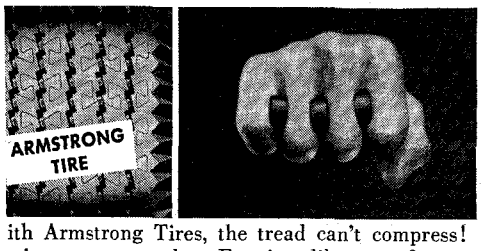


ıst like the edges of your fist, tread ribs of ordiary tires tend to compress into a smooth, slippery ırface under pressure. This pressure causes the ead to lose its vital grip . . . and you skid!



ith Armstrong Tires, the tread can't compress! ın't squeeze together. For, just like your fingers ıen you put rubber discs between them . . .)unce of Prevention" discs keep the gripping ges apart. Tread can't lose its grip on the road . thus preventing dangerous skids!

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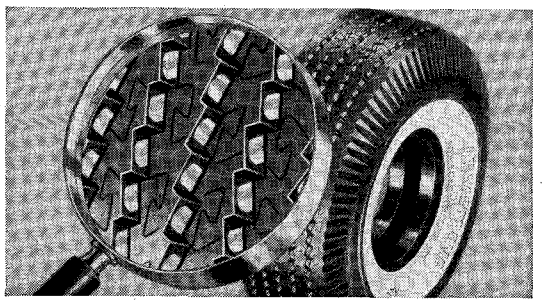

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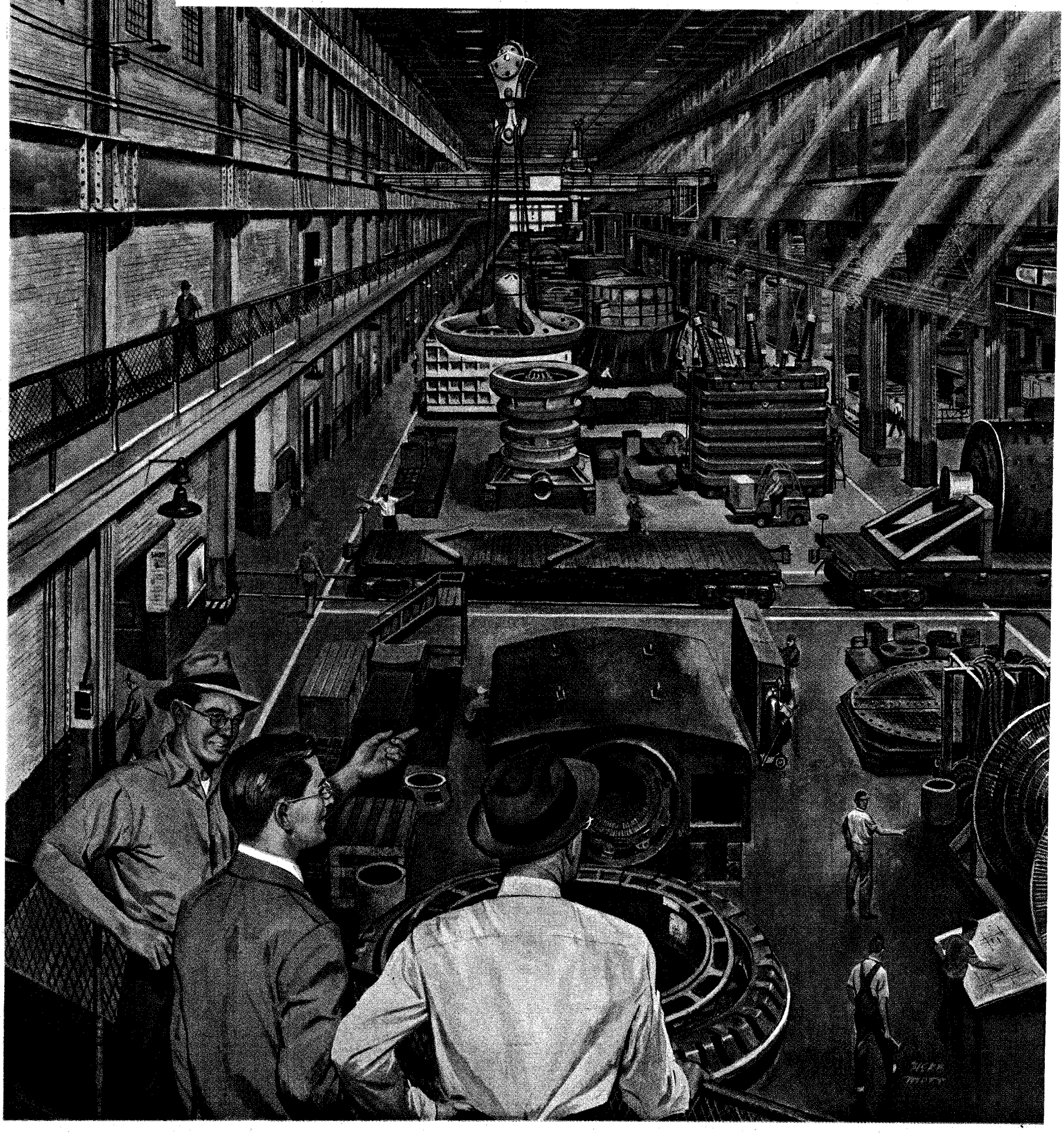

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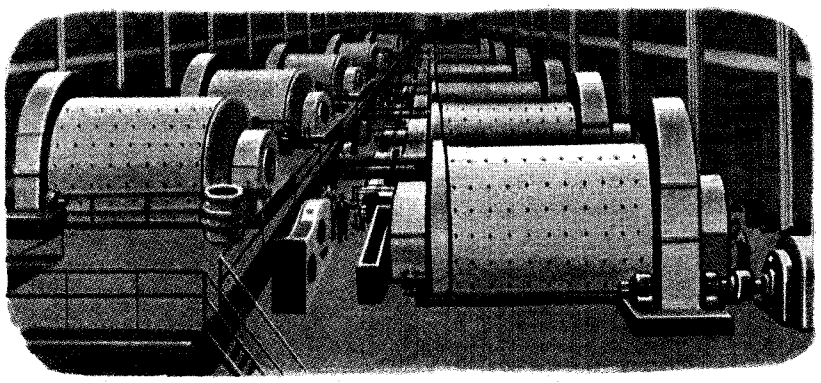
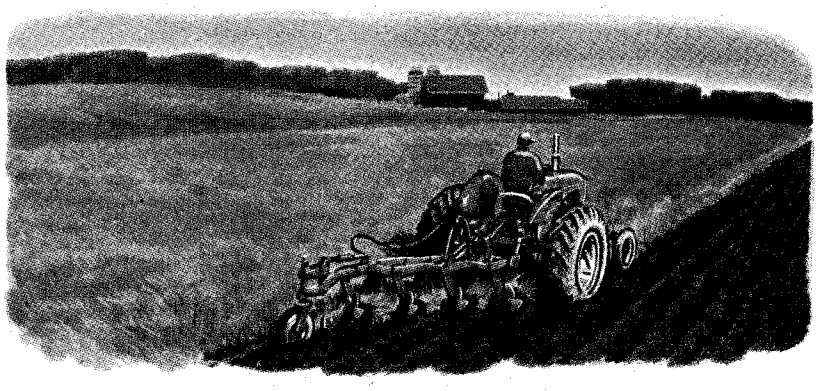


Extending the future of American iron ore—Allis-Chalmers *Engineering in Action* has pioneered new ways to process low-grade ores such as taconite, with equipment to crush and grind this flint-hard rock so that iron-rich particles can be extracted . . . other equipment to roast and form these particles into high-grade furnace feed. Result—vast "new" iron reserves.



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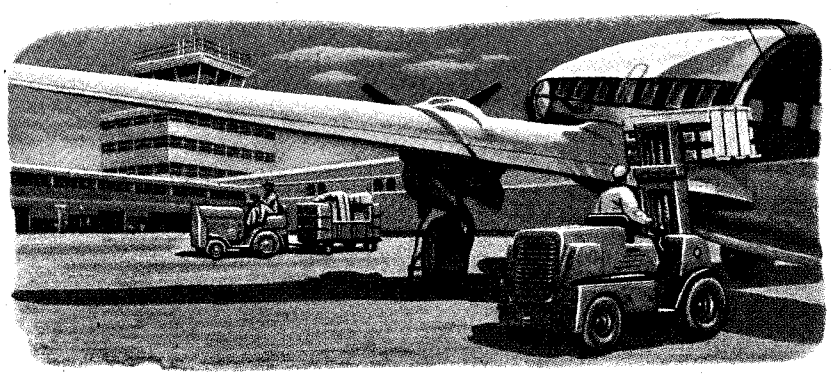

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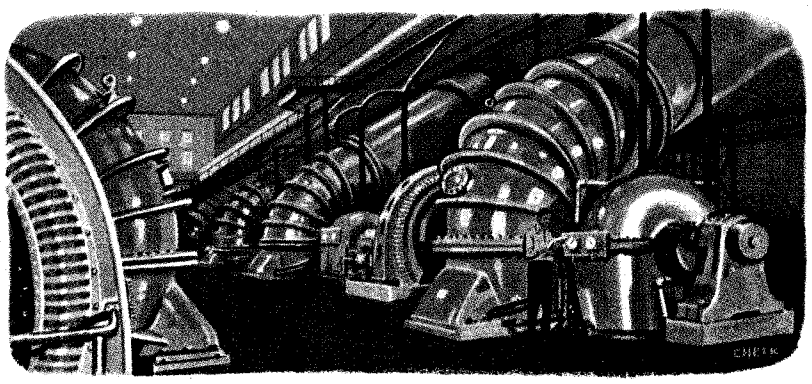

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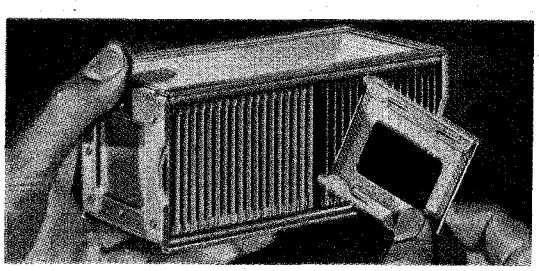

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POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
Benj. Franklin

How do you care for a paralyzed aged parent, when you live in a small house full of kids? A son's story of a heartbreaking problem.

We Sent Mother to a Nursing Home

We'd been dreading it for years, and finally one night the news came. My sister called from Chicago, 150 miles away. Mother'd had a stroke and was in an oxygen tent; I'd better come. For obvious reasons, I prefer to remain anonymous, but here are the facts about the events which followed.

There were no statistics in my head as I drove that night to the city by the lake, but I knew this crisis was not mine alone. In one form or another, the worry of aging parents haunts every American family of more than two living generations. Tonight was to be our turn at the vigil.

I tried to think clearly, unemotionally, through a cloud of anxiety. Mother might die. If she died we'd feel sorry for a time, as we had when we lost dad ten years ago. If she lived, we'd try to be nicer to her than we had been. The worst that could happen would be invalidism, bed care for long years, endless pain.

The worst that could happen did happen. After two weeks in the hospital, she was alive and sane and ready to come out. But she was the most difficult kind of bed case, paralyzed on one side and lacking excretory control. The hospital and medical costs had all but consumed her savings. Surveying the means by which she might be cared for, we soon realized that our family, economically speaking, had been blitzed.

It happens to lots of families. I'm putting it all down here just because so many people besides ourselves are affected. There are more than 9,000,000 people in our country who are over sixty-five and out of work. Two thirds of them have less than a $1000 backlog, a fourth have nothing but fifty-odd dollars a month in government aid, half a million are too sick to take care of themselves. About 100,000 of these last are in county homes and infirmaries, 70,000 in church or fraternal shelters, 450,000 in 25,000 commercial boarding and nursing homes. Around 400,000 both sick and well, live with their children.

Most states can legally compel children to contribute a sum, calculated from income and other dependents, to help support needy parents. The moral obligation speaks for itself. The average aged mother of 1890 had five children she might look to for help. In 1910 she had about four, today about two.

Mother, to take the case in hand, has three. I appraised our resources. My sister's husband is a minor executive in a large manufacturing company. Close in his dealings with his own wife, his own kids and his own parents, hostile to his in-laws, there was to be no help from there.

My ex-GI brother was deeply involved in building a house for his new wife (Continued on Page 49)

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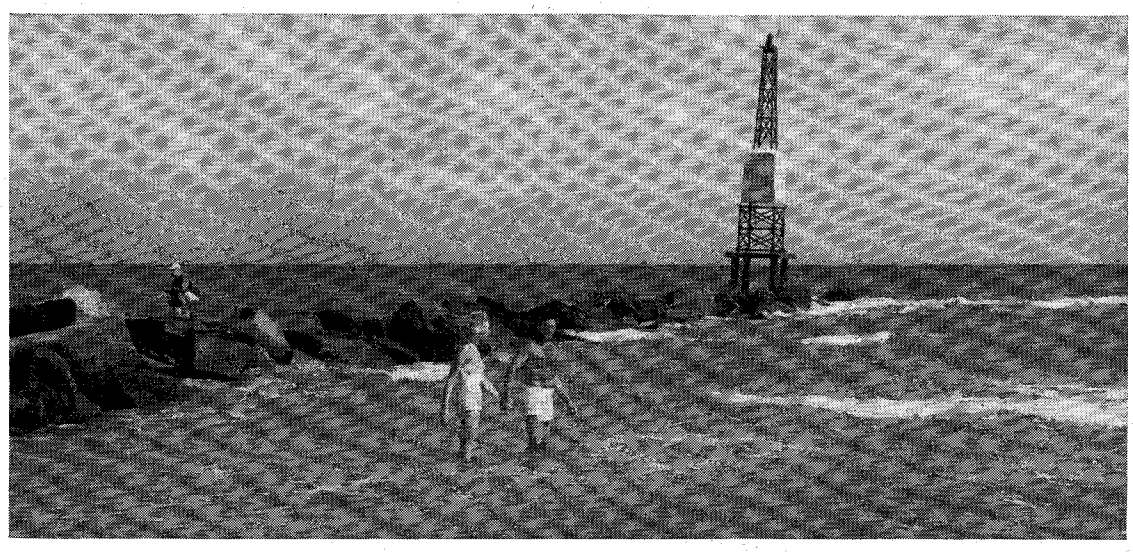
Atlantic City, with four and a half miles of guarded beach, is one of the safest places to swim, but even here the sea can be a deathtrap for the unwary.

Secret Tricks of the Sea

Each year, 8,000,000 people flock to the beaches at just one East Coast resort. Here's how many of them innocently risk their lives with the unknown hazards of the surf.

By CHARLES PRICE



A couple wade dangerously close to a stone jetty, where sudden offsets sometimes sweep swimmers out to sea.

In the neighborhood of 7000 Americans are drowned every year. Many, many more come close to being drowned. Somehow, because of their having come close, they never seem to be quite themselves again. It is one of the most horrifying experiences imaginable.

Ed Stetser is a man who knows just how horrifying it can be. Ed is a lifeguard's instructor. He is forty-five years old, handsome, stands just under six feet and weighs 198 pounds. For twenty-six years, during twelve of which he held the title of National Lifeguard Champion, Ed has been a member of the Atlantic City Beach Patrol, in New Jersey, probably the oldest, most experienced and most efficient group of its kind in the world. Ed, who has lost count of how many people he has rescued from the sea, has the striking faculty of discerning when

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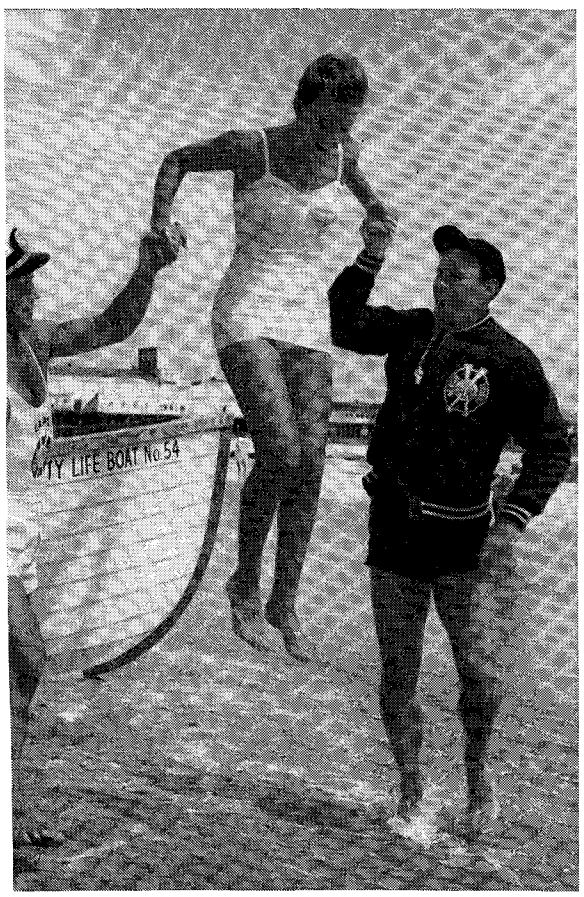
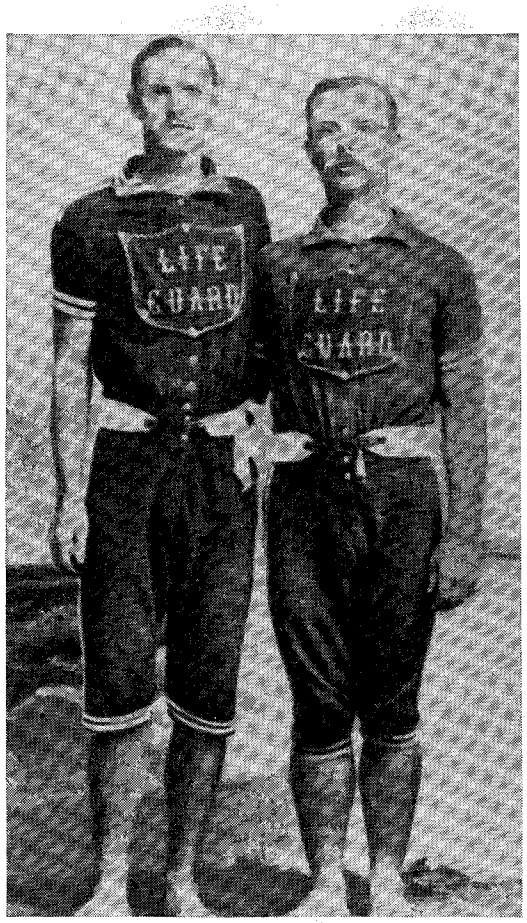
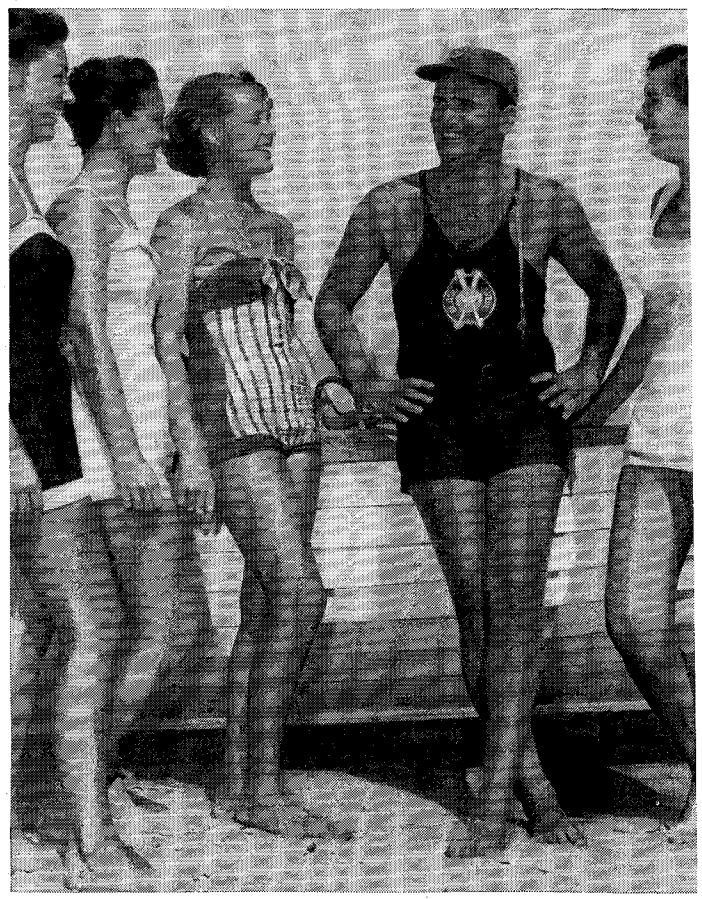


Atlantic City lifeguards Tom Ford and Starrett Hill with Susan Hasson, last season's Miss Beach Patrol.



Dan Headley and Nick Jeffries, Atlantic City's first paid lifeguards. They went to work in 1892.



Girls are the lifeguard's traditional distraction, but it's "guys with muscles" who most often need rescuing.

Not many swimmers stayed in the water when Miss America, Sharon Kay Ritchie, visited the beach.

a bather is in distress before the bather himself knows it.

With his rank of Instructor, Ed has the job of maintaining the exacting standards which make the Atlantic City Beach Patrol the elite corps it is. In the process, he acts as a kind of guard-at-large along Atlantic City's four and a half miles of protected beach.

Atlantic City has 8,000,000 bathers a season. Since Ed joined the patrol in 1930, only twenty-five of them have drowned. Some of these twenty-five were epileptics, and others were swimming against doctors' orders. What makes this low mortality rate all the more remarkable is the fact that a large percentage of Atlantic City's bathers come from inland states, where presumably they have had no opportunity to learn the hazards of the sea, hazards about which oceanographers, in fact, have not learned all they would like to.

"You know why people drown out there?" Ed asked, waving a hand in the general direction of Portugal. We were sitting in the States Avenue "tent," one of nine clapboard shacks which serve as quarters for the guards and as medical dispensaries. To our right was the Steel Pier, jutting a quarter of a mile to sea atop barnacle-encrusted pilings.

"You know why they drown?" Ed asked again. "Why would you think? Cramps in the stomach, maybe? Well, I'll tell you something about cramps. We've rescued more than thirty thousand bathers just since I've been on the patrol, and I can't remember one of them who had suffered a legitimate attack of cramps. They're an excuse. Men get embarrassed because they had to be rescued, so they'll claim they had a cramp. But they're not kidding anybody.

"Maybe you think it's the undertow that makes people drown? Well, I'll tell you something about the undertow. There's no such thing. There's nothing in that sea that flows beneath the surface or drags the bather under. You tell people that and they think you're crazy. But it's true.

"Maybe you think people drown because they don't know how to swim," he continued. "Well, about all we ever drag out of the water are swimmers. Guys with muscles. A lot of them got an emblem on their trunks that says they're a senior lifesaver. They think they're in a big swimming pool. When something happens to them, they suddenly discover the ocean only has one side, not four. So they start swimming, hard and fast. Pretty soon their elbows start to droop. Now they're scared. They yell for help. By this time we're on our way anyhow. Cramps, undertow, man can't swim—they have hardly anything to do with it. No, what makes bathers drown in the sea is the sea itself."

Ed got to his feet. "I have to go down to headquarters," he said, "down on South Carolina Avenue. Come along and I'll show you what the sea looks like to a lifeguard."

The beach at Atlantic City stretches into the sea so gradually that a bather has to walk fifty feet or more before the water is deep enough to swim in. There are six piers along the beach, and in between each two is a stone jetty or groin, a series of wooden pilings driven deep into the sand, which control erosion.

The bottom of the sea, Ed explained as we walked, is mushy sand almost as fluid as the sea itself. Stirred by the tides and whipped by the winds, the waves batter this sand mush at forces up to two (Continued on Page 105)

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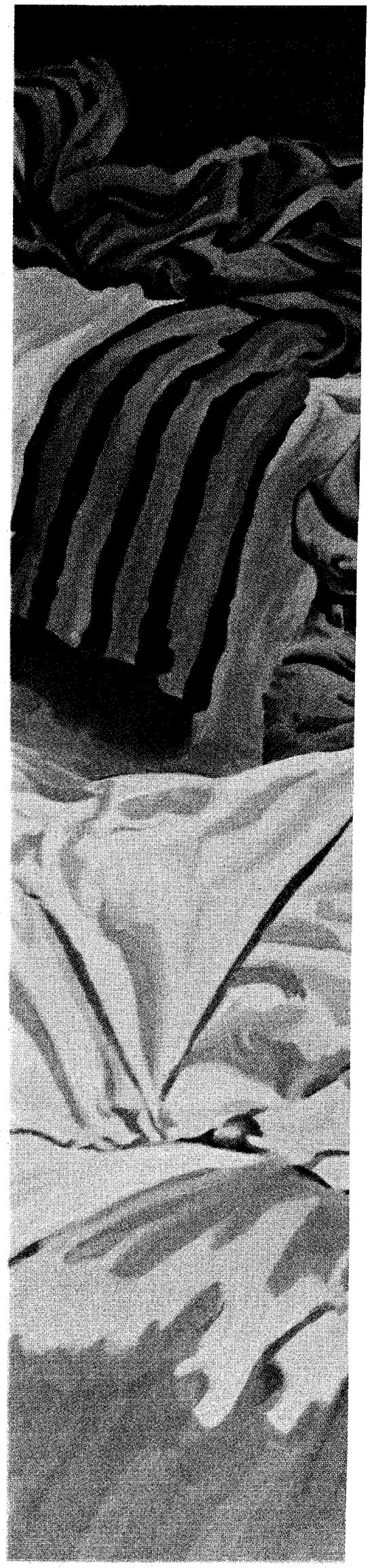
By RICHARD STERN

Every time he left her,

he knew it might be the last time.

How long, he wondered, will she

WAIT FOR ME



This was the desert—the brown, hot, jack-rabbit, horned-toad, Joshua-tree, dry-lake desert. And in its midst a manufactured oasis of houses and barracks and offices and shops and hangars, of flat runways and the screaming whine of engines, the occasional thunder of rocket motors. And fences, and tight security, and even a swimming pool.

The grass around the pool was green, and the sky was blue, and Kate was tawny. Together, Sandy thought, they made a fine combination. He lay on his stomach, his chin on his hands, admiring. "I pick them," he said. "For a man with rocks in his head, I pick them real good." He was grinning.

"I didn't say that," Kate said. And then, "Maybe I did, one way or another." She paused. "Did I make it that plain?"

"I sort of got the impression." He was still grinning. "Maybe I'm telepathic or something. Testing flying machines is what they pay me for, honey." He might have added that she had known it, even before they were married. He did not.

There were others around the pool—couples, single men—but none of them came close; it was as if an invisible fence stood around this one small patch of grass.

Kate's eyes were on the sky, blue and limitless. "Tomorrow," she said, "you'll be up there alone, in that—that thing ——" And she brought her eyes down to him now. "I didn't know it would be like this. The waiting. The knowing." She shook her head. "The other women look at me, and talk about senseless little things, the way you talk at a funeral after it's all over and there isn't really anything to say, but you talk anyway because you can't help yourself." And then, "What kind of people are you? All of you?"

He took his time, his chin on his hands. "Just people, honey. Like anybody else." He wondered if it was true.

The main building, the heart and core of the oasis, was far from the pool. And this office was large, air-conditioned, with Venetian blinds half closed against the glare of the sun. The general was leaning back in his chair, one foot on the bottom drawer of the desk.

The colonel, in one of the deep leather chairs, said, "I could be imagining things, of course. But when you're up there you're all alone, and if something happens, you don't want half your mind, or even part of your mind, thinking about something you left unfinished down on the ground. Something you're worried about."

"And so you're worried about Sanderson," the general said.

"Yes, sir. He's the best we've got. Or was. He's been on the project from the beginning. He knows the ship, and with anybody else we'd have to take time for familiarization ——" He stopped; there was no use belaboring the obvious.

"Men and women," the general said. He added something else, silently, in his mind. "Marriage—sometimes it's good, Brad, and sometimes it isn't." He made a small gesture, brought his foot down from the drawer, sat up straight. "Bring him in. I'll have a talk with him."

"Yes, sir," the colonel said. It was a relief; he felt better and his tone brightened. "And Kate—Mrs. Sanderson?"

"You want me to talk to her too?" The general shook his head. "I'm not a marriage counselor, Brad. I'm interested in my pilots, and how they perform when they're testing, and that's as far as it goes."

"Yes, sir," the colonel said. He got out of the leather chair. . . .

The colonel was not in the office; there were just the two of them, alone—Sandy, in the big leather chair, in uniform now, instead of swim trunks; and the general behind the desk, his foot on the bottom drawer.

"How're you feeling?" the general said.

"Good, sir." And there was silence.

"Worried about anything?"

"Negative, sir." (Continued on Page 72)

Illustrated by Mortimer Wilson

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Kate was asleep when he left, and he was afraid to wake her.

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A Berlin movie actress tackles an Arab dish, couscous, with Iraqi and Syrian friends. Spoons and forks are inappropriate for this meal, and cushions are used for chairs.

This exotic Berlin restaurant enthralls such diverse cosmopolites as John Foster Dulles, Andrei Gromyko and Gina Lollobrigida—for here you can go

Around the World in Six Courses

By NORBERT MUHLEN

Berlin.

This city of eternal turbulence has been called unique in a dozen different ways. But, so far, one of its greatest distinctions has been overlooked. For this is the only place on earth where you can eat your way around the world without getting out of your chair. You can treat yourself to this miracle at a restaurant called the Ritz. Here, in the kitchen, East meets West in a gastronomic triumph never before achieved.

Among the most recent enchanted guests at this restaurant here were New York friends of mine passing through Berlin on their first trip abroad. They had strolled along famed Kurfürstendamm, which the guidebooks describe as "a brightly lit boulevard flanked by gay sidewalk cafés and elegant shops, although many ruins are still left in its side streets."

It was in one of these side streets, the Rankestrasse, that my friends got hungry. As was their sensible habit, they looked for a small neighborhood restaurant where they could take potluck. In such a place they would see more of foreign everyday life than in the conventional hotel dining room. Despite its pretentious name, the Ritz Restaurant right on the street corner seemed modest and clean. On entering, my friends looked forward to a "typically German meal"—*Knackwurst* and sauerkraut perhaps, or *Sauerbraten* with a big plateful of potato dumplings.

The low-ceilinged restaurant, hardly larger than two medium-sized living rooms, held only eight or nine tables. Its walls were unadorned by the pewter plates, antique beer steins, antlers and old prints—the trimmings that lend a *gemütlich* air to many German eat-

A U. S. Army captain and his wife try the Chinese cuisine. Soviet brass hats occasionally slip into West Berlin to sample capitalistic chow here.

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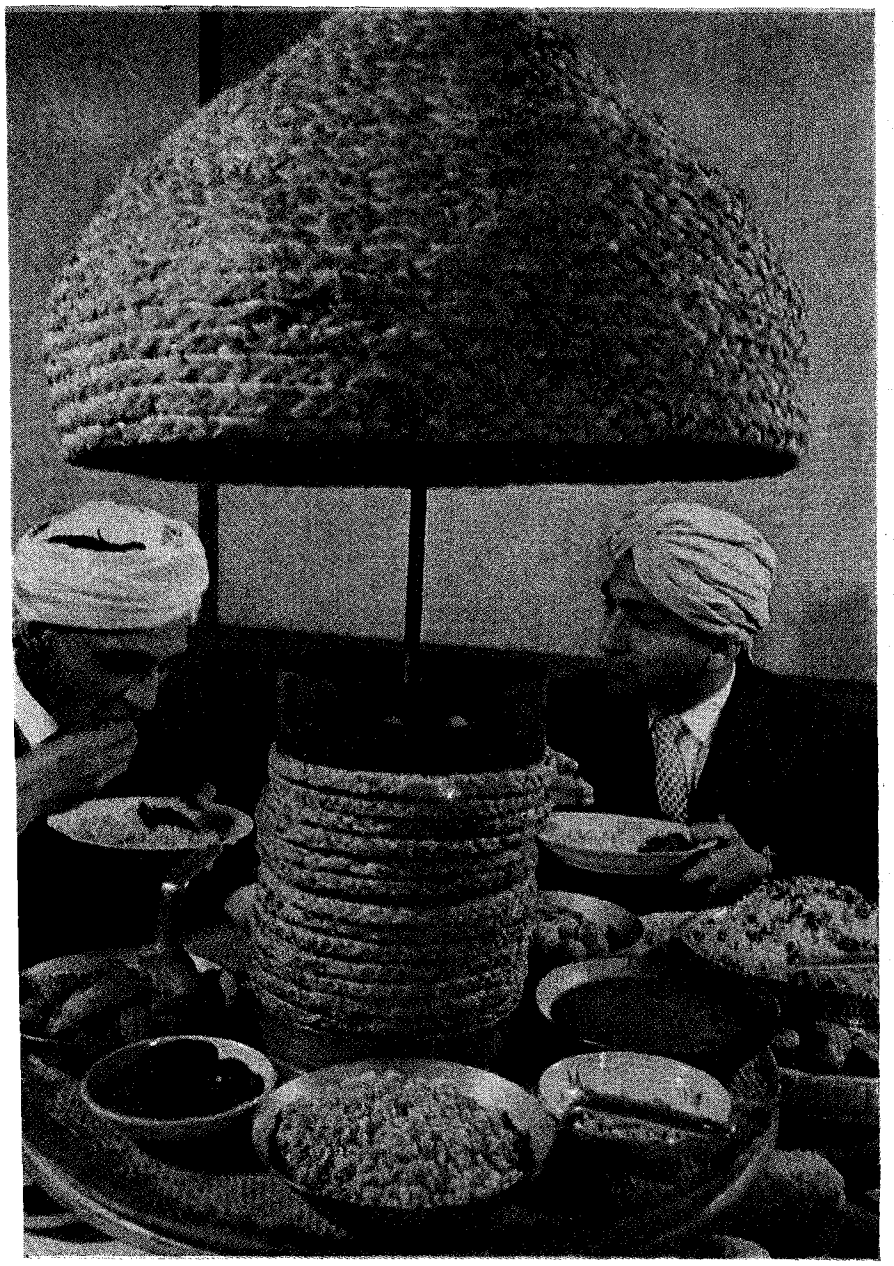
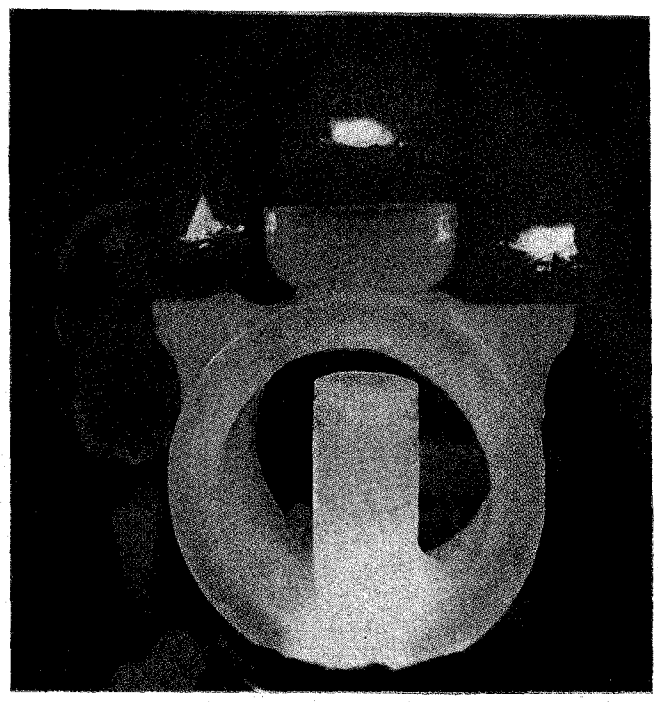


Indian patrons are urged to use their fingers just as they do back home in New Delhi.

Photographs by Eugene Kammerman



Showiest item in the house is *Kaffee Khan*, a dark brown brew made with coffee, liqueurs and fruits, served on glowing ice.

Miss Germany of 1955, at dessert. For this course the Ritz offers such rare concoctions as black sherbet, made from black Indian lemons.

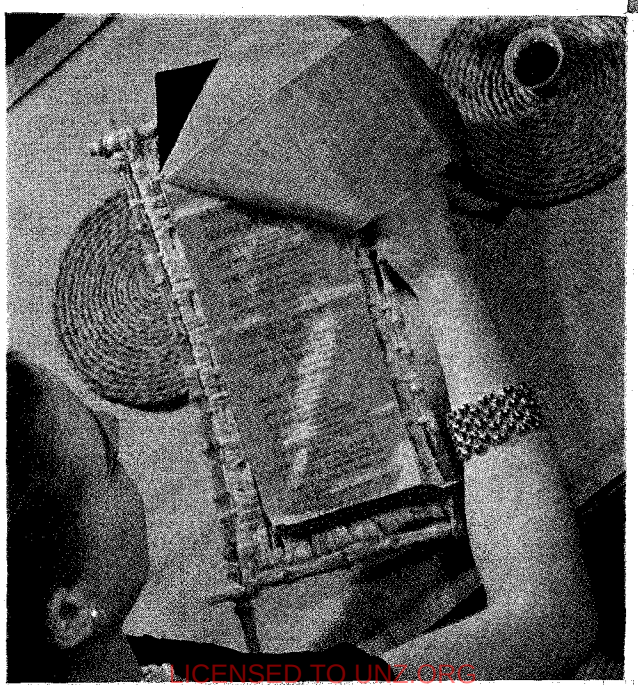
ing places. It seemed almost drab. But what struck our friends at once as unusual was the clientele. At one table they noticed a gay party from the Far East. Next to them sat diners in colorful Indian dress. Other guests looked like movie stars, models, diplomats or devout disciples of the art of eating. Scraps of conversation could be heard in English and French, in addition to German.

"Do you care for the Arabian or the Chinese menu? Or maybe the Indian or Japanese or Korean or Russian bill of fare?" the headwaiter asked our friends in good English. "Or would you rather have a mixed meal?"

With a bow, he put before them a collection of brightly colored silk scrolls, each mounted on a bamboo frame and covered with script in exotic lettering. Every scroll presented a long list of native dishes from a different Oriental country. Because my friends were not at home in these parts, how could they possibly choose between an exotic dish on the Japanese menu and the *Sharabat Mulukija* on the Arabian one, among all the other foreign courses?

Before they could order a hamburger well done, the headwaiter opened a heavy, leather-bound volume. The book presented on every page the snapshot of a different dish, with its name and a short description.

After leafing through the illustrated menu, and after much consultation with the waiter, our friends began dinner with Crimean *Wurst*. Their eyes as much as their palates were tempted by that bright red, highly spiced sausage of a finger length, surrounded by thinly sliced pickles, gherkins and onions in varying shades of green, all carefully arranged on a wooden plate. A dagger, to serve as knife, quivered (Continued on Page 52)



The Ritz menu is on silk scrolls, each of which lists dishes from a different locale. If you can't read the language, you may order from a picture book.

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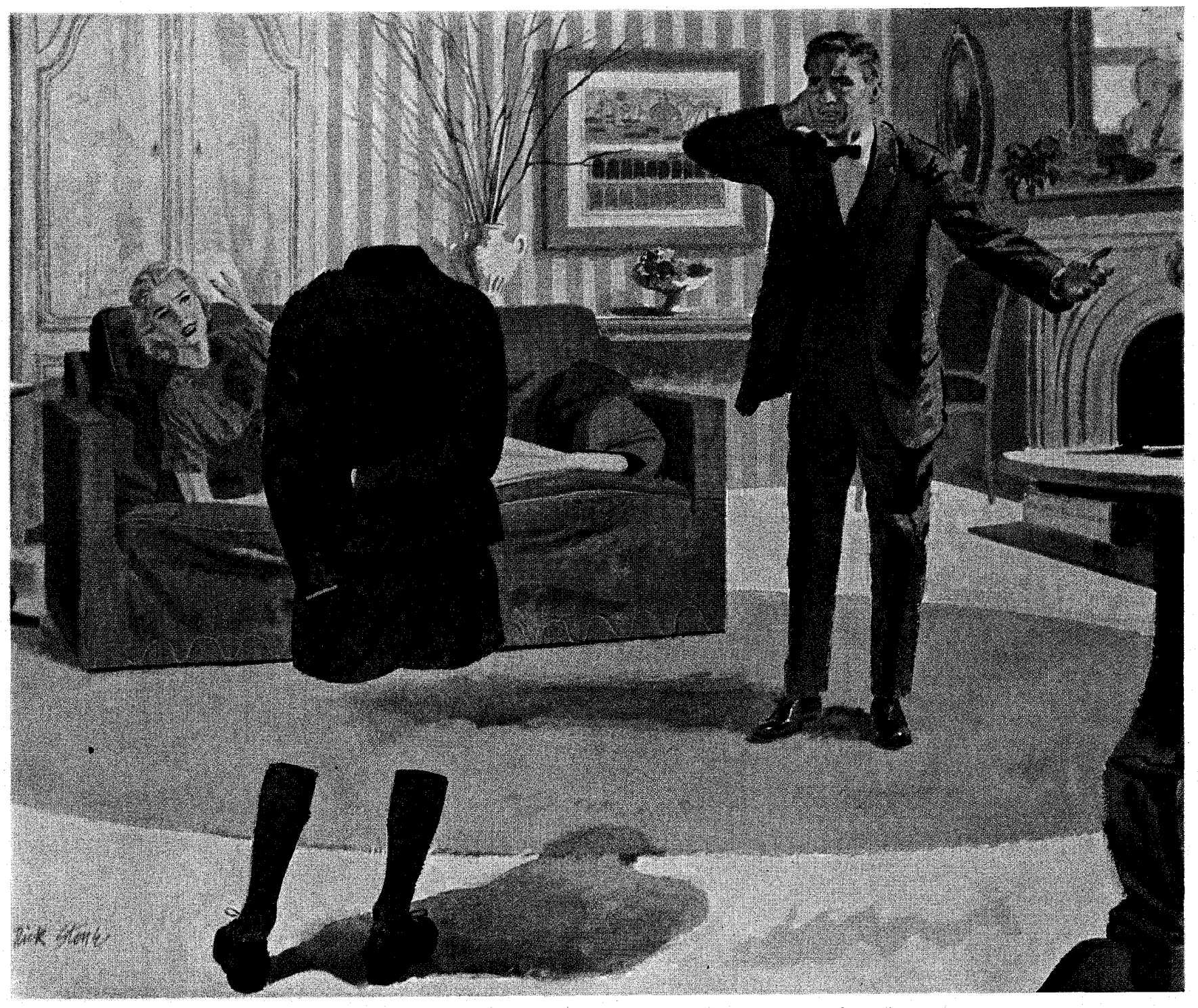

"Timothy, you've got to change back," he pleaded. "You've got to. It's not decent."

The Invisible Boy

By EDMUND COOPER

The story of Timothy, the world's worst problem child.

Though Dr. Thomas Merrinoe quietly deplored the fact that his ten-year-old son showed no sign of being a genius, he was thankful for small mercies. The boy did not possess two heads; nor was he a congenital idiot in the clinical sense. Objectively, it might almost be said that Timothy was a normal specimen—with, perhaps, a rather generous share of atavistic traits.

This was a source of continual wonder to Doctor Merrinoe. As the director of a team engaged in designing and building electronic brains, he was professionally shocked to think that even such an inferior calculator as a human being could be manufactured by unskilled labor. Anyway, this did not prevent him from begetting Timothy.

But as a fond father, Doctor Merrinoe fell somewhat short of the conventional standard. His wife, Mary, a sensible blonde who regarded trigonometry as a serious abdominal operation, had much difficulty in persuading him that babyhood and infancy were not only desirable but necessary. With characteristic impatience, Doctor Merrinoe had hoped to teach young Timothy chess at the age of three, and differential calculus by four and a half.

After all, he argued, what was the use of science if it could not be applied to life? If it was possible to program an electronic brain for all processes of mathematical reasoning, why could not the same thing be done to a small boy? He found the answer very quickly. It was tragically simple. In the matter of learning, the machine had no option; the boy had.

By the time he was ten, Timothy had not only managed to destroy Doctor Merrinoe's faith in every known method of education and driven him to seek consolation in bigger and better electronic brains, he had also managed to ignore the science of mathematics *in toto* and completely.

Thus at the very apex of Doctor Merrinoe's career when, (Continued on Page 96)

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BIG LABOR'S BIG BOSS

When tough George Meany married his AFL to the CIO he became the world's most powerful labor leader. Where will this ex-plumber from the Bronx guide his mighty colossus?

By PAUL F. HEALY

If a cartoonist were called upon to draw a quickly recognizable caricature of Big Labor, the chances are excellent that he would fall back on what has by now become a cliché of editorial cartooning—a big, blocky, tough-looking, cigar-smoking, ham-fisted man with a scowl on his face. Perhaps, ironically, such a caricature would bear more than a superficial resemblance to George Meany, who, as president of the AFL-CIO, speaks on many matters for 15,000,000 workers.

Meany looks and acts as pugnacious as an English bulldog. He is five feet, ten inches tall and weighs 230 pounds. He has a large bald head set on a short, massive neck, heavy-lidded gray-blue eyes and a confident Irish face with a slanting snub nose. He has very broad shoulders, a vast waistline and large, square hands. And a cigar is usually clenched in his teeth. He makes no effort to ingratiate or charm. He tends to be gruff and almost impersonal in his business relations.

He speaks in short, pointed sentences without ambiguity. His conversational idiom and imperfect grammar are typical of the average machinist. He retains many pronunciations from his native Bronx—"foist," "poissonality," "moiged," and so forth. Meany once played catcher in a semipro league in the Bronx and without question he is "one of the boys," utterly in character playing poker, tossing off a highball or reminiscing in a room filled with smoke and cronies.

This is about the extent of Meany's resemblance to the cartoon of the labor titan. He is a connoisseur of fine wines. He plays an electric organ in his home. He is an amateur oil painter and finds this his most complete relaxation. He has a passion for collecting and retaining facts. He plods (Continued on Page 83)

Captain of 15,000,000 American workers, Meany has never headed a local nor ever led a strike. But the word is that if anyone can make the AFL-CIO alliance work, George is the man.

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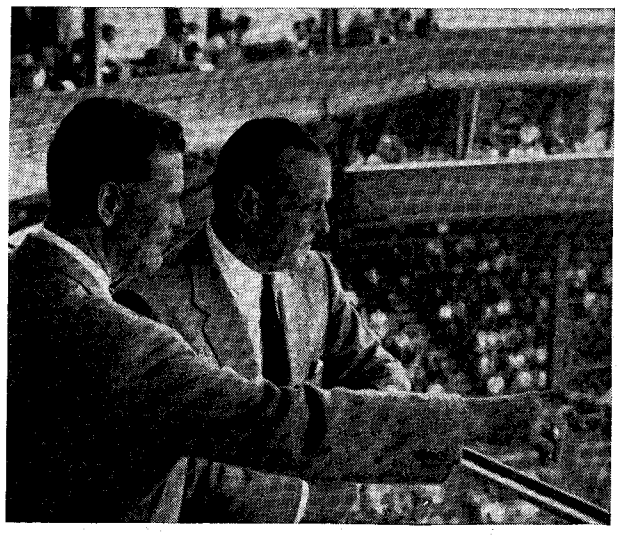


Lane beside his well-heeled boss, August Busch.

The fast-dealing general manager who made a contender out of the lowly Chicago White Sox reveals his plans for his red-hot new club, the Cardinals.

I'M HERE TO WIN A PENNANT

By FRANK LANE, as told to Roger Kahn

The kind of baseball team I like starts with a bunch of rugged pros who leave their manners with their street clothes in the clubhouse. I want men who understand that when they step onto the field they won't spend the next few hours among friends. At the fringes there may be room for sweet kids and kindly old gentlemen, but the center has got to be as hard and as tough as a diamond. That core creates a winner.

I didn't come to St. Louis to raise red roses or tell after-dinner stories or take the tenor lead in Hearts and Flowers. When I moved in as general manager of the Cardinals last October, I was determined to build the sort of team I like. I suppose you've guessed the reason. It's no state secret. I came here to win a pennant and that's exactly what I intend to do, *any* way I can.

In my seven years as general manager of the Chicago White Sox, I made better than 250 different deals, better than three each month. "Boy, that Lane," I'd hear people say. "He deals quicker than a losing poker player."

When I stepped into the White Sox front office, the Sox were losing money and ball games with a real flair, but when I left they'd become money-making contenders. "That Lane," other people commented. "He did a pretty fair job."

It's all been very nice, but it isn't quite enough for me any more. I make my living running a ball club. It's a fairly good living, and in Chicago I ran some fairly good clubs. Now I think it's time I ran a champion.

I hadn't thought anyone around St. Louis would be the least bit surprised by my attitude. After all, it's been eleven years since the last time the Cardinals won a pennant. But I'm afraid I've turned out to be a shocker. Some folks shock easily, of course.

One week in the middle of last month I made a set of deals involving eleven players and four other clubs. Before the week was over, I was on the pan, and this time some of the things I heard sounded a little rough. "Lane must be off his rocker," was one remark that reached my ears.

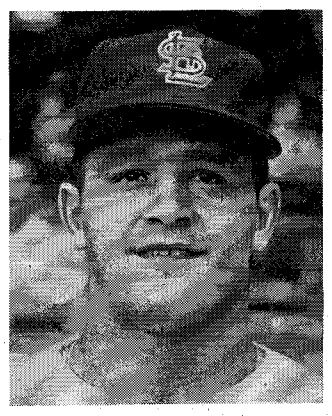
I'm glad I have a chance to write this piece for a couple of reasons. First, it gives me a chance to get a lot of things about a lot of people off my chest. Then, and even more important, it let's me explain a little bit about the way in which I operate around the other baseball men after I've closed the door and told the reporters, "Wait outside, boys. I'll let you know as soon as something happens."

Basically, I operate like any other businessman. I try to use my head. I take personal observations, mix them with the opinions of my manager, the coaches and the scouts, and I try to shake them up until they make some sense. Only then will I ever begin to move. Don't get me wrong. I know how far I am from perfect. But I'll be damned if I'll sit on my rump, drawing down my check, scared to move because I might move the wrong way. I may make every mistake in the book, but I'll never make the worst one. I'll never go to sleep on the job.

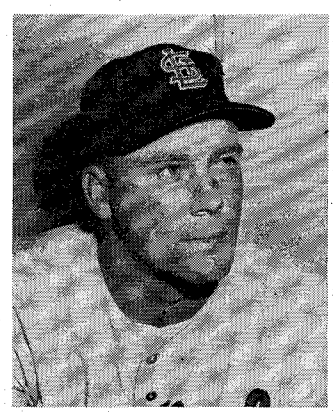
Probably the biggest name of the eleven involved in last month's busy week is Harvey Haddix, a lefthanded pitcher who was good enough to win thirty-eight games for the Cardinals during 1953 and 1954. I traded Haddix and two less familiar pitchers to the Philadelphia Phils for Herman Wehmeier, a righthander who is a fine competitor, and Murry Dickson, another righthander, old but rugged. The trade left a lot of St. Louis fans seriously and honestly puzzled.

"Haddix is our ace," they seemed to figure, sentimentally. "Why did we give him up?"

The unsentimental truth is that Haddix *was* an ace. But take away the sentiment and take



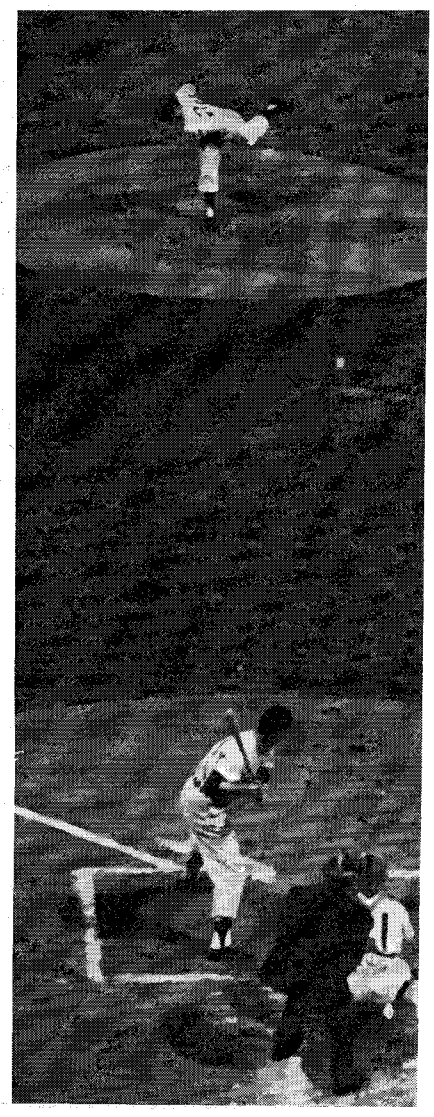
Outfielder Bobby Del Greco.



Pitcher Herman Wehmeier.

"You never get something for nothing. I had to let Haddix go."

St. Louis fans gasped when Lane acquired Del Greco from Pittsburgh and Wehmeier from Philadelphia, in recent trades that cost him outfielder Bill Virdon, 1955 rookie-of-the-year, and pitcher Harvey Haddix. At right, in his new Philly uniform, Haddix serves one up to ex-teammate Ken Boyer, who promptly singled home the winning run for the Cards.



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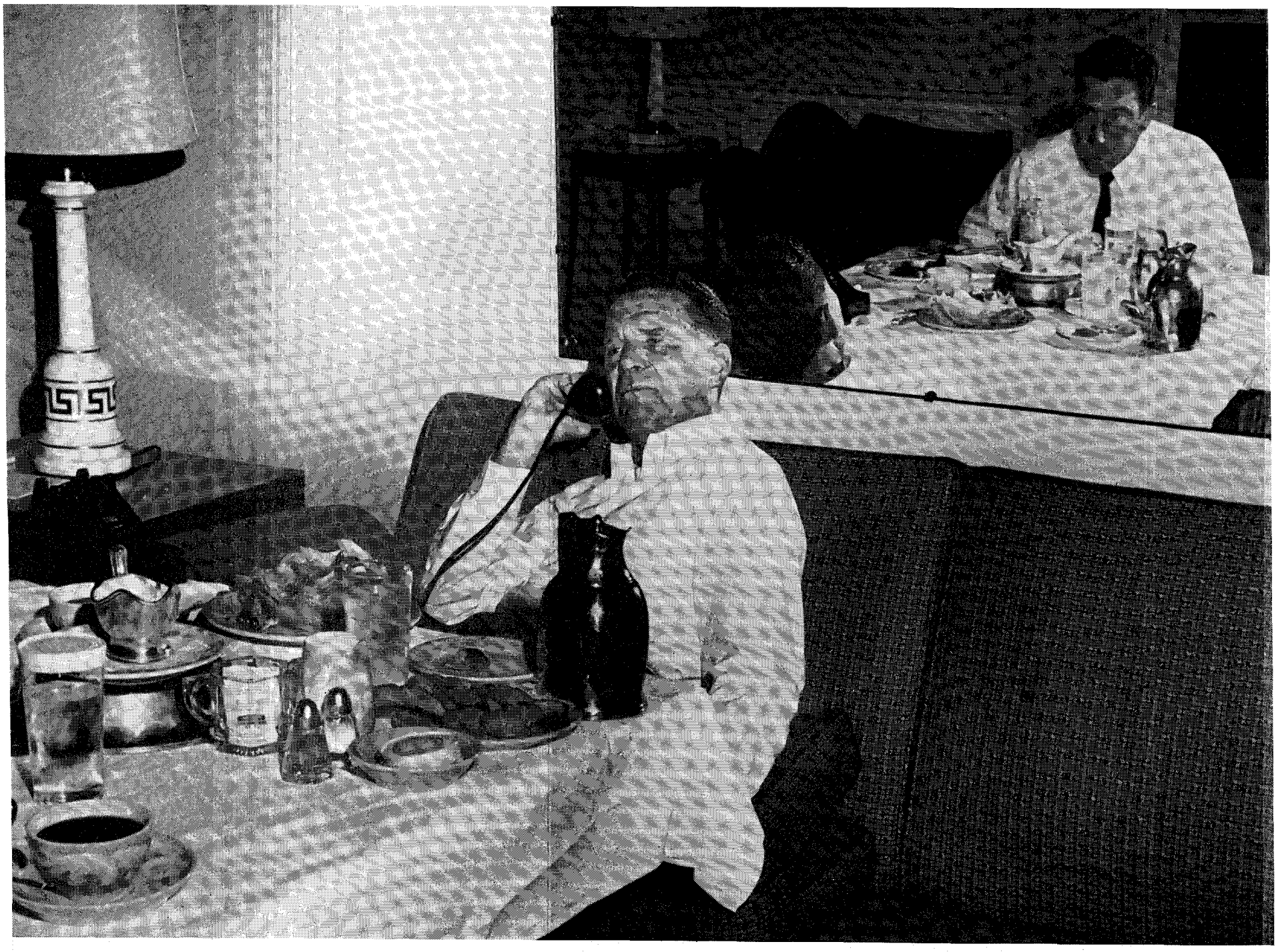


Lane lets his supper get cold while he cooks up a deal. With him is field manager Fred Hutchinson. Lane provides the players; Hutchinson has to make them click.

a look at Harvey as he was when I let him go. All last year he'd been off form. All spring training he'd been just as bad. In the first month of the season, he was no better. The boys got him thirty runs in his four starts, yet got beaten in three of the games.

Certainly there is a chance that Haddix can come back and make me look bad, but there's just as good a chance that he won't. He's almost thirty-one years old. Now Terry Moore, one of our coaches, managed Herman Wehmeier in Philadelphia. He tells me Herman is long on guts and good enough to bother Brooklyn and Milwaukee, two clubs we've got to take. I know in the stretch Dickson will be sure to give us good relief pitching when we need it.

The Cards have gained some, but in this world you never get something for nothing. I had to let Haddix go.

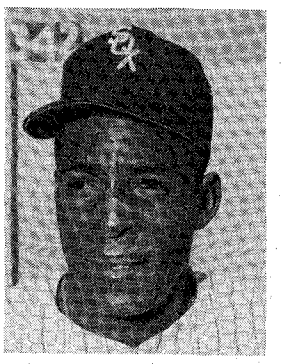
There were almost as many gasps when I traded Bill Virdon, a lefthand-hitting center fielder, because he was rookie-of-the-year last season. For Virdon, the Pittsburgh Pirates gave me Dick Littlefield, a journeyman pitcher, plus Bobby Del Greco, an unknown kid of twenty-three who can field better than Virdon this minute and has a real potential as a hitter. Virdon hadn't been hitting, and besides, with him in there, the Cardinals were too damn lefthanded. Del Greco swings righthanded, and Fred Hutchinson, my manager, who saw the kid in the Pacific Coast League last year, thinks he can make it big.

The other moves add up too. I picked up Grady Hatton from Boston, even though he bats lefthanded, because he can play second base or third. I got Bobby Morgan from the Phils because he can play second base, shortstop or third, and he bats right. I picked Chuck Harmon

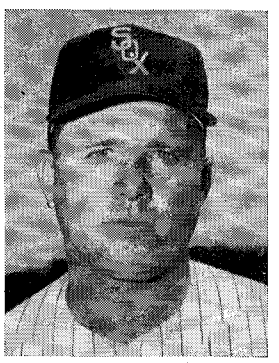
(Continued on Page 86)

"The White Sox did O.K. while I was with them..."

By acquiring stars like these, Lane helped move the Chisox from the cellar to third place. "If sixty-five per cent of your deals pan out," says Lane, "you're doing as well as you can ever expect. I was lucky in Chicago."

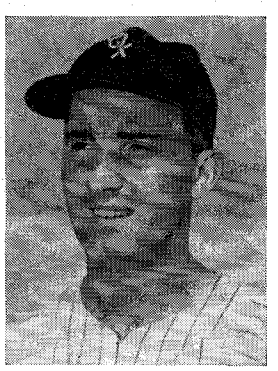


Outfielder Minnie Minoso.



Pitcher Virgil Trucks.

2nd baseman Nellie Fox.



Southpaw Billy Pierce.

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Using an aerosol bomb containing a deadly "nerve gas" chemical, greenhouseman Otto Dietrich disinfects a 150-foot building in 3½ minutes.

Mosquito killer Dick Peters, of California's public-health department, watches a task force of treacherous little biters feed on the co-operative arm of laboratory researcher Jim Huntsman.

Bad Year for Bugs

Insect pests don't stand a chance against the lethal new insecticides, which first were used to kill people, and sometimes still do.

By WILLIAM J. STEVENS, JR.

Four summers ago a hovering menace descended on the Central Valley of California, tormenting and killing from Chico in the north to Bakersfield in the south. More than 800 people were stricken in the onslaught, and fifty-eight died—a third of them children under ten. It was a record kill for *Culex tarsalis*, one of the 2000-plus species of mosquitoes, and virus carrier of the frightening disease encephalitis—the sleeping sickness, which attacks the nervous system and may cause permanent brain damage, when it does not kill.

Only vigorous action by the doctors of the California State Department of Public Health kept the epidemic, serious though it was, from raging even more furiously. A state of emergency was declared in mid-July, the then Gov. Earl Warren made special funds available, all public and private physicians were alerted, and officers of California's various local mosquito-abatement districts assaulted the enemy. The state's chief expert, Richard F. Peters, supplemented and intensified the mosquito-killing campaign from his headquarters in Berkeley. Ponds and stagnant pools were drained or treated, and six teams armed with special spraying equipment filled the Central Valley air with insecticide. But in spite of all these control measures, the epidemic did not abate until October.

Little Mary Helen Hartlage went on a picnic and nearly died. What made her sick? Insecticide, her doctor said, but many authorities disagree.

Even then the menace was not dead. Some summers, mosquitoes are so thick in the Central Valley that if a man dares to walk out in infested areas at dawn or dusk, more than a thousand of the insects will land on his body—all of them hungry for blood. Grazing cattle stop feeding and mill about in tortured groups. The mosquito plague varies from year to year, depending on the water content of the soil and its streams, the run-off from melting snow and the daily weather.

In 1954 the situation worsened again, with the addition of a new and frightening complication: That year's mosquitoes were tougher, and they had learned to resist or ignore altogether the insecticide that killed them two years before.

But this time Peters, the mosquito killer, had a deadlier weapon at hand—a poison that had been the subject of cautious experiment and speculation by local mosquito-control experts for over a year. (Continued on Page 108)

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Only a girl and a fish liked Ike—
and now the girl had had enough.

TOO LAZY TO LOVE

By DON TRACY

"Curly," Ike Harlow said darkly, "if you don't do better than that, I'm going to get myself another boy."

It was an old threat; Curly may have shrugged a little, but that was all.

A pelican, perched on a piling close by, rolled a jaundiced eye toward Ike and Curley. It was obvious that the baggy-billed bird had joined the great majority in deciding that the pair added nothing to the tone of the Boca Ferdinandez Yacht Club. On all Florida's West Coast there was no finer yacht club than Boca Ferdinandez. For half a century it had earned a name from Cape Sable to Cedar Key as a friendly, albeit luxurious, haven for boats cruising the Mangrove Coast and never—until very recently—had it been touched by a breath of scandal.

But now ——

Who'd ever have thought it? they whispered. *Ike Harlow, of all people.*

Ike and Curly sat with their backs to the clubhouse. It was a beautiful place of flamingo-pink concrete block and stucco, with its two dining rooms (one for shorts and dungarees, and the other for black ties after six), and its bar (stag) and its lounge (mixed) and its gardens and sun decks and swimming pool and jalousied porches and its sleek, silent service.

"And disgraced—disgraced, I tell you," growled Commodore Fensworth Wickerly, "by that—that rotter!"

He pointed a quivering finger at Ike, seated on the stringpiece of No. 1 dock under a sign which warned No Fishing—No Swimming. Commodore Wickerly was a portly, red-faced, white-mustached winter resident of Boca Ferdinandez whose forefinger often quivered when he pointed. His doctors in Pittsburgh did not know Ike Harlow or Curly, but if they had they would have disapproved of both as bad for their wealthiest patient's sleep, digestion and blood pressure.

"Oh, come now, commodore," Russ Purvis murmured as Wickerly's finger kept on quivering, "I wouldn't call him that. A poor loser, maybe, but ——"

"A rotter, sir, who insists on flaunting himself where he's not wanted!" the commodore puffed. "We've got to get rid of him! I don't care if his grandfather did start this club; I don't care if his father was commodore

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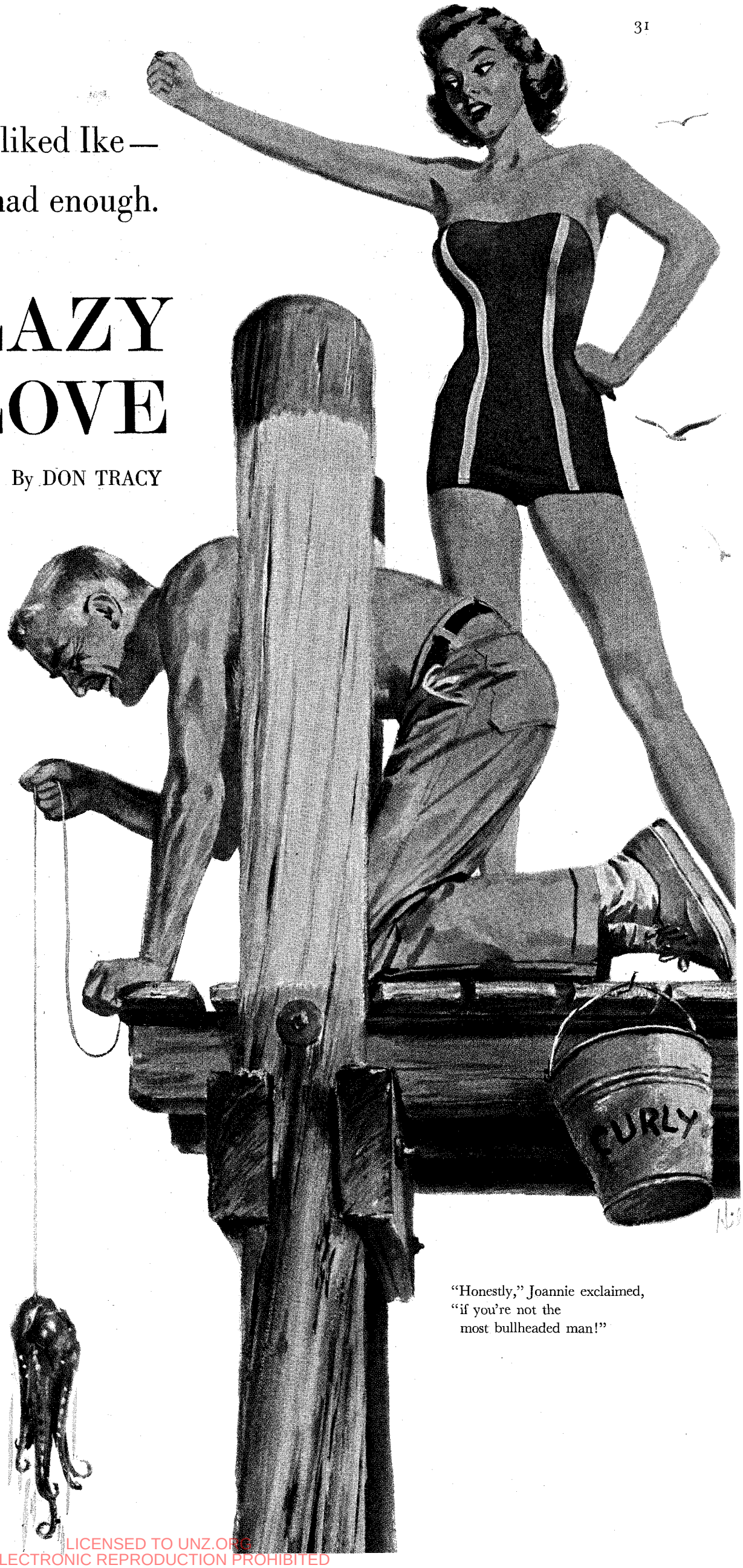

"Honestly," Joannie exclaimed, "if you're not the most bullheaded man!"

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They Put Rhythm in Religion

With a new look and a fat price tag, that old-time, camp-meeting kind of singing has made a fabulous comeback down South.

By FURMAN BISHER

This night wasn't the greatest, but it was plenty good. Backstage in the Municipal Auditorium of Atlanta, Georgia, a thin, balding man named Pop Myers pulled back the slide of the Judas window slightly and said, "Where else would you find 5000 sober people so happy on a Saturday night?"

Out front a tenor in the Oak Ridge Quartet had just struck a high note, and the mob in the auditorium had responded in a manner that recalled the days when the bobby-soxers of yesteryear discovered Frank Sinatra. Women out there shrieked, and a couple of young girls rushed to the stage edge to snap pictures of the tenor, who was holding that high note the way a trumpet player prolongs a "ride." Even grown men—and there were a good many present—cheered and whistled. The crowd soon was stamping its feet. It was like a cross between the emotional peak at a soul-saving camp meeting and late in the evening at a Stan Kenton dance.

The event was an all-night gospel sing down South, something new in this ever-changing world. The gospel sing of this variety is a sensation today in a rather loosely bounded area stretching from the Ohio River south to the sea, and from the Mississippi River eastward. It has invaded parts of Arkansas and Texas also, and there is no telling where it will be heard next. But Atlanta, Georgia, is the gospel-singing capital of the universe, absolutely no doubt about that. "It's the top spot on the gospel-singing circuit," Hovie Lister told me. Hovie is the front man for the Statesmen Quartet and the hottest number in this business today.

It is perfectly proper to call this type of gospel singing a business. Except in rare cases, every member of the thirty-odd gospel-singing quartets or groups in the top level of their trade will tell you that he or she is an entertainer.

"Let's face it," said Ace Richman, of the Sunshine Boys, a veteran of quartet singing, "we believe that anybody who paid his buck should be entertained. They like this kind of music, and we give it to them. Some people say we deal in corn. Maybe we do, but we know what our audience wants."

Millions of gospel-singing devotees proved last year that Ace Richman spoke the truth. They turned out for the sings, bought millions of gospel records—The Statesmen's This Ole House has sold over 90,000 alone—and millions of copies of gospel sheet music. They regard the singers as every bit as glamorous as movie stars, and drive through the day and night to be where they are.

Wally Fowler, pudgy, moon-faced rejuvenator of gospel singing on its present commercial scale, estimates that "since 1948 my contribution to gospel singing at the gate would be better than $6,000,000." An audience of 10,018 was counted at a sing in Winston-Salem, North Carolina; 7600 at one in Atlanta, with another 1000 milling around in the rain outside; 5200 in a stadium at Opp, Alabama (pop. 5240). There have been sellout houses at every town in the South where the gospel singers have made a stop in their frantic rush to cash in on the phenomenon.

(Continued on Page 44)

An air-conditioned limousine equipped with beds and individual radiophones transports the Statesmen, a front-running gospel quartet.

The show spills into the aisles as the boys warm up their audience for an "all-night" (8 P.M. to 2 A.M.) session in Atlanta's Municipal Auditorium.

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The Statesmen, led by the Rev. Hovie Lister (with molars, at right). Others are Denver Crumpler, Jake Hess, Doy Ott (hidden) and Jim (Big Chief) Wetherington.

Photographs by Bill Shrout

The Sunshine Boys. "Let's face it," says forthright gospeler Ace Richman (center), "anybody who paid his buck should be entertained."

The Bond Sisters. Most churchmen shake their heads at big-money gospel singing. But others point out that "these people do make converts."

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The Most Important Man in Town

By ED MONTGOMERY

Young Chief Charleyhorse Horse had made up his mind: He wanted back his piece of Oklahoma.

Mistletoe Corners was just sitting there in the late May sun, minding its own business, the day Charleyhorse came home from school in a 1946 convertible. He drove all around the square at about ten miles an hour more than the law allows and parked in front of a sign that said not to park there. Our whole family happened to be watching him from the second floor of the courthouse.

"Gee!" I said. "Charleyhorse Horse!" You see, he hadn't come home at all the summer before, just roughnecked in the oil fields, so this was the first time I'd seen him since before he made two all-American teams as a sophomore and threw three touchdown passes in the Texas game alone.

"The answer to a prayer!" said my father, who manages the Mistletoe Corners Mudcats and is the sheriff of Chickamasia County on the side. He knew that if Charleyhorse would stay around and play shortstop all summer, it would mean a big difference in the final standings of the Cherokee Valley League.

"He hasn't changed much," said my big sister, Gloria, frowning. My sister is assistant county attorney, and death on lawlessness.

"Keep your shirt on," said my father. "Parkin' violations are a city problem."

"I know," Gloria said grimly. "But right now he's destroying county property."

Actually, all Charleyhorse was doing was that he'd walked across the street to the courthouse lawn and was sitting on the grass under an elm tree.

"He is not destroyin' county property," my father said. "You can't destroy that old Bermuda grass just sittin' on it. Why, you can't destroy it with a grubbin' hoe!"

"At the very least," Gloria said, "he's trespassing."

"Now you leave him alone, Gloria," my father ordered. "We got us a game comin' up with Antelope City this Sunday and I'll need that boy in there. . . . Buster, you run down there and tell him to get that car out of there before he gets in trouble."

Gloria had already stomped out of there, but I skipped past her before she got as far down the hall as the county clerk's office. Only Dave Dolan got to Charleyhorse before I did.

Dave is chief of police. As a matter of fact, he's the whole city police force, except for Arnie Jenkins, who is the night chief of police.

"Charleyhorse," Dave was saying, "you quit that parkin' in my no-parkin' zones."

Charleyhorse was lying back with his hands behind his head, resting. He opened his eyes and looked at Dave, who is so big he has to weigh on the cotton-gin scales, and probably would have been an all-American himself if somebody had caught him twenty years ago and made him go to school.

"Hah!" Charleyhorse said to Dave, and shut his eyes again.

"Now you listen here!" Dave reached for his blackjack pocket. But Gloria got there about then and stepped in front of Dave so she could yell down at Charleyhorse better.

"Charleyhorse Horse!" she yelled. "You get up from there!"

Charleyhorse sat up. He took his shoes off, tied the laces together and hung them over the sign that said you were supposed to keep off the grass.

"Hah!" he said. Then he eased his shoulders back onto the grass, wiggled his toes and shut his eyes again.

Now my sister, Gloria, wasn't used to having criminals talk to her like that. What's more, she wasn't used to having people close their eyes when she was there. I guess you know she was Miss Mistletoe Corners of 1951 and would likely have been Miss Oklahoma and maybe Miss America, if she could have worn the bathing suit she picked out, instead of the one my father picked out.

At first she was so mad she couldn't talk; then, just when she got her tongue working, Dave spoke up. (Continued on Page 101)

The Chickamasias held a council and Charleyhorse was elected chief.

Illustrated by Peter Stevens

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The Face of AMERICA

High Steel

Construction workers eat when the whistle blows. If they happen to be on a girder thirty stories above Lexington Avenue in New York City, they have lunch with a view. At left is Louis Deer, a Mohawk Indian from Canada who works in New York, where he can draw $3.95 an hour for his nerve and skill. With him is Monte Farrell, the "walking boss." Monte does the leg work for the foreman, who presides below. High-steel work is in Monte's blood: his father helped put up the Empire State Building, the Chrysler Building and the George Washington Bridge. But Monte admits that building towers into the sky "is enough to put gray hairs on anyone's head," and he hopes his son will become an engineer. This stark skyscraper skeleton is that of a $20,000,000 building called simply 485 Lexington Avenue. By early fall, it will be fleshed with concrete, glass and modern décor; an advertising agency's craftsmen will ply their hectic trade where Louis and Monte now placidly work. Perhaps by then the unsung hero of this picture, the photographer, will be his old self again. He had to do his shutter-snapping and film-changing while perched on one of those girders. "I was really shook," he said when he came back to earth. ● Photograph by Larry Fried

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By HARRIET FRANK, JR.

The Fall of Edie Markham

Edie was paying for her success now. She had been sold to the highest bidder.

"I'm nothing," Joe said intensely. "I've got one hundred and seventy-six bucks in the bank. I didn't finish high school. You're a baby. This doesn't make good sense."

"Yes, it does," Maggie replied firmly. "I'll be good for you."

His name was Joseph Anthony Petrelli. He was rough and somewhat bad-tempered. He lived in a shabby part of New York with his brother, Steve, and his sister-in-law, Bess. Maggie's mother, Edie Markham, hated and distrusted Joe. Edie had married a man very much like him, and had been deserted by him right after Maggie was born.

Since then, Edie had clawed her way to the No. 2 job at Harrington's, the tall glass-walled store that had become her whole life. One evening she returned to her apartment to find Maggie gone. Quite suddenly she began to cry. She needed something—someone. Blindly, she groped for the phone and called Sam Standish. For years, Sam had wanted to marry her, but her career had always stood in the way. But now she needed Sam. He agreed to meet her for dinner.

She was preparing to leave when Paul Gilbert, the president of Harrington's, called. Paul wanted to visit her, for a showdown. She had known, ever since Paul hired young Betsy Harris, that she would have to give herself to Paul or lose her job. She made herself a stiff drink; then left a message for Sam that she wouldn't be able to meet him.

Paul came to the point quickly, "Shall we leave town day after tomorrow?"

"Yes."

"Good. I'll book us passage—someplace south, I think. Nassau. A thawing climate." He held out his hand to her. "Play fair, Edie," he said. "I can be tough on deserters."

CONCLUSION

"Are you completely insane?" said Edie wildly. "You'd have to be, to think of it!"

"Mother, listen," said Maggie; "it's all done. It's settled. I've promised him."

"What's a promise made to a street tough like that one? Break it!"

"He's a wonderful boy," said Maggie quietly. "He loves me and I'm going to marry him."

Edie whirled on her and clasped her hands. "Look at me!" she cried out in anguish. "Look at me! I know him! I've lived with him and made love to him and I've borne his child! That's right! One just like him! Same age, same size, same breed! You take walks in the park or maybe ride around in a cab all night because he has no place decent enough to take you!"

"Mother!"

"No. I'm talking now. Then he makes love to you in a hallway someplace. Then he confers the ultimate grace on you. He marries you. You buy a cheap blue suit and your own bridal bouquet; then you go down to City Hall and he promises to love and honor and keep you. Then he finds you a place to live. Not much, but it's only temporary. You don't mind looking out on a delicatessen or using a bathroom two flights down, because you're married to your wonderful man. So he sleeps late in the morning. And maybe he takes a little change out of your purse—or maybe a lot of change. So what? He'll find himself. Just give him a lifetime or two! And then the pace steps up a little bit because you're pregnant. Surprise to him, because he'd have seen you in hell first rather than be a father. It takes a lot of beer to wash the taste of that out of his mouth. You get afraid when he shouts, and sick with fear when he leaves you alone, so you just cry it out until the baby's born, and then you come home and find the leavings. End of story. My story—but, so help me God—not yours!" She sank down on the bed.

"It's not like that at all," said Maggie timidly. "Please, it isn't."

Edie raised her head and stared at Maggie. It was a long, appraising look. "Let's try him," she said slowly.

"What do you mean?"

"Let me talk to him—alone."

"No."

"Afraid?"

"What will you ask him?"

"If he loves you."

"He does. He does!"

"Just let me talk to him. Just that." She clenched her fists tightly.

Maggie turned away. What had Bess said about Joe? "He can't be pushed. Lean on him."

"I'll tell him to come."

He was half an hour late. He did not explain or apologize. "You want to see me?" he asked.

Edie took a chair across the room from him and remained silent for a long moment.

"I think we can be fairly quick about this," Edie said calmly. "I think we understand each other."

He shrugged.

"You see," Edie continued smoothly, "I'm an objective woman. Even about my child. She's awkward, green, skinny. . . . Right? But well off too."

"Lady, lady," he said, shaking his head, "don't. Don't do this. It is not nice."

Edie rose to her feet, her face white. "Maybe you'd rather have the check mailed! Listen, boy, and listen hard. This is when I buy her back—not when you've used her up and thrown her away!"

He stood there for a long moment.

"How much?" asked Edie shrilly.

He stared at her, and then he lifted his hands in a (Continued on Page 77)

Illustrated by Edwin Georgi

"We get lots of young couples," the City Hall clerk said. "If you could tell me something special about them . . ."

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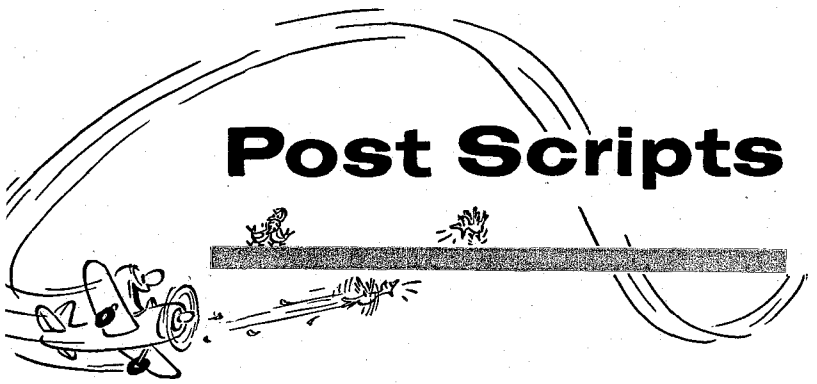
Post Scripts



Some of My Worst Tricks

"O.K., Paul; take a card—any card. Don't let me see it, and remember which card it is."

"I'll take this one."

"Now, then, put it back in the deck—any place in the deck. And, as I said previously, be sure to remember which card it is."

"I remember."

"Now, I'll shuffle the entire deck—like this. And you can see that I'm really shuffling it too. Let's see, now—razz-ma-tazz and fiddle-dee-dazz—was your card the king of spades?"

"Nope."

"Think of any number between one and thirty, Clem."

"I've thought of one."

"Now, multiply that number by your age."

"O.K."

"Now, then, subtract eight from your total."

"Subtract eight. O.K."

"Divide by two."

"Right."

"What do you have?"

"Three fifty-three."

"Your original number was thirteen."

"It was twenty-one."

"I'm going to take this loop of string and double it around, and you can see that there's just one knot in it. Right, Herb?"

"You're right; there's just one."

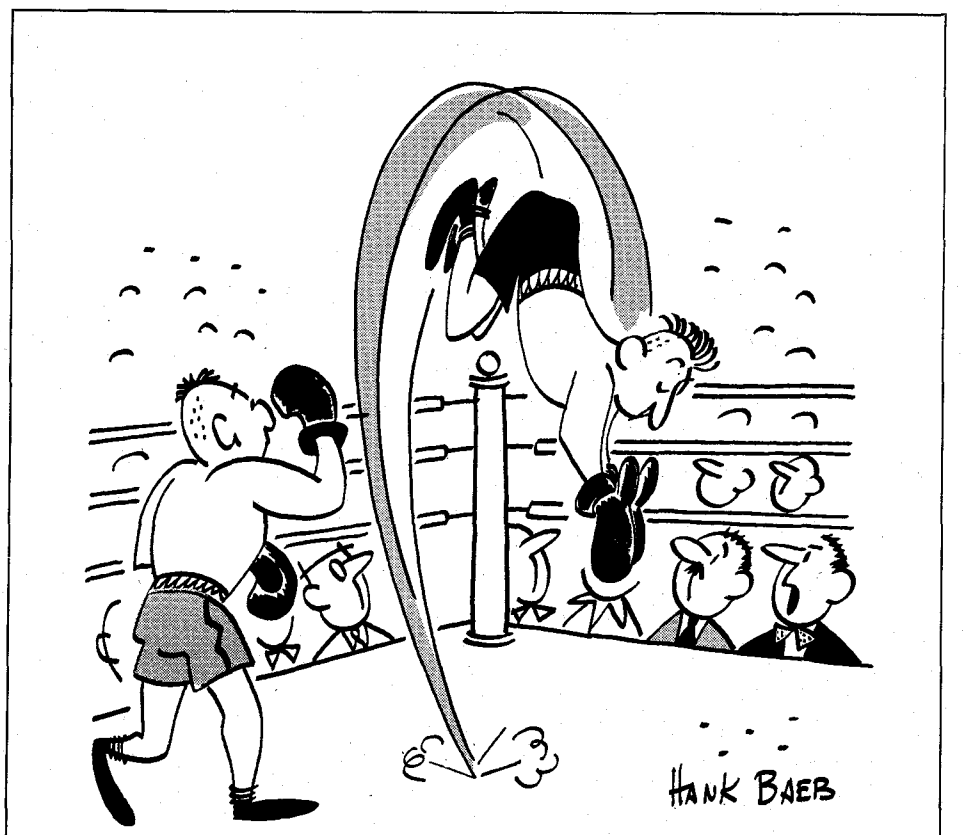
"Fine. Now, then, I want you to take the scissors and cut the string—no, right here between where I'm holding it with my fingers—and then I'm going to chew the ends together in such a way that there'll still be just one knot."

"O.K.; there we are—right between where you're holding it."

"Dow, den, dime doing do dew the dring dodedder—there we are! There's still just one knot in the string!"

"There's a little piece of string hanging from your lower lip."

VERNON H. KURTZ



"Something tells me this fight is fixed!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

In Training

I know how to delegate jobs I don't like,
  How to get rid of bores without irking them,
How to gracefully rest my feet on the desk,
  And give the impression I'm working them.
I know how to stay out of town for a week,
  And act nonchalant on returning—
I'm not an important executive yet,
  But it's easy to see that I'm learning.

STEPHEN SCHLITZER

Bring on the Soup

The dinner was eaten,
  The speaker has spoken;
We started at seven,
  It's now half past ten.
All records of discourse
  Were recklessly broken,
And those who endured it
  Are hungry again.

WILLIAM W. PRATT

Suggestions I Wish I Hadn't Suggested

1. Let's flip coins to see who will go in and tell Old Man Murdock what we think of his Personnel Regulations.

2. All right, you're so smart, *you* handle the family finances for the next six weeks!

3. I suppose next you'll be wanting me to wash *and* dry the dishes!

4. Don't worry about the net or the lines; just serve it straight at *me*.

5. If you have a screwdriver handy, I'll take care of that picture flopover for you.

6. Go ahead, let him loose! I love big, playful dogs!

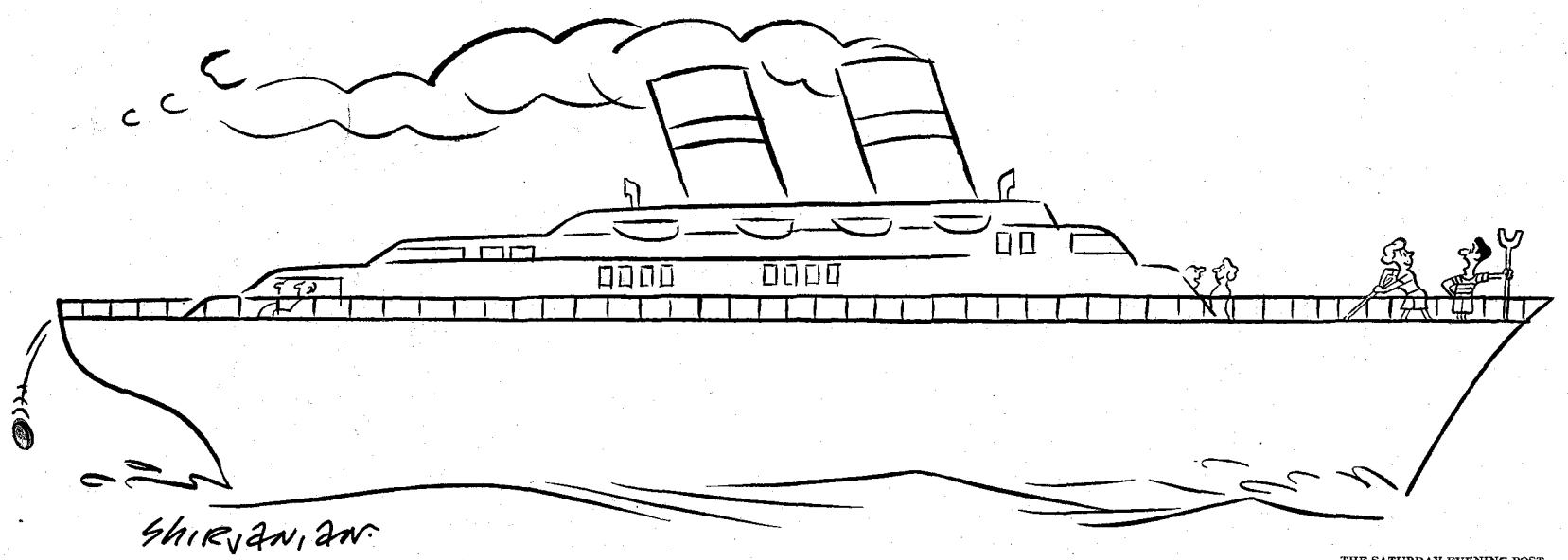
7. Why don't we take Route 19 instead of the one the travel bureau marked?

8. Just for fun, let's play for a cent a point tonight, folks.

9. I think one of us ought to just tell the girls flatly that we're not going to the ballet with them.

10. Try putting her in reverse and giving the accelerator everything you've got!

DICK EMMONS



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You have the general idea, Miss Higgins. However . . ."

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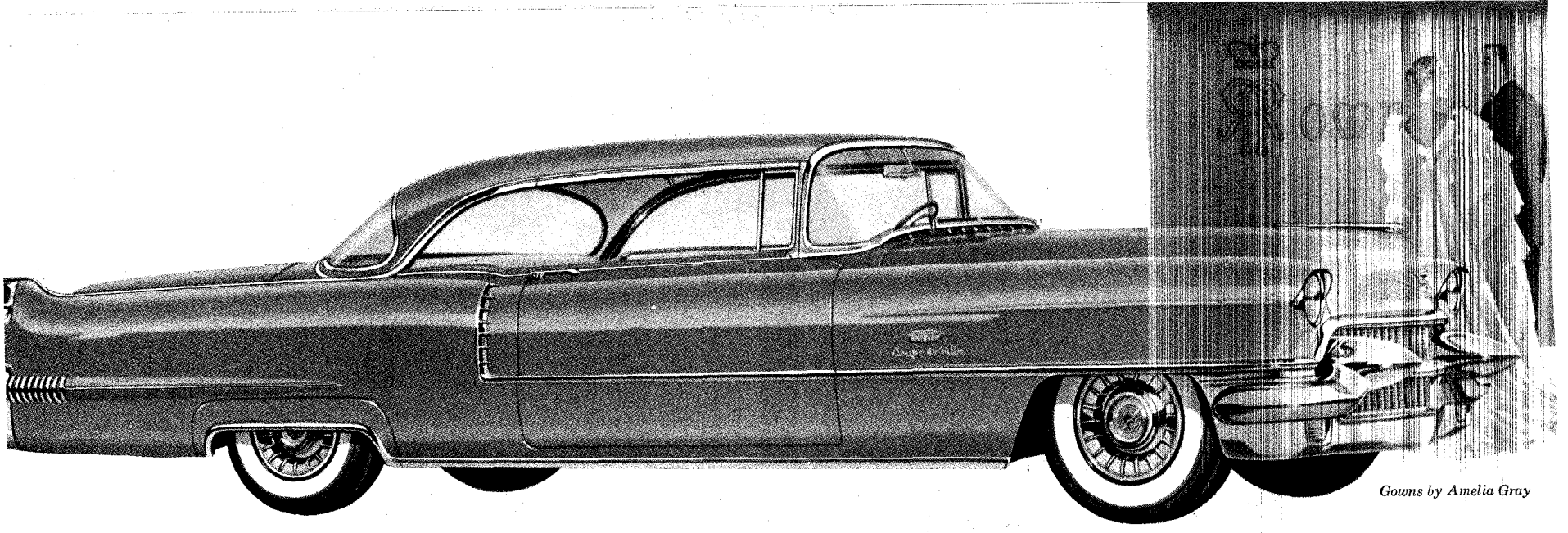
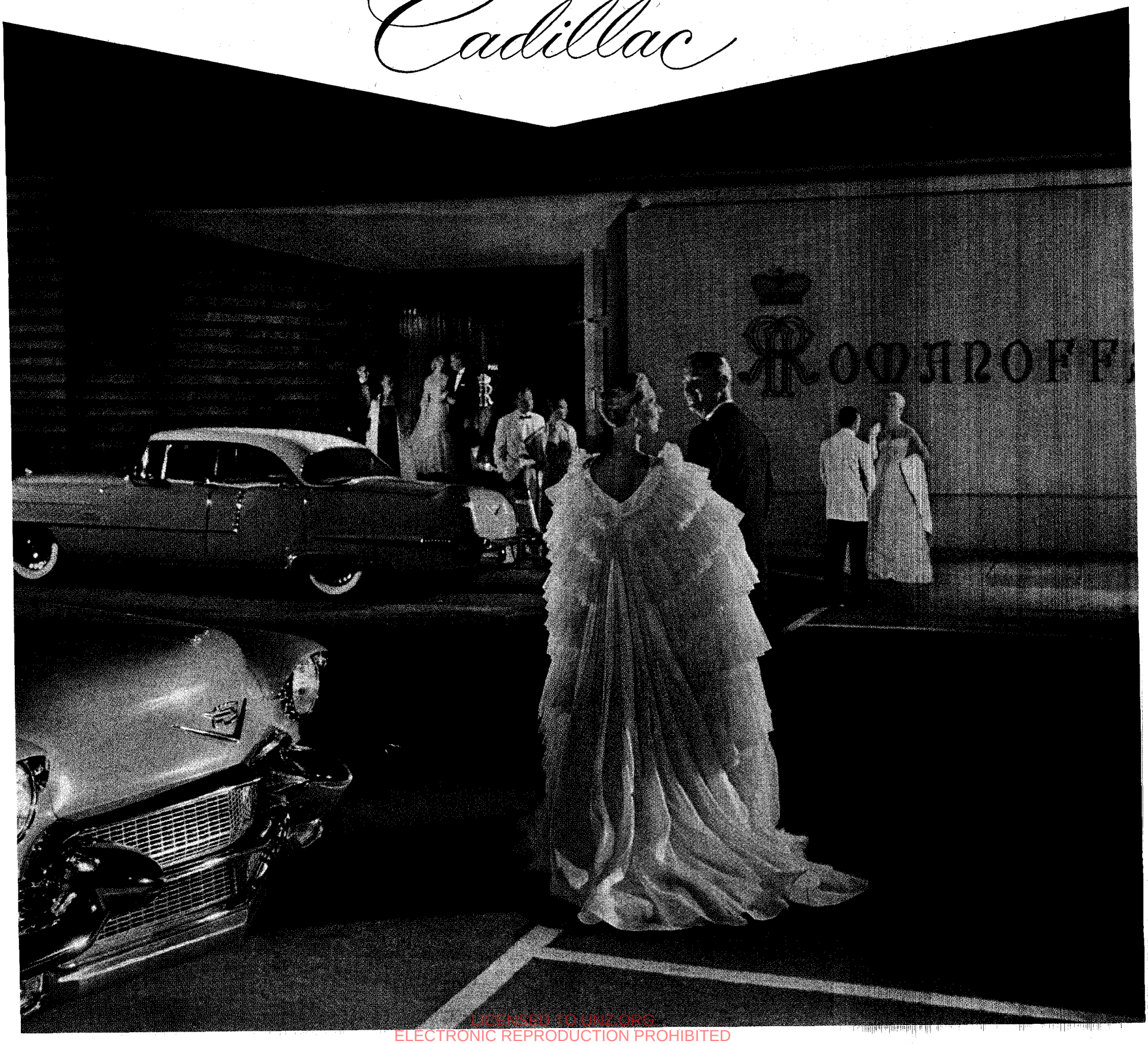


Gowns by Amelia Gray

Owners tell us that one of the most rewarding aspects of Cadillac ownership is the remarkable *friendliness* which they encounter at the wheel. Wherever they travel, they find that the "car of cars" introduces them in a very special manner—and seems to inspire the confidence and respect of those about them. This unique Cadillac virtue comes, of course, as something extra when you make your decision for Cadillac. It comes in addition to the car's great beauty—its outstanding performance—and its marvelous comfort and handling ease. We suggest that you visit your dealer soon for a personal appraisal of this glorious list of Cadillac virtues—and to learn why this is such a wonderful season to make the move, both for delivery and economy.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

Cadillac



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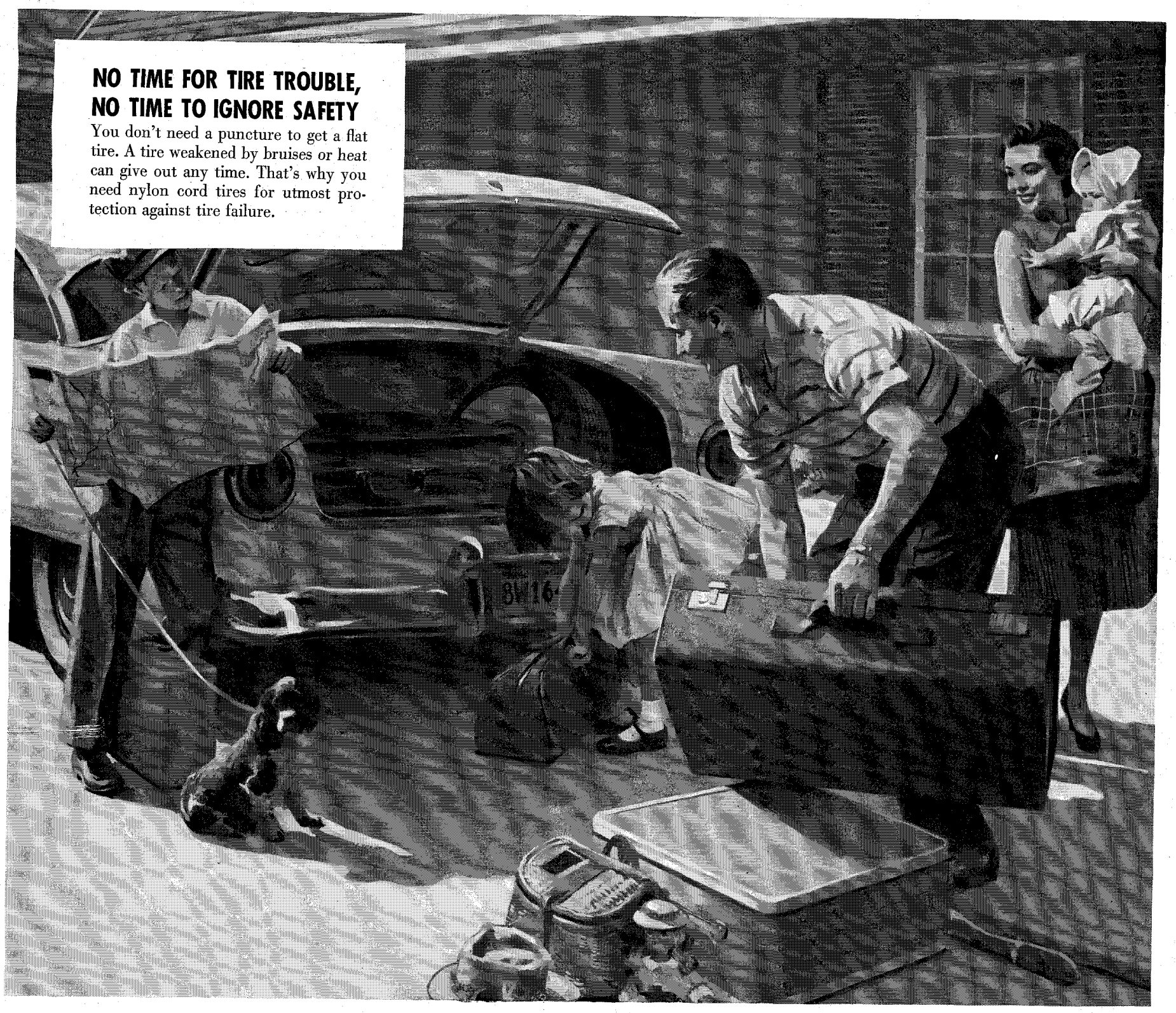
NO TIME FOR TIRE TROUBLE,
NO TIME TO IGNORE SAFETY
You don't need a puncture to get a flat tire. A tire weakened by bruises or heat can give out any time. That's why you need nylon cord tires for utmost protection against tire failure.

IN SITUATIONS LIKE THIS:

Only nylon cord tires can give you utmost safety—*surest protection against tire trouble*

For some kinds of driving, ordinary cord tires will meet your needs. But there are too many times when you can't afford to risk tire trouble or ignore tire safety—when you need tires that assure greatest dependability. These are the times you'll be glad you're riding on tires with nylon cords.

You'll find nylon cord tires cost very little extra—give you and your family priceless extra protection. See your tire dealer. He'll gladly explain the advantages of nylon cord tires.

THE FOUR THINGS A TIRE CORD MUST DO...NYLON DOES BEST! Nylon gives superior resistance to bruise damage, moisture, heat and flex fatigue.

Nylon makes possible a far stronger tire cord than conventional yarns—provides greater safety and durability. Today almost every military and commercial aircraft lands on nylon cord tires; billions of miles of truck-tire use have proved nylon's superiority.

Du Pont produces the nylon fiber. Tire manufacturers make nylon cord tires —in tubeless or conventional types.

DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING...*THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

Watch "Du Pont Cavalcade Theater" on Television

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From the concealment of the desert growth sounded a shot. The bullet left a round hole in his windshield.

Counterfeit Cavalier

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

Agent Baldwin had already found two corpses. "The next stiff," he was warned, "will be yours."

Artemus Baldwin casually rolled a piece of gold between his finger and thumb as he chatted with lovely Jennifer Beauregard and her father. Suddenly he let the gold slip from his fingers. It tinkled on his plate. Artemus snatched the piece up quickly, but Jennifer had seen it.

"Why, Mr. Baldwin," she exclaimed, "that looked like gold."

Baldwin, a Secret Service man, had come to Arizona to find a gang of counterfeiters. In the role of a fugitive Chicago gunman, Baldwin had infiltrated the Phoenix underworld. Marvin Leeds, a lawyer who fronted for a Phoenix gang, had recruited Baldwin for his organization.

The Secret Service agent's first criminal assignment was to work a gold swindle on Col. Semmes Beauregard, a rich Southerner. The colonel and his daughter were intrigued when a furtive Indian slipped Artemus an object. Their curiosity reached fever pitch when they learned the object was gold.

Artemus took Jennifer and her father to a baseball game and feigned extreme reluctance to discuss the gold. The Beauregards' attention was temporarily diverted when Artemus knocked out Walker Bayside, an artist who had insulted Artemus and was annoying Jennifer.

That evening Artemus went to Jick Roche's house for dinner. He had been with Jick when he discovered a corpse in the desert with a wad of money in its mouth. One of the bills was a counterfeit. The dead man, a racketeer called Sweet Lips Chavez, was the lover of the Roches' cook.

Artemus was chagrined when the inquisitive Roche family deduced he was a Secret Service agent. But it was a relief to know that at least with the Roches he did not have to play his criminal game.

On his return to his motor-court cabin, Artemus discovered a dead Indian in his shower. The Indian was one of the Yaquis assigned to work the gold swindle. Artemus called the police. "I've got a dead Indian here," he said. "Looks like murder."

V

Artemus Baldwin awakened in the morning to heavy depression. His assignment was becoming too complicated for one man to handle alone, but he knew he could not ask for assistance. The overburdened, undermanned Secret Service could not spare an agent to help him. Counterfeiting was far from being the sole problem of the service. Of course, there was the primary obligation to guard the persons of the President

(Continued on Page 54)

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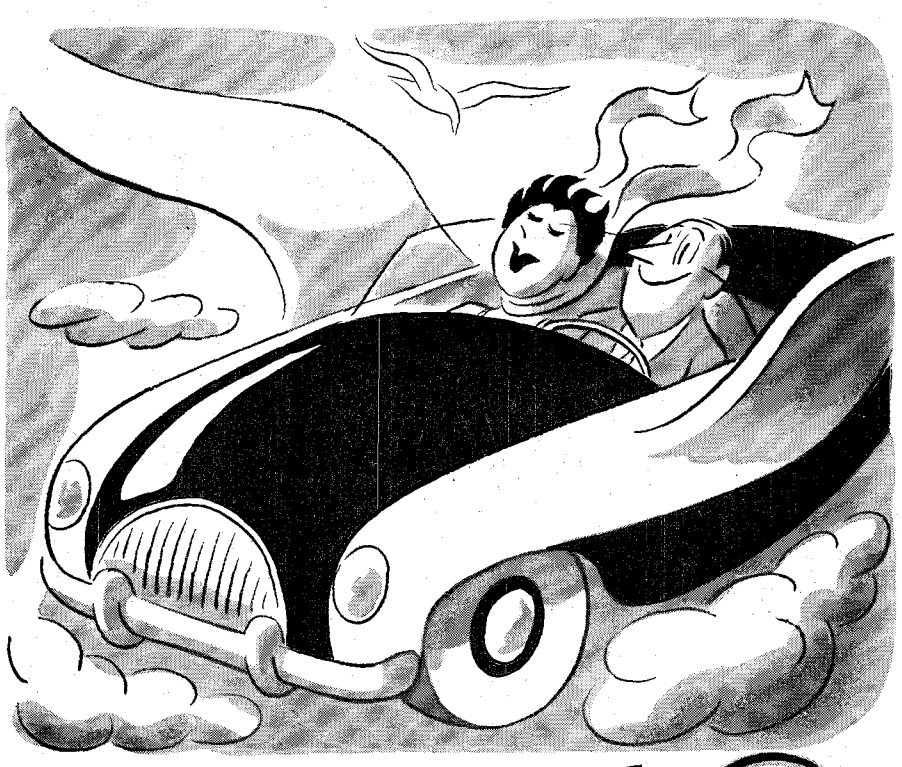
If your car feels like this...

Instead of like this...



You need this... MARFAK Lubrication — TEXACO — THE TEXAS COMPANY

That cushiony feeling lasts longer with Marfak — the super-tough chassis lubricant that delivers super-smooth motoring. *Marfak* wraps around vital points of wear and friction . . . resists wash-out, jar-out or squeeze-out . . . guards your car, as you glide along, for 1,000 miles or more. For extra comfort at no extra cost, get *Marfak* chassis lubrication. See your Texaco Dealer, *the best friend your car has ever had.*

TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

Texaco Products are also distributed in Canada and Latin America.

They Put Rhythm in Religion

(Continued from Page 32)

These are boom days in a field that really isn't new and doesn't exactly mean what it says. The all-night sing in original form first appeared in Dallas, Texas, promoted and directed by V. O. Stamps and broadcast over radio station KRLD. This was in 1936, long after Stamps had won fame as the leading half of the Stamps-Baxter Music Company. Stamps-Baxter quartets were the last word in religious harmony for years, and at one time this Texas firm had fifty-three singing groups touring the country. Their theme song was a bouncy little melody Stamps wrote, Give the World a Smile, which eventually became indispensable for gospel quartets.

Stamps died in 1939. He was an energetic, imaginative Tennessean who had come under the influence of James D. Vaughn, of Lawrenceburg, Tennessee, one of the first of the pioneers of this kind of lively music. Once, in Texas, an exuberant woman came up to Stamps after a program and said, "Oh, Mr. Stamps, I could just listen to your singing all night long."

It wasn't long before he gave her the chance. This passing remark suggested the idea, and the KRLD all-night sing came off, with a dozen quartets that sang until dawn, the crowd hanging on with them. It was such a successful production that many followed. In Dallas they say that Stamps was responsible for the radio station's jump in power from 10,000 to 50,000 watts.

One rainy night in 1948 gospel singing hit the high commercial trail. Wally Fowler, who had sung with Stamps in Texas, advertised an all-night sing at Ryman Auditorium, in Nashville, Tennessee, and a flock of 3400, or all the place could hold, turned out. Fowler, born near Rome, Georgia, and brought up in a family short on wealth but long on camp-meeting attendance, had been appearing in Nashville with a hillbilly band. But with gospel singing paying off so handsomely, he gave up hillbilly music and organized the Oak Ridge Quartet. He remained with this group for a while. Then he entered the promotional end of gospel singing, and now he operates a sort of gospel-singing circuit around the South.

Generally, anywhere from two to ten quartets will be on the same program. The "all-night" sings have been somewhat abbreviated. Usually a show will run from eight P.M. to two A.M. Otherwise, the routine is still the same.

"I used to talk to Mr. Stamps a lot about selling gospel singing at the gate," Fowler relates. "He thought that since people pay money to go to football and baseball games and to the movies, they would—and should—pay to hear gospel singing. A lot of people feel they can't go to movies or other such entertainment because of their religion. Our show is their kind of entertainment. They feel they get their money's worth and we feel justified. Before 1948, people were not filling big auditoriums at one dollar to $1.50 a seat for gospel singing. Quartets were not making up to $1000 a night, driving big cars, owning their own homes and maintaining fancy offices. People didn't have a chance to hear the best in gospel singing either. Now they do, and I don't know of anybody who objects to the new trends in this field."

The gospel sings—really the old-time camp-meeting kind of singing wearing a new kind of dress and sporting a price tag—became a recognized member of the entertainment family. Full-page advertisements and regular reports on their progress now appear in Billboard and Variety. Its own magazine, Gospel Singing World, sprang up in Sylacauga, Alabama, and sold 21,000 copies of the first edition.

In Atlanta, gospel sings outdraw symphony, jazz concerts, ballet, circuses, basketball tournaments, wrestling matches and any other form of entertainment in Municipal Auditorium. When the house is less than 5000 it has been a bad night.

"This is just a fair night," Pop Myers said that evening in the wings, "but there's a reason for it. December never is a good month for us. I guess people have Christmas carols on their mind."

Myers is director of an organization known as American Youth Singers, which joins with Fowler in staging gospel sings around the South. Just what American Youth Singers actually is, nobody seems to know, except that it has banked more than $1,000,000, mostly on returns from gospel gates. Myers says he will build a gospel-singing school in Montgomery, Alabama, when funds have reached a sufficient point.

One of the entertainers on the program that night in Atlanta was hillbilly crooner Jimmy Davis, who once sang himself into the governor's mansion of Louisiana. Davis has written such hillbilly hit songs as You Are My Sunshine and Nobody's Darlin', but transferred to gospel singing recently. Leaving the audience storming for more with his When It's Roundup Time in Heaven, the former governor explained: "I've found that people are hungry for gospel singing. It appeals to everybody from five to eighty-five and it's wholesome. Young people like it and old people like it. Look at that row out there."

Side by side on the front row sat a lady of approximately seventy, a girl about fifteen, another woman about fifty, a man in his forties, a girl about twenty and a mother about thirty, with two tykes by her side. Davis then surrendered to the demands of a charging group of autograph seekers.

When this tin-pan-alley kind of promotion moves into the religious field, the churches stand off and observe the spectacle with mingled reactions. Most churchmen regard gospel singing in this commercial dress with disfavor. "They've simply jazzed up religious songs to be-bop rhythms for a fast buck," a Birmingham church columnist wrote.

On the other hand, some religionists say that "a soul saved is a soul saved, no matter how it happened, and these people do make converts."

Hovie Lister, a star singer and an ordained Baptist minister who sometimes flies long distances to fill his country-church pulpit near Marietta, Georgia, on a Sunday, defends the new gospel styles and entertaining accessories. "If it takes shaking my (Continued on Page 46)

... ...

To My Hostess at a Party

By Helen Castle

Fetch me a man who's easy
to know,
Then blow.

... ...

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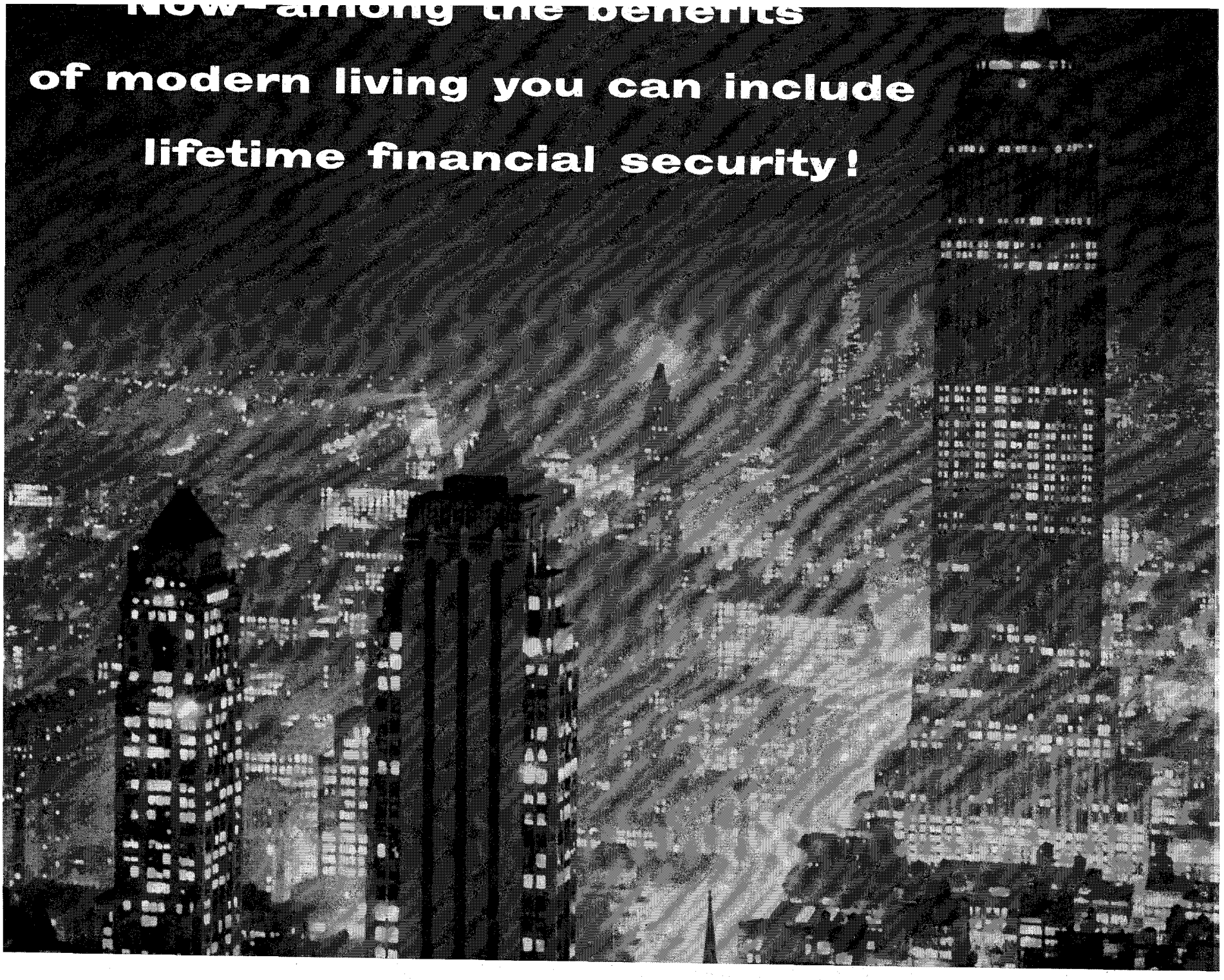

ew York Life's WHOLE LIFE insurance ffers your family protection of at least '0,000 today—can pay you a monthly come at retirement—all at budget cost!

Today, many young family men are finding it ɔreasingly difficult to give their families all the ıportant advantages progress has made pos- ɔle—and at the same time build a vital back- ɡ of financial security.

New York Life's Whole Life policy was de- ıned to meet this problem. Its minimum face ıount of $10,000 permits economies which are ssed on to you in lower premium rates. These v rates can help make it possible for you to ĸe out even more insurance protection and ll have enough left in your budget to enjoy ıer good things of modern living. Yet, from ɜ start, your family is substantially protected case you should die unexpectedly.

Cash values build fast. At the beginning of the rd year a growing fund is available for emergencies. At retirement, these substantial cash values can pay you a monthly income *for the rest of your life.*

Can you think of any simpler, surer way to provide for tomorrow while you're getting the most out of life today?

$10,000 MINIMUM FACE AMOUNT could serve as a solid foundation for family protection. Issued to age 70, Whole Life is usually available at higher rates to those who cannot qualify for insurance at standard rates due to health or occupation.

ANNUAL PREMIUM per $1,000 for standard Whole Life insurance is only $17.59 issued at age 25; $23.59 at 35; $33.64 at 45. Policies with waiver of premium and double indemnity benefits are available at most ages at slightly higher premium rates. Dividends can be used to reduce premium payments.

CASH AND LOAN VALUES accumulate rapidly —equal to the full reserve at the end of the seventh year; i.e.: Seventh year cash value per $1,000 taken out at age 25 is $92; at 35, $123; at 45, $164.

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Please furnish me, without any obligation, your booklet "Measuring Your Family Security."

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If floors look old before their time...

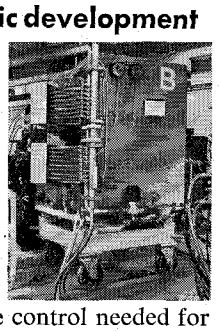
try Bassick glides

Here's the easy way to keep floors looking like new—even in today's era of often-moved furniture.

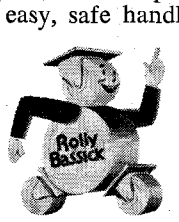
Smart Bassick rubber-cushion glides with broad, flat steel bases will protect linoleum, asphalt tile and other fine composition floors. They make furniture easy to move, too—for watching television or when your bridge club congregates. And there's no danger of harming finely finished floors, expensive rugs or carpeting.

BUY THEM at your favorite hardware dealers where you see this bright new Bassick glide display.

Casters in atomic development



Handling massive, complex equipment safely at Brookhaven National Laboratories are Bassick grooved wheel casters (right). Rolling smoothly on angle iron tracks, grooved wheel casters provide control needed for easy, safe handling. Check your industrial distributor for details. THE BASSICK COMPANY, Bridgeport 2, Conn. *In Canada:* Belleville, Ont.



Bassick A DIVISION OF STEWART SW WARNER

MAKING MORE KINDS OF CASTERS... MAKING CASTERS DO MORE

(*Continued from Page 44*) hair down, beating a piano like Liberace or Piano Red to keep these young people out of beer joints and the rear seats of automobiles, I'll do it," he says. "The devil's got his kind of entertainment. We've got ours. They criticize me, say I'm too lively for religion, but I get results. That's what counts."

Lister was talking in his sumptuous five-room office and suite in the residential Briarcliff Hotel, in Atlanta. He wore blue jeans, a stylish sports shirt open at the neck. In keeping with the grooming of many gospel-quartet singers of these times, a neatly trimmed black line of a mustache accentuated his masculine sharpness. Somehow, his little Mount Zion Church and the Baptist flock seemed to have no relationship with the setting.

"That's why I'm preaching," Lister said. "I don't take a cent of money from the church, but I find it helps me keep my feet on the ground to go back there every Sunday and meet my congregation."

Lister won an award last year as the outstanding personality in the gospel-singing field. During the year the Statesmen and the Blackwood Quartet, of Memphis, who usually work as a team, carried gospel sings up North and drew 6800 one night in Detroit. Returning to Detroit alone for a revival, the Statesmen sang to 60,000 people in five days a few weeks later.

"It just proves to me," Lister said, "that geography has nothing to do with the desire to listen to the word of the Lord, sung or spoken."

Lister, a native of Greenville, South Carolina, is a bachelor at the age of twenty-nine and looks younger. He started playing piano accompaniment for a family quartet of Listers at the age of fourteen. The Statesmen were organized seven years ago for a radio show in Atlanta. Four of the original five, including Lister, remain. Tenor Denver Crumpler, forty-three, is the dean of active quartet singers today. He once sang with a Stamps group in Texas and came to the Statesmen from the Rangers Quartet, one of the oldest groups in the South until a breakup last November. Tenor Jake Hess is the son of a gospel-song writer from Athens, Alabama. The bass, Jim (Big Chief) Wetherington, is part Indian, six feet three and out of Ty Ty, Georgia. Baritone Doy Ott, who holds a degree in accounting from the University of Georgia, didn't join the group until 1951.

The boom is on for them now. The Statesmen are typical of the prosperity that has struck the top gospel-singing groups. They travel in an air-conditioned limousine equipped with seat belts, individual radiophones and room to sleep three at a time. They say they live in the car more than they live at home and therefore it must offer all the comforts of home.

The Blackwoods cruised to their engagements in their own plane until it crashed in Alabama and killed one of the members. Now they operate their own bus, equipped with reclining seats that make up into beds and other comforts. No jump is too great for a gospel quartet, if the inducements are right. It is not uncommon for a quartet to wind up a sing well after midnight, drive all the rest of the night, taking turns at the wheel, and appear late the next day for another evening's sing.

The Oak Ridge Quartet once recorded a tremendous series of hops from North Carolina to Little Rock, Arkansas, to Fort Worth, Texas, to Abilene, Texas, to Lubbock, Texas, to Milan, Tennessee, to Thomasville, North Carolina, to Cordele, Georgia, to Miami, Florida, and back to Statesville, North Carolina, the home base, in ten days. And once along the way they were picked up by Florida police on suspicion of being a gangster and his mob known to be in that area.

If this picture is incongruous with the gospel motif and the audience to which the singers appeal, it is because that audience makes no cross-examinations. Gospel-sing enthusiasts request only that their favorites gather around a piano and a microphone and fill their ears with the reassuring words and music of Get Away Jordan, or I'm Climbing Higher and Higher, or When You Travel All Alone, or another of the hits of the sawdust circuit.

"All I know," said a steady sixty-year-old patron of Atlanta sings, "is that they set my foot a-tappin'."

"I like it the most," said a young girl at a Tuscaloosa, Alabama, sing, "when the audience joins in on the singing."

"I never miss one within 150 miles," said an elderly gospel-sing fan of Savannah, Georgia. "I brought a whole carload up here with me tonight."

This was in Statesboro, Georgia, where 2000 filled the new gymnasium of Georgia Teachers College for the first gospel-singing concert ever held in the town. The Oak Ridge Quartet and the Chuck Wagon Gang, out of Fort Worth, were the attractions. The customers were about as near to the roots of the old-time camp-meeting audience as these itinerant groups draw. The Oak Ridge foursome, livening up their performance with gyrations in the style of the Crew Cuts of "pops" fame and comedy that bordered on slapstick, kept the younger set highly responsive. The Chuck Wagon Gang played it straight down the middle to the elders. That is the trade-mark of this family group, veterans of twenty-one years of professional singing. They sing the old-fashioned hymns that go with the rural revival meeting—and they sing them as they appear in the hymnbooks.

The Chuck Wagon Gang—two daughters, a son and the father, D. P. (Dad) Carter—made their start singing folk songs and Western ballads. They were so successful that Columbia Records awarded them a golden record for hitting the 1,000,000 milestone in sales. But gospel singing offered a new and richer market, and the Chuck Wagon Gang switched.

"It's business with us," son Roy Carter said, "just as a banker goes to his bank or a groceryman goes to his store. We're entertainers. I want it understood that way. If anything good comes out of it, well and good. But I class it as work and I always dread having to leave home and go on the road again."

Other gospel singers tend to put a higher spiritual value on their dual efforts in behalf of God and mammon.

"God didn't intend for religion to wear a long face," Hovie Lister said. "It's supposed to make people happy. I don't think anybody ever found anything wrong with the good old hearty shouting of a man or woman filled with the spirit of the Lord at a revival meeting. That's how we sing. We give them the spirit."

"You don't find many churches that knock us," Pop Myers said, "and those that do are jealous of our success."

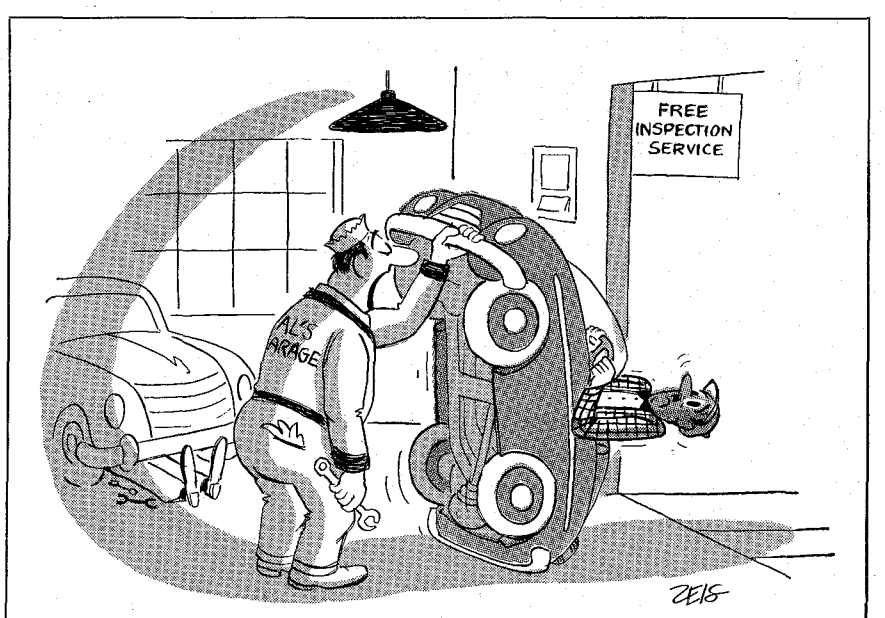
Wally Fowler tells of a giant of a man in Birmingham who stood up and confessed his sins while Fowler sang When He Reached Down His Hand for Me.

"Brother," he said, "I don't care what your purpose may be for being on that stage, but an experience like that will do something for you. The people come out to get some of that spirit. They're Christian people looking for Christian entertainment with sincerity, some emotionalism, some inspiration. If they weren't Christian people, they'd go to the dances or the movies or the beer joints and get away from the gospel songs. It all depends on the interpretation put on it by the listener. Listen to one of our records. If you get jazz out of it, then you love jazz more than religious music. If you get a message out of it, then you belong inside those doors. That's the way I feel about it, brother."

And they turn out to listen, wherever the gospel singers hang their placards—the Statesmen, the Blackwoods, the Oak Ridge Quartet, the Chuck Wagon Gang and the Sunshine Boys, five of the biggest attractions on the sawdust trail. The Homeland Harmony Quartet, the Harmoneers, the Deep South Quartet, Bob Robinson's Trio, the Rebels, the Blue Ridge Quartet, the Foggy River Boys, the Revelaires and the Stamps-Baxter groups also draw large audiences. They'll set up their record and sheet-music displays in the back of the auditorium and stand by to handle the trade and sign the autograph books. Some of them will pay income tax on $100,000 to $150,000 this year. They will drive expensive cars, and their wives will wear mink. And all that their listeners will ask is that they sing their favorite gospel song.

Somebody said, "Everybody loves a quartet." He had never been to a gospel sing. There they worship a quartet.

THE END



"Everything's O.K. under here, Mac."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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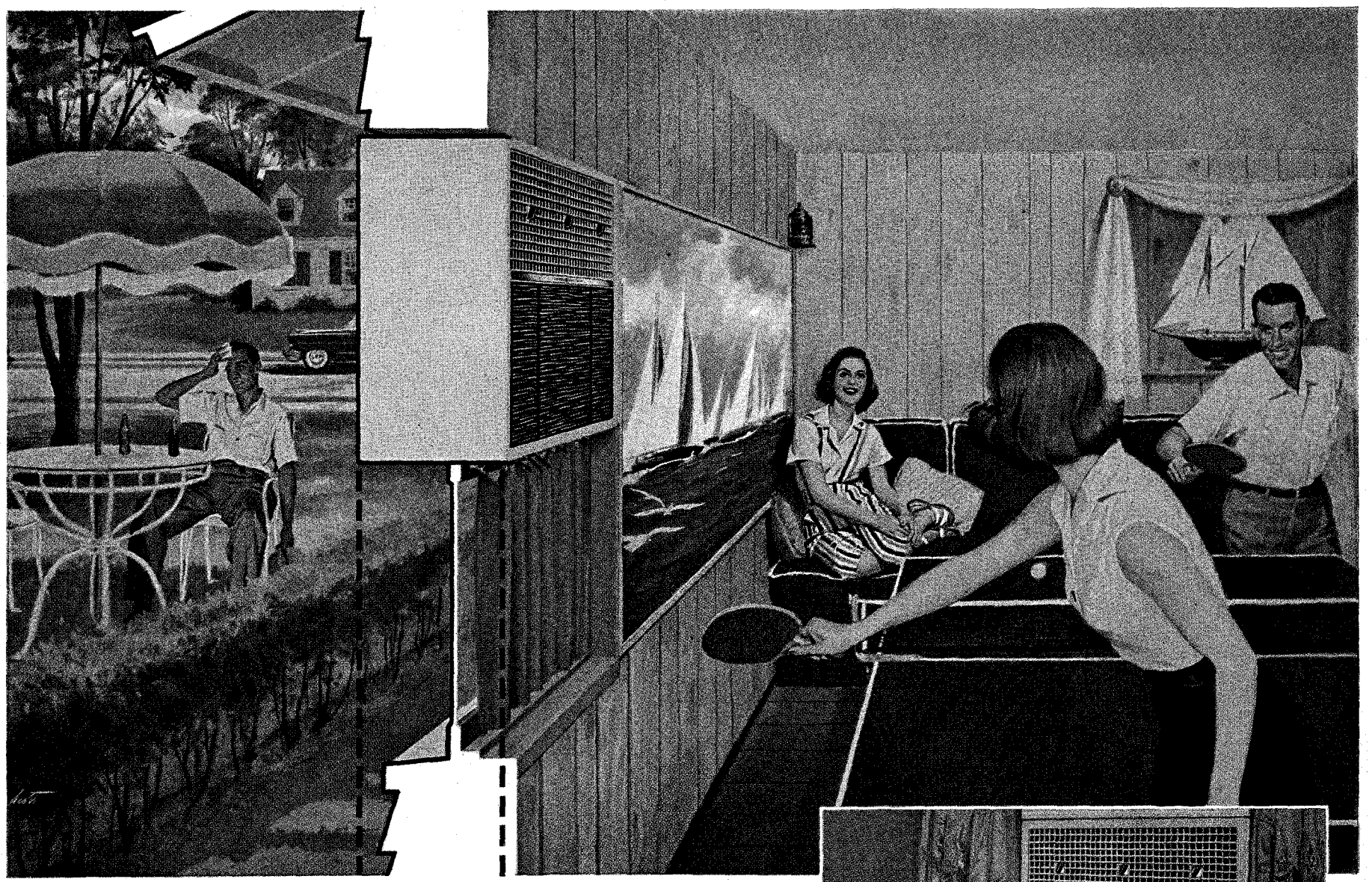

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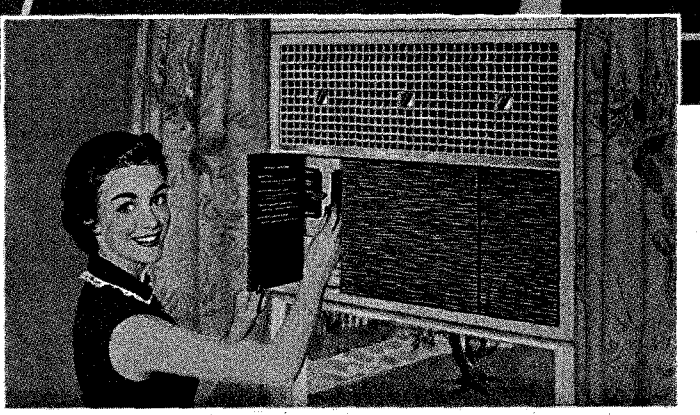

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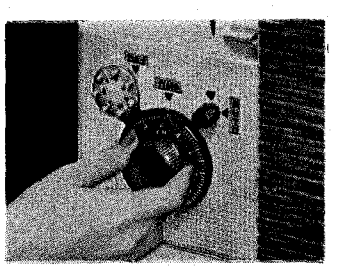

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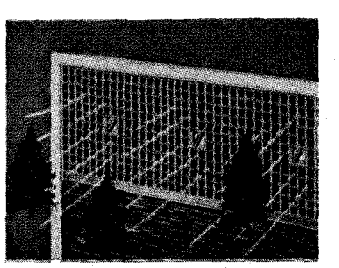

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We Sent Mother to a Nursing Home

(Continued from Page 19)

and child. I couldn't really blame him; he'd had a long wait. His $100 weekly wage was budgeted to his mortgage payments. By not appearing at mother's bedside during her critical hours, he had served notice that the main responsibility was mine.

Moneywise, I am a slender reed. I'd once had a period of large earnings, risked all in a business venture which failed, and lost the remnants in a divorce action. But I had remarried, was responsible for two children, and hoped someday to own a home myself. My basic salary as a public servant is $145 a week before deductions, augmented a little by outside work. There wasn't much margin, and I'm afraid I panicked a little. When I panic I pray and begin to ask questions. What do people do in such straits?

What had people always done?

The tradition of the family of my boyhood was that old people died in the homes of their children. But our tradition of home care was dead. The three women involved—my sister, my brother's wife and my own—all mothers of young children living in small, crowded homes, cited priority responsibilities which no one questioned.

Friends of mine, during their turns to cope with these matters, had spoken of nursing homes. Leaving mother in the hospital, I drove home to find her one.

Our town, a county seat of about 40,000, is less than 100 miles from a bustling state capital and close to a college. I suppose we're about as civilized as the national average for our size. Our hospital is too small and our doctors too few, but they meet the most pressing needs of those who can pay. The poor farm in our county was abolished years ago and its inmates farmed out—seventy-one dollars a head per month for those who can walk, eighty-two dollars for bed patients—to nursing homes. Some homes take only private patients, at a higher rate.

There are five of these homes, I discovered, within half an hour's drive of the place where we live. I'll label them The Maples, The Oaks, The Elms, The Pines and The Willows. Parents of friends of ours—"stroke cases" like mother—were in two of them. The Maples was said to be the best, but its rate was $250 a month—more than half my normal take-home pay. Next best, said our friends, was The Oaks, at $150. I phoned and learned it had a long waiting list. The Maples also was full. The Elms, third choice, at $110 a month, was in a little town nearby. I drove out there. It was the first nursing home I'd ever entered.

It was night when I arrived. There wasn't much to the town—an undertaking parlor, a general store, a garage, a couple of houses and the home. This was a two-story frame house, with green-painted siding and white trim, set close to the sidewalk, like a store. I parked and went in.

The hall where I stood was brightly illuminated. There were stairs to the second floor, presumably The Elm family's living quarters. On the right was a small reception room, giving on the kitchen in the rear. The patients' ward—there were no private rooms, only the ward—was on the left, behind a curtain.

Mrs. Elm, the proprietress and a registered nurse, was a thin, spectacled woman of perhaps fifty, dressed in a white nylon nurse's uniform. She drew the curtain and I looked in. There was enough light from the hallway to see the big white-painted room, running the length of the house. Cots and hospital beds were ranged along both walls so close they almost touched.

"This one," Mrs. Elm said, indicating one of the beds, "is vacant." Nothing to see from there but a little patch of white wall, a little patch of ceiling. No place to talk, no place to sit and visit.

"It looks clean," I said to Mrs. Elm, and mumbled something about getting in touch later. Outside, there were only two bright lights showing on the main street—the big neon sign in front of the nursing home and another a few hundred feet farther down in front of the undertaker's. The arrangement had a tidy, Buchenwald kind of efficiency. I left that town with a shudder and have never been back.

Our town has a right and a wrong side of the tracks. My next stop, made the following day, was a small bungalow on a run-down street on the wrong side. This was The Pines, a frame structure badly in need of paint. The door was at street level. I knocked and, when no one answered, opened it and stepped in. Facing me stood an old man dressed in a brown cardigan sweater dabbed with long-spilled, long-dried food and spotted work trousers. He had a matted shock of dirty white hair and a white stubble beard. The lower lids of his eyes had become relaxed and infected, and hung down, exposing the red under part of his eyeballs. It was a warm September afternoon, and it seemed to me the air inside could not have been changed since the old man was born—humid, heavy with smells of food, feces, urine, cooking and dirt. It was dim inside. Other old men, no better cared for, sat or lay on six cots crowded into a room about fifteen feet square.

You are never too old for growing pains—if you garden.

IMOGENE FEY

I pressed through to the kitchen at the rear of the place. Mrs. Pines was in her sixties, a heavy, vigorous woman wearing a house dress and apron. A younger person in nurse's white showed me the women's quarters—four childlike old women in four old beds in a small room on the other side of the house. It was afternoon and the women were in night clothes; I had an impression they never wore anything else. The smells on this side were the same, though less concentrated.

Mrs. Pines, speaking in the heavy accent of the deep backwoods, explained the men's quarters: "Little jammed up rat naow, with all them old men in there. Tryin' t' git m' morgidge paid off this year."

Once outside, I took several deep breaths. I was feeling desperate again. In Chicago, the hospital was still costing twenty-five dollars a day. Nursing homes were more expensive there—$350 minimum for good bed care—than in this part of the country. But there remained only one other local place to try, an unlikely bet. Neither our doctor nor any of our friends knew anything about The Willows.

It was mainly because of two old men who smiled and joked that I decided to try it. The house showed evidence of having been painted within ten years. In a space twice as large as the unspeakable cell at The Pines there were only two thirds as many people. The four old men were shaved and clean—it was only later that I discovered one of them was a pyromaniac. The young "practical nurse" seemed willing—I didn't know, yet, that she was illiterate and unable to read the labels on medicine bottles. The lanky, shirt-sleeved, sixty-year-old proprietor seemed able. I hadn't yet learned that he was a cardiac and more of a patient than a manager, or that his wife, the establishment's only qualified nurse, was an alcoholic ruled off the premises by state inspectors. I only felt that wherever two gallant old men—wiry, one-legged Mr. Hall and kind, spectacled Mr. Vance—could find the resources to smile and make jokes, there was more life and hope than I had yet seen in what the community was pleased to call a "nursing home."

One day I borrowed a wheel stretcher from a local undertaker—the only place I could get one—fitted it into our station wagon and drove to Chicago. When I came back the next day, mother was aboard.

Driving back, I had a lot of time to think about our family, and especially about mother. She was born seventy-four years ago in a Mississippi River factory town. Her Scandinavian immigrant parents were divorced when she was in her teens, and she went to Chicago to get a job. In a few years she met dad, a boy from a Midwest farm who'd graduated from one of the big technical schools and gone to the lake town to make his mark. The family suffered severely during the depression, and his only lasting mark was us three kids—my sister, who mothers three children, my ex-GI brother, who lives in Cleveland, and myself, the eldest, now aged forty-seven.

There have been few occasions in my life that so ripped me with conflict as the business of what to do about mother in her final helplessness. To my selfish self she was a distraction, an embarrassment and a hindrance. Yet in my more generous aspect I wanted overwhelmingly to salute her gallantry, to let her know, at the last, a little of my tenderness. Since dad's death she had put on such a long, brave show! There had been those weeks when she was crushed, it seemed, beyond rising. Then she'd rallied, found a job clerking in a small department store, and declined our halfhearted offers of sanctuary—she'd go it on her own.

For several years she was as happy, I guess, as she had ever been. The gang at the store was friendly and she loved the human stream that flowed past her counter. The pay was small, but so were her needs—a furnished room, three light meals daily, carfare, a few clothes.

Her tough time came when she got fired, three years ago, for being too old. This took the heart out of her. The store had become her world and it was gone. Somehow she carried on, and for sheer nerve over the long haul I don't recall that I've ever seen the equal. We should have noticed what was happening and taken firm steps. Anyone could see she was slowing up. Always a light eater, she now ate hardly at all, and it was showing in the way she looked. Her room showed it; she wasn't keeping it clean. Her health showed it; she was short of breath and tired, and taking medicine for high blood pressure. "Nothing serious," she said, and we readily accepted the reassurance. She was living on her sixty-dollar monthly Social Security check, her savings, and the five- to twenty-dollar gratuities we sent along when we felt flush, which was not often.

We are not, it is plain, a family to oversentimentalize our parents. Only after she was stricken did I come alive to the enormous contribution this game little person had made to my being—beyond gross biology, in gifts of personality, and in sacrifices thought and willed and acted

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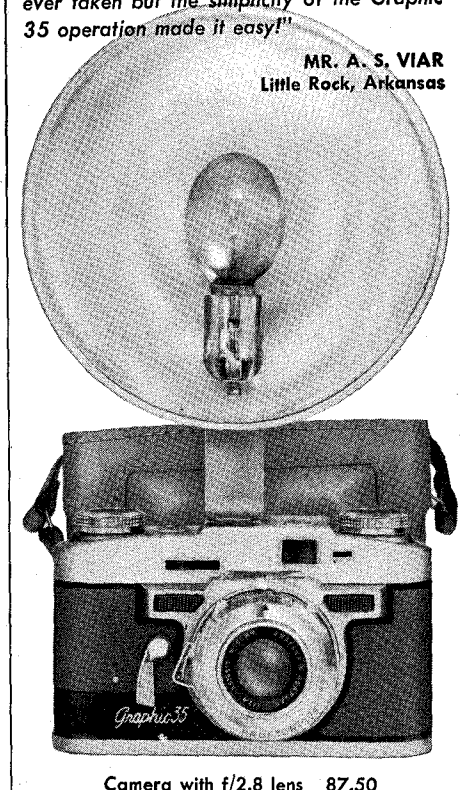

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on. She gave us that which was saucy, musical and gay, a complement of dad's sometimes heavy-handed stolidity. She made us go to church—one which, to me, seemed pleasingly ornate and poetic. She heard our spelling with patience, and listened to me practice when I had to make a speech. In college, during the years when there was no money, she sent my laundry back washed and ironed and clean—and with a dollar bill tucked in a shirt pocket. I'd foggily sensed all this and infinitely more that put me in her debt. But not until she'd been felled was I moved by a real desire to reciprocate.

The first month at The Willows was not too desperately bad. The private-patient ward rate was $100 a month; we were offered the single existing private room for $150. This allowed space for visiting—an activity, I've learned, of first importance in helping old folks—with a sunny window and a view of the street through a leafy tree. The food was the usual institutional starch, reasonably supplemented with protein, vegetables and fruit. We arranged with our doctor to drop in occasionally, and with the visiting nurse to administer prescribed vitamin injections. We visited almost daily, taking the children with us on Sundays. Though her paralysis remained, mother's morale began to work upward.

After the first month, however, the character of the place began to assert itself. One day during the late autumn I arrived to find a leaf fire creeping along the side of the frame house, and commented to the proprietor that burning leaves ought to be watched. He leaped to his feet—"That old blankety-blank been at it again?" He rushed out and began stamping back the fire, which had been set by the aged firebug, Mr. Smith. I had several times seen this old man with a burning match in his hand, watching it, fascinated. Now I became aware of the grim contest—Mr. Smith trying to get matches and burn the place down, his overseers trying to prevent him.

I was hoping they watched him more closely than they did mother. Once I found the place in an uproar—mother had just toppled backwards in her rocker. Luckily she wasn't hurt, but that luck didn't hold. Not long afterward I came in and found the side of her face swollen and bruised—she'd pitched forward out of the same rocker. After that we strapped her in. Shortly afterward I found her slipped so far down in her chair, helpless with her paralysis to prevent sliding, that she seemed about to choke on the strap. But with all this there was some humor. When mother got her black eye, the crude but sometimes jocular Mr. Willows joshed, "If you don't behave I'll give you one to match it."

"So?" quipped ninety-pound, half-paralyzed mother. "You and who else?"

Life at The Willows was full of tragi-comic situations. Whether the tragedy or the comedy most impressed one depended, I suppose, on how much one cared about the person currently in a predicament. I could see nothing funny about Mr. Willows' coarse language with patients or the incompetence of his near-idiot nursing assistant. This poor girl had been married and deserted with two babies; an illegitimate third appeared to be on the way. Her simple good nature, which was her personal undoing, was her greatest asset as a nurse. But it didn't compensate for her backwoods indifference to filth or for the constant danger of giving the wrong medicine because she couldn't read the labels. And Mr. Willows' veneer of manners cracked under pressure. Several times I found our patient despondent because of coarse scoldings for accidents that couldn't be avoided.

We all have to die, I told myself, yes. But we shouldn't have to die in dirt and vulgarity. After six months, by which time sanitation had reached a very low point indeed, I moved mother to the only well-run local establishment with available space—The Maples, which now had a vacancy, at $250 a month. Thus our family solved, or fought to a draw, the problem of the aged sick. The average monthly budget for mother's care is:

Outgo:	
The Maples	$250
Medicines	16
Doctor	14
Miscellany	10
	$290
Income:	
Federal Social Security	$ 60*
My brother	25
	$ 85

*Maximum available in our county from public agencies

The balance of $205 takes nearly half my normal take-home pay. Because my job requires a certain minimum "front"—including a fixed monthly rent of $110—this means, unless I can eke something from outside work, bare subsistence for my wife, two children and myself.

Naturally, I was curious to know how other families were making out with the problem. In our county there was no place, not even a poor farm—these outmoded institutions are rapidly vanishing—where old folks could be sent for bed care, except the nursing homes. These had turned out to be disastrously expensive, or revoltingly crowded and dirty, or inaccessible because of long waiting lists. Insurance against illness was not financially feasible for most old people, and public care was below the level of decency. Was this merely a local situation, I wanted to know, or was it that way everywhere?

Nursing-home conditions have been a scandal in one part of the country or another, I discovered, ever since the early 1920's, when they first began to appear in large numbers. Investigations in several Eastern states revealed shocking conditions. Old people were housed in ill-kept firetraps, nursed by incompetents, wretchedly fed and fantastically overcharged. There were cases where well-to-do elderly people paid big sums for lifetime care; then suddenly died or were deserted. Wills were frequently changed in favor of nursing-home operators under circumstances suggesting coercion. Personal property could not be found, in some homes, after the deaths of aged boarders. Publicity brought about legislation in all states requiring state inspection and licensing of homes accommodating three or more patients.

Doubtless the licensing requirement has reduced theft and murder, but in our county it has not insured decent facilities. I know of flagrant violations—fire hazards, unsanitary food handling, overcrowding, failure to staff homes during night hours, alcohol on the premises, mistreatment of patients. An ignorant nursemaid applied turpentine to sensitive parts of an aged paralytic "to cure him of messin' himself." I know our state inspectors know of most of these and many other violations. Yet the offending homes continue to operate.

Reading the professional welfare and health journals, one finds a strong suggestion that authorities are reluctant to close substandard homes because there'd be no place to put the sick old people. One article, granting that "operators and employees are rarely qualified people" and that "facilities are generally insufficient," speaks of "using the licensing power educationally" or encouraging operators to try a little harder, on threat of being put out of business.

Our state, like many others, tends to bury unpleasant facts about nursing homes in the files and hope they'll be forgotten. A few states are looking boldly at the facts with the idea of doing something about them. Alabama recently conducted a thorough survey of its homes. Two thirds of them, it was discovered, had no trained personnel, even at the level of skill of the practical nurse. Five sixths of the buildings were in poor repair; none was fireproof. Food was generally substandard in nutrition and sanitation. None of the homes provided for recreation. Most homes had old people waiting to get in. Alabama, with commendable candor, used an expression to describe its nursing facilities that might well apply nationally: "woefully inadequate."

Part of the trouble, certainly, is official stinginess in allotments for really down-and-out old people. One needs only to sit down with pencil and paper to figure what kind of nursing care can be provided for $40 a month. Yet in one county of one state, that is the maximum allowed. Many counties in many states have rates of $60 or less. There are wide variations by counties within the same state—Nebraska's range is from $75 to $150, Indiana's from $55 to $186. These, of course, are rates for patients cast altogether on the public mercy; the average national rate is around $95. The private individual seeking shelter to be paid for from private funds must raise the ante. Rates range from $60 to $400 monthly, with a national average of about $195.

States have been queried about what they do with wage-earning children—and there are many such—who refuse to contribute to needy parents' support. Fourteen states can cut off public funds; twenty-one states can compel payment. In a typical law, liability is scaled by the amount of income over set deductions for dependents. In one representative state, a family of father, mother and three children must contribute to an aged parent's support if its family income is over $400 a month. Of the states having laws to enforce payment, half invoked the law regularly, a fourth seldom, a fourth never. Of those invoking the law, half got good results, half got fair results.

Welfare journals have been talking about two means of improving nursing-home care. One plan is to place nursing homes under the medical supervision of local accredited hospitals. Another is to operate large county homes on a plan like that launched in Monmouth County, New Jersey, with an adequate staff and budget and up-to-date planning. Both plans have had only limited application; of the 1000-odd existing county homes, few are fully up-to-date. Nonprofit fraternal and church homes are generally conceded to be superior, dollar for dollar, to commercial homes, for evident reasons. Pennsylvania has an unusually high proportion of such places, with 12,000 patients in 250 nonprofit homes, and 10,000 old folks in 230 commercial homes. Home care is the last resort of the conscientious poor man. Remembering a terminal illness in the home of my boyhood, I cannot recommend it for families where there are young children.

In sum, we have not settled the problem of our sick old people or even made a fair beginning. We may as well face the fact that the solution inevitably will cost us money, both as children of aging parents and as taxpayers. With a population whose average age increases each year, we can't duck it indefinitely, either as a practical problem or as a moral one.

I'm especially interested in the moral aspect. If an age of science dares to checkmate death, isn't it morally bound to give meaning to the lives it saves? A generation ago, mother's stroke would have killed her. She did not ask to live on. The ambulance, the oxygen tent, the doctor's laboratory kept her body partly alive. If we end our job there, hasn't science wrought more of a horror than a blessing? Our job is not merely to postpone death but to give meaning to the years we have added to life—to encourage visiting, fun, news, laughter, reading, games, spiritual renewal, readiness for the larger life so many of us feel confident lies beyond the nursing home.

Every age, every country has had to come up with its answer to the problem of its old people. Some ancient countries had elaborate pension plans. Even today, old age is honored in many places. Some Eskimos, on the other hand, used to dispatch aged ones who couldn't look after themselves and keep up with the tribe. Certain Pacific islanders used to bury them alive; others used to eat them. Our own attitudes have not yet been very clearly worked out. So far, we seem to favor a kind of burial alive. A really bad place, like The Elms or The Pines, is a horror of expressionless eyes and faces, faded minds, dead hearts. The reason is mainly economic—it's cheaper to manage people as vegetables than as persons. Nobody has time to visit them, talk with them, love them. Without that, spirits die, even when bodies live on. Can't we do better than that? THE END

"Hagedorn's trying to be nonpartisan."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Three little kittens took off their mittens
Enchanted, delighted and merry.
For each was to savor a new Jell-O flavor –
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Japanese dinner. At right is Consul General Fumihiko Kai. The Ritz also offers Burmese, Korean and Pakistani meals.

Around the World in Six Courses

(Continued from Page 25)

in the center of the plate. The *Sharabat Mulukija* followed. A succulent golden-colored chicken soup, seasoned with finely chopped sorrel after an age-old recipe of Arabian peasants, slightly scented with a few drops of old sherry, it was eaten out of straw-covered clay bowls. These vessels preserved all its warm fragrance from the first to the last spoonful. *Shashlik*, the entree on our tourists' dinner, was invented by herdsmen of the Middle East, who still cherish it as their favorite meal. According to their custom, lamb is cut into very small pieces, interspersed with onion rings, and closely lined up on the blade of a spear. Holding it over an open fire, they broil the tasty scabbard, then eat it right off the weapon. After they finished their *shashlik* on its cushion of Burmese rice, our New Yorkers decided to buy a spear or at least a sword first thing tomorrow. This was the way, they happily agreed, in which, from now on, they would cook and eat their chops, back home.

Before dessert—black sherbet made from black Indian lemons—the lights at the Ritz were suddenly dimmed. Three waiters carried from the kitchen to a side table a heavy, quadrangular ice block half as big as a man. A pale-green glow radiated from its hollowed inside, in which candles were burning. On its top stood a fantastic steel structure from which there dangled a number of coconuts. It looked like one of those brilliant nonsense machines of Rube Goldberg vintage. But the waiters began busying themselves at the contrivance with serious, almost solemn motions. One put a banana into the coconut shell that hung above the candle flames. A second waiter filled the second coconut above with coffee powder and sugar, and added tumblerfuls of boiling water. The third waiter poured *crème de moka*—sweet French liqueur from coffee beans—and *Kirschwasser*—a delicately strong German brandy distilled from sour cherries—into a third coconut on top. For a short while each waiter stirred the contents of his coconut.

When the banana was frying, the coffee boiling and the liqueur well mixed, each coconut was turned sideways. The aromatic spirits trickled into the second bowl, mixing with the coffee. Then, in turn, this mixture trickled into the lowest bowl with the frying banana. Enriched by its faint fruity fragrance, the liquid flowed into a vessel above the candle flame, which set the brandy afire until only its perfume was left. That was the moment when the dark-brown brew was poured into the demitasses, and served to the guests, who had watched in fascination. "Never saw such a fine show that ended with such a fine cup of coffee," our tourists said, after they had also ordered and drunk their *Kaffee Khan*. Their dinner for two came to seven dollars, which seemed miraculously cheap.

It may well be another miracle if John Foster Dulles, Andrei Gromyko, Georges Bidault and Sir Anthony Eden, four gentlemen of markedly different tastes, find themselves in happy and wholehearted agreement. It seems even more miraculous if they say so in the same simple words. Yet this was what happened after the four leaders of world politics had dined at the Ritz. They told its chef they would never forget their dinner at that truly international cookery where East and West joined in peaceful, wonderful culinary "coexistence."

What the Big Four ordered and enjoyed at the Ritz is, though perhaps not very important politically, an important chapter of gastronomic history. Mr. Dulles and his American party feasted on Siberian smoked salmon, followed by two Russian entrees, and ending with the flaming Stromboli. That dessert of paper-thin griddle cakes covered with fresh strawberries and double cream was prepared right under the eyes and on the table of the Secretary of State. A pyramid-shaped clay cone of arm's length, based on an iron grill, served as its oven. When the waiter sprinkled warmed Spanish brandy down the pyramid's funnel and set it afire, the flame seemed to emerge from a tiny volcano in action.

Comrade Gromyko and his friends preferred a Japanese *Ryukyu-ryori*. With his customary poker-faced concentration, the Soviet emissary watched the making of that "South Islands Dish." It began with a large saucepan being placed over an open fire that had been lighted on the side table. Thin slices of choice pork, seaweed, young vegetables and bean curd were put over fresh tuna fish in the steaming saucepan before it was flavored with a sauce of grated bonito fish, ginger and strong rice brandy. When the dish began to bubble, the steaming hot, many-colored morsels were picked from the pan and eaten one by one, with boiled rice and pickles, after Japanese custom. After it, the Russians ate a baked *York-Wor-Pan*, a Chinese pudding from minced litchi fruits rolled in dough, deep-fried, and perfumed with lotus flowers laid out on its top.

Commonwealth-minded as a Britisher should be, Sir Anthony Eden started out on a *Maugy-our-Badamte* from India—marinated chicken with fried chopped almonds and a rice pilaw. He proceeded to *Wor-Shew-Opp*, a highlight of Chinese mandarin dinners. Under a lid shaped like a Chinese straw hat and closely covering the bowl there rested a boned duckling. It had been soaked in aromatic spices, pressed in the flour of water chestnuts, coated in chopped almonds and steamed in its own natural juices. Sir Anthony's dinner ended with a festive Chinese sweetmeat.

The French, though traditional worshipers of their own cuisine, opened rather daringly with a rare Japanese fish, served almost raw. Although at first they had misgivings, they found the new hors d'oeuvre reminiscent of the best lobster meat they had ever tasted. Their next and main course was a *Ton-Goo-Gay*—chicken cooked in one of the seventy ways in which Chinese prepare that bird. The magnificent *Kaffee Khan* concluded the dinner for the French.

Among other recent Ritz diners enthralled by Far Eastern cookery and *Kaffee Khan* were Gina Lollobrigida, Ava Gardner, Paulette Goddard, Carol Reed, Walt Disney, Raymond Loewy, Gian-Carlo Menotti. Themselves experts at one or another facet of showmanship, they were especially impressed by the ritual in which Ritz food was presented, and the drama with which it was prepared.

Of all the many diplomats and foreign correspondents dining at the Ritz on their way through Berlin, the gentlemen from Japan, Pakistan, Burma and other points east seemed the happiest. Since nostalgia for one's native land hones the taste buds for a favorite dish, they often enjoyed such specialties at the Ritz more than they had at home. Less happy guests are the fat fellows in ill-fitting suits, who often come to the Ritz, gulp down an enormous dinner in silence, and refuse to sign the guest book. As only a few other diners know, these are high Soviet officers and functionaries in mufti, on a private and secret visit to the West.

American soldiers, from the highest brass to the lowest GI's, are only too proud to write in the guest book. And Werner Fischer, who owns and runs the place, takes pride in their patronage. He is especially proud of the message left by a GI who, with nice understatement, wrote: "Don't quote me—but the chow IS better here than in the mess hall."

While Miss Gardner was in Berlin, she became enamored of *Kartoffelpuffer*. She had the popular German pancakes from grated potatoes cooked for her every night at the Ritz, before her *Kaffee Khan*. More than fifty other Western courses are stand-bys on the daily Ritz menu. You may start your dinner, if you like it the Western way, with a slice of ham—Finnish bear ham, to be exact, dried in the open arctic air and decorated with rasped apples. After a tureen of pheasant soup, a fresh roast salmon may be your next choice. It's roasted in butter, which the Ritz chef laces with a *soupçon* of red vintage wine. You can follow up with a charcoal-broiled steak. But the head-waiter—and this reporter—would like to recommend a saddle of venison, stuffed with a delightful paste of deer's liver. It is flown to Berlin from the Bavarian Alps. A little dessert—*Kirschen Lukullus*, for instance, with the fragrance of laurel leaves joining the candied cherries underneath—may finish your "typical German dinner." True, exceedingly few Germans ever had or will have the like of it.

A slim, shy German in his forties, Werner Fischer values above all other guests those who care for, and understand, good cooking. He just can't see why so many people read newspapers rather than cookbooks—his friends say they've never seen him look at a headline. When I told him that a famous Nobel Prize winner in physics had dined at his place a few nights ago and liked it very much, he was not interested. What made him glow with pride was that, also a few nights ago, a Chinese housewife had told him he deserved the ancient and noble title of *Daai See Foch*—Grand Maestro of the Culinary Arts. When I inquired what the lady had eaten, he named a few Chinese dishes. My further and ignorant question about the nature of these dishes shocked him visibly. "Fine food is like music," he said; "you cannot explain in so many words what it (*Continued on Page 54*)

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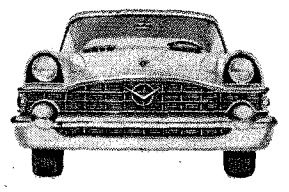

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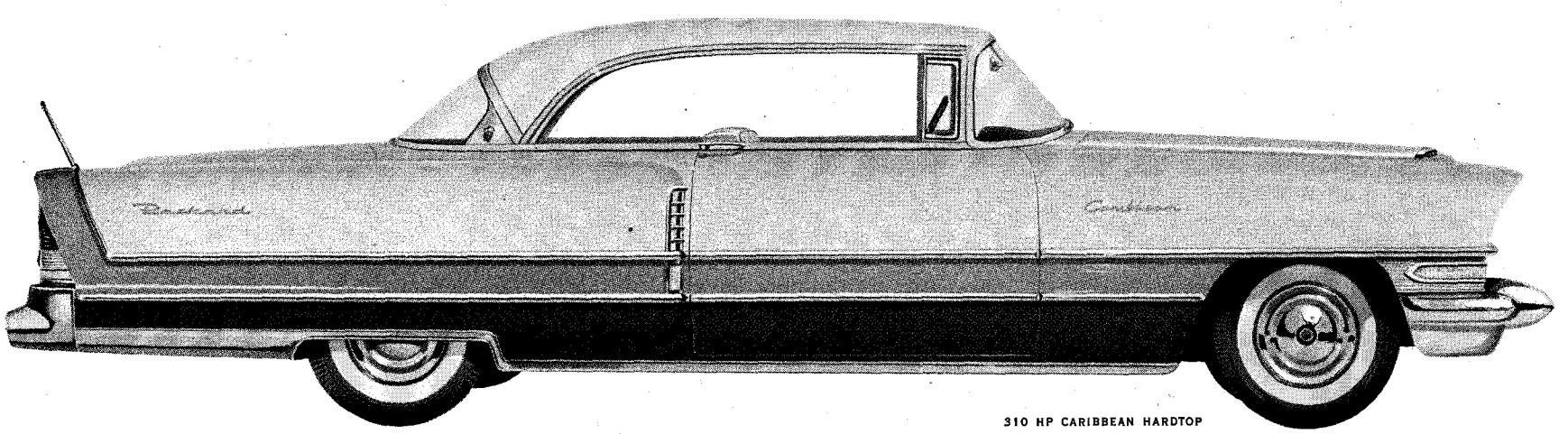

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(*Continued from Page 52*) is like. Next time you come here you must order and taste these dishes."

To make the Ritz what it is today, Herr Fischer had to serve a twenty-year apprenticeship. First he worked his way up the ladder from kitchen boy to sauce cook in Europe's best hotel kitchens. After he had earned his chef's cap in Paris, London, Frankfurt, Zurich and St. Moritz, he took a job in Cairo's famous Shepheard's Hotel. At Shepheard's he met Oriental cooking at its finest. He fell deeply in love with it.

Indian maharajas, Arabian princes and rich Chinese merchants used to stay at Shepheard's in those lush days, and often brought their personal cooks with them. The young German volunteered his services to these cooks after a hard day on his job in the hotel kitchen. His rewards were rare recipes and the culinary tricks he learned from watching them at work. When not busy at a stove, he lay on a couch and thought of ways by which this or that dish could be "ennobled"—adding a touch of Western gastronomy to an Eastern recipe and vice versa. Today he still divides most of his time between the kitchen and the couch, in both places equally preoccupied with dreams of cooking.

When he returned from Egypt to his native Germany, Herr Fischer was determined to launch a restaurant of an entirely new type. It would not rely on cuisine in the European tradition, as did the better Western hotels and restaurants. Neither would it be restricted to the offerings of one particular exotic country like all the Cantonese, Indian and other Oriental eating places. Particularly, Herr Fischer was determined to end the present rule of French *haute cuisine* over the tables of Europe. "It had come about under the Sun King, at the Versailles court," he explained, "when people indulged in their three tremendous daily meals without worrying much about their health and figure. Today it is outdated." Almost acidly, he added: "It reminds me of ladies driving fast cars over the *Autobahn* in crinolines and powdered wigs." As he now knew, the Orient has perfected the art and science of good eating without harm to waistlines, stomachs and livers. Why not introduce Oriental gastronomy to the Western menu? And why not feature the strangest, finest dishes from the Eastern as well as the Western world side by side?

Before he opened his dream place of cosmopolitan cookery with an Eastern accent, World War II blasted his plans. Nor did such a restaurant have a chance in postwar Germany of the 1940's—at that time, plain foodstuffs from the black market or a CARE package constituted a feast for the hungry people. But by 1953 life had become pleasant again for many West Germans and also for free West Berliners, who had won their blockade battle against the Soviets. From his savings Herr Fischer bought a place in an undistinguished neighborhood which had—and still has today—a seating capacity of only fifty. Presto, in a few months his Ritz became the place where Berlin's international set meets and where men-about-town take their ladies for a very special evening.

Once or twice every year Herr Fischer embarks on a business trip to sample the food of restaurants in other cities and to discuss it with their chefs. Since most feature only the cuisine of one country, he must lunch and dine in a great many places—a rather enviable, although strenuous, job. "But none of the fancy restaurants for me," the owner of Berlin's fanciest restaurant told me. "I learn more in the cheap little joints where students or actors and artists are regular customers. They know where to find the best cooking at bargain prices, usually."

To enhance his kitchen repertory, Herr Fischer has given orders to his waiters to report to him immediately the arrival of a diner from a distant land at the Ritz. As soon as he gets the word, he hurries from his stove to invite the guest to enjoy a meal featuring the specialties of his homeland. Before the dessert, he will pop the question: "Tell me, please, what did your mother cook best?" The answers have taught him many a valuable cooking lesson.

Recently, a woman member of the Japanese Diet passed through Berlin and lunched at the Ritz. Before Herr Fischer could query her on her mother's culinary performances, the lady got quite excited about the *tofu* to which he treated her. The *tofu*—slightly reminiscent of thick cream cheese—is made from the crushed and boiled milk of soybeans, and usually fried with vegetables in omelets. Proud of her mastery in *tofu* making, and recognizing her peer in Herr Fischer, the Japanese congresswoman went to his kitchen to show him her own method. The *tofu*-making contest ended in a tie. The contestants still exchange long letters on discoveries in Japanese gastronomy.

In cooking as in other arts, inspiration often comes from unexpected quarters. Once Herr Fischer saw a documentary movie on American Indians. He noted that they baked their chicken in the clay of the prairie. He tried it in his own kitchen, with Berliner mud, unplucked, and discovered that this produced a delightful, original flavor in the baked chicken. After much experimenting he was ready to serve Chicken Baked in Clay, on order. With sweet potatoes imported from the United States, this entree became a specialty of the Ritz.

As many a housewife knows from experience, it is often easier to discover an exciting recipe than to find the ingredients that make or break it. At the Ritz this problem is handed to Frau Fischer, who, to keep her husband supplied with the raw materials of his work, operates a world-wide intelligence network. Her agents, from Saigon to San Francisco, many of them restaurateurs themselves, keep her informed on the best markets for the rare Eastern spices, herbs, seeds, oils, vegetables, fish and fruit the Ritz needs. In 1955, the Ritz imported 412 kinds of spices and 188 kinds of dried vegetables from the Orient. Rarest among them was Basmati rice, which has an extremely delicate aroma of its own, and is indispensable for several of the noblest Indian dishes.

I've found that once I've told friends about the wondrous dishes of Berlin's Ritz, the first thing they want to know is the price of a typical meal. You can eat very well on any of the menus at a price of from five to seven dollars for two, and this includes a couple of vodkas and a couple of seidels of beer. Of course, if you choose to eat a full five-course meal and select some of the more exotic dishes, your appetite could reward you with a check for from ten to twenty dollars, covering food and vintage wines. On the whole, prices are surprisingly reasonable because the place is small and the Fischers do not require a large staff.

Financially, the Fischers appear to do very well indeed, but Herr Fischer does not choose to discuss his income—like most Germans, he considers this a private and personal matter. The Fischers live modestly, but when I left Berlin they were buying an expensive and showy new automobile, which is the sign of success in the Berlin of today.

Berliners are very proud of their Ritz Restaurant. As they see it, their city can boast of a place—perhaps the world's only place—which features the finest cuisine from all over the world. It makes them forget that West Berlin is isolated from all the world by the Soviet-forged Iron Curtain. Good eating knows no border lines. At the Ritz I met a Berliner who contents himself for days with sandwiches to save enough for a once-a-month dinner in style at his home town's fanciest restaurant. This strange little restaurant proves, he explained, that you can enjoy life only in freedom as it prevails in West Berlin. And, he added while he sipped his Turkish after-dinner coffee spiced with the East Indian cardamom fruit, good eating is important to the enjoyment of life, isn't it?

Counterfeit Cavalier (Continued from Page 43)

and Vice-President. But there was also the forging of Government checks or the endorsements on the backs of Government checks, of which our Government issues some three hundred million a year to Social Security beneficiaries, to farmers, to war veterans and their families. There is a flourishing industry in stealing such checks from letter boxes and in other ways. During the past six years Artemus knew there had been reported and handled nearly a hundred and ninety thousand cases of such forged checks, the value of which amounted to more than thirteen millions of dollars. The major part of the work of the Phoenix office and Norman Wessler was monopolized by these depredations.

It was only devotion to the service by its agents that made its remarkable success possible. They punched no time clocks, knew no eight-hour days. In a recent conversation with the chief in Washington, Artemus had been told that Secret Service agents had, in the past year, contributed voluntarily, without hope of reward other than the knowledge of duty well performed, the total of ninety-five thousand hours of overtime. Which was the equivalent of about fifty agents working normal hours.

Even though Artemus should plead for help, no help could be given. Not by his own organization. But there was a possibility. The FBI is sometimes reluctant to work with local police. Because of shorthandedness, the Secret Service finds it necessary to do so, but only when they are sure of their ground.

Artemus, having made a decision, went out to his car. He drove downtown to a parking lot and then walked south to Washington to search for Porque the Egg. Porque's orbit was not extensive, and within half an hour he found the little man with the oddly shaped head in a flyblown eating place, breakfasting on flapjacks and coffee. He took the stool next to Porque and ordered coffee for himself. When the counterman's back was turned, he said, out of the corner of his mouth, "Walk east. I'll catch up with you."

Porque finished his meal and went out. Artemus, a few minutes later, followed. He caught up with the little tout and they turned south toward the railroad tracks.

"Put me wise to the local law," he said. "You've heard talk."

"It's tough," Porque said.

"No tie-ins with the mob?"

"I hear not," Porque said. "Maybe you kin slip a cop a five spot, but the way the boys tell it, you can't put on the fix—not the big fix."

"Who rates the toughest cop?"

"This here Dutra I hear said. Wears a gold buzzer."

"Could you find out if he's been to Washington?" Artemus asked. "FBI school."

"Don't have to find out, Mr. Baldwin. He was."

Artemus was sure this information was reliable. Just as competent police officers study the underworld, so does the underworld study local police forces.

"Scram," Artemus said abruptly, and Porque the Egg sidled away.

Artemus found a telephone booth in a dingy cigar store and dropped in his coin. "Lieutenant Dutra," he said.

In a moment a pleasant voice came over the wire. "Lieutenant Dutra," it said.

"Baldwin here," Artemus identified himself. "Yaqui killing."

"What can I do for you, Baldwin?" the detective lieutenant asked.

"Pick me up," Artemus said. "I'll be in Uncle's Place on Washington. Be rough."

Artemus could see in his mind's eye the officer lifting his brows. "What's the idea, Baldwin?"

"Come and see," Artemus said, "yourself."

He hung up the instrument and strolled out and up the street to the bar known as Uncle's Place and waited outside. In a surprisingly short time he heard the siren of a police car and went inside and ordered a beer. The police car stopped in the street and a rangy man in plain clothes entered. A glance told Artemus that the officer might be forty years old. His eyes were brown, his face aquiline and grimly intelligent. Artemus concentrated on his beer.

"Baldwin," snapped the lieutenant.

"So what?" Artemus asked over his shoulder.

Dutra jerked him off the stool and waggled a thumb toward the door.

"What the hell?" Artemus demanded.

Dutra made no reply, but shoved him toward the entrance. Artemus shrugged and walked to the waiting car. Seated between the driver and the lieutenant, he was driven to headquarters and taken to Dutra's office. Dutra pushed him inside, closed the door behind him and sat down at his desk.

"Well?" he asked.

"Is this place air-tight?" Artemus asked.

"Enough so."

"Wired for sound?"

"If I want it that way."

"You want it that way. Turn it off or no talk," Artemus said.

The lieutenant snapped a switch. "Talk fast," he said. "I'm busy."

Artemus sat down. "Artemus Baldwin Secret Service," he said.

"What proves it?" Dutra demanded.

"I don't want a call to go through the switchboard," Artemus cautioned.

"Can do," Dutra said.

"Call Wessler in the Federal Building I'll talk."

The lieutenant put through the call eying Artemus (*Continued on Page 58*

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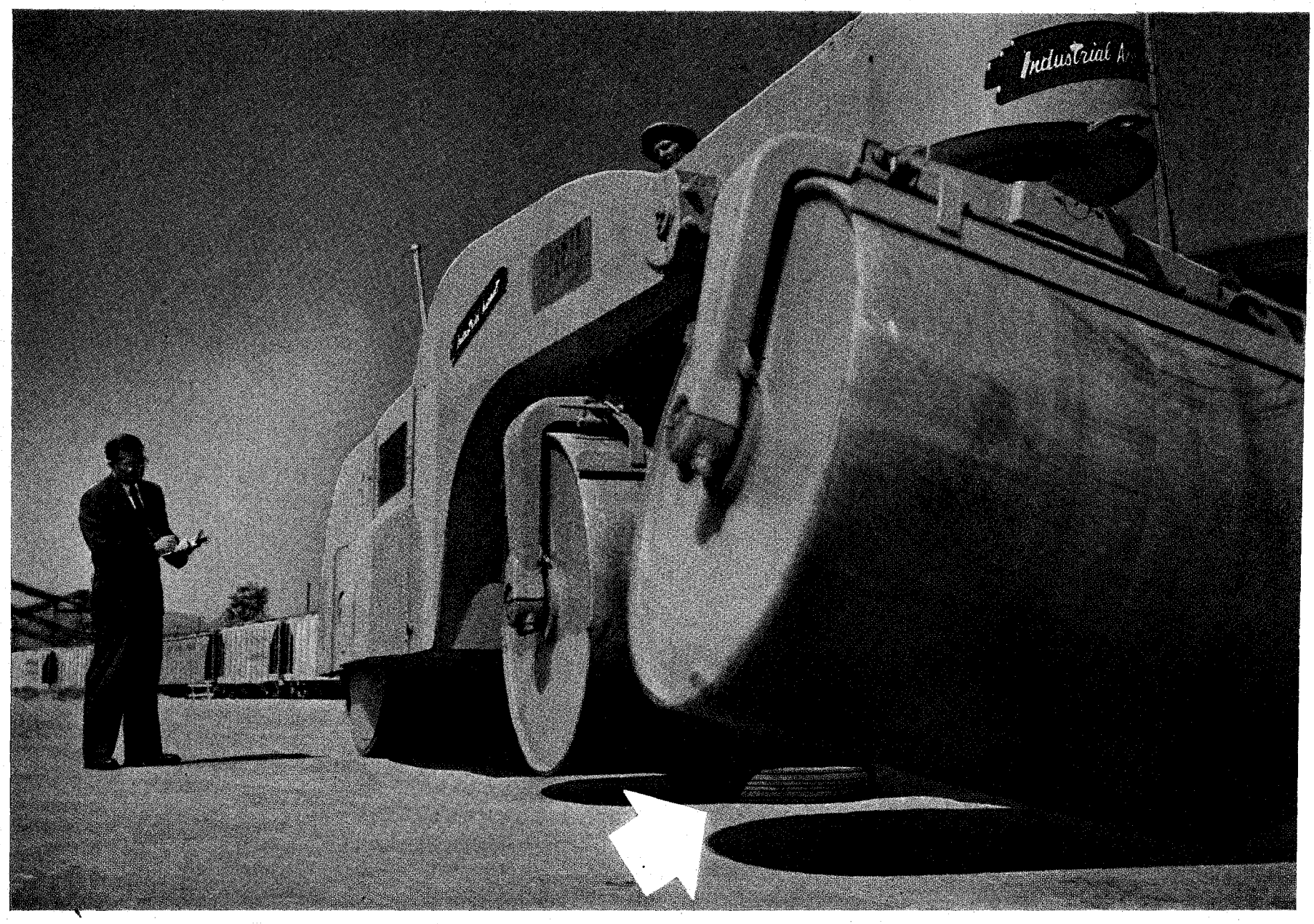

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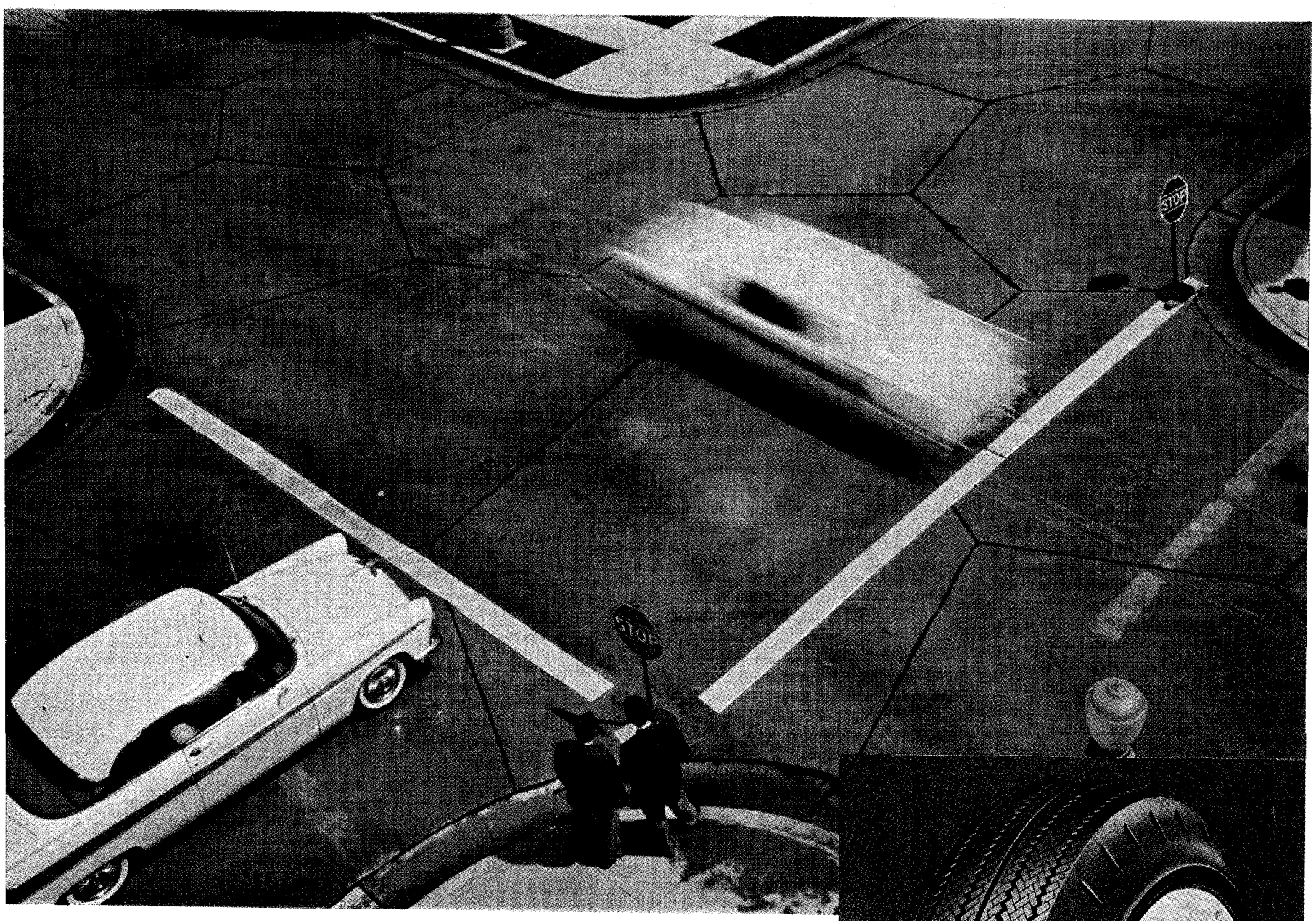

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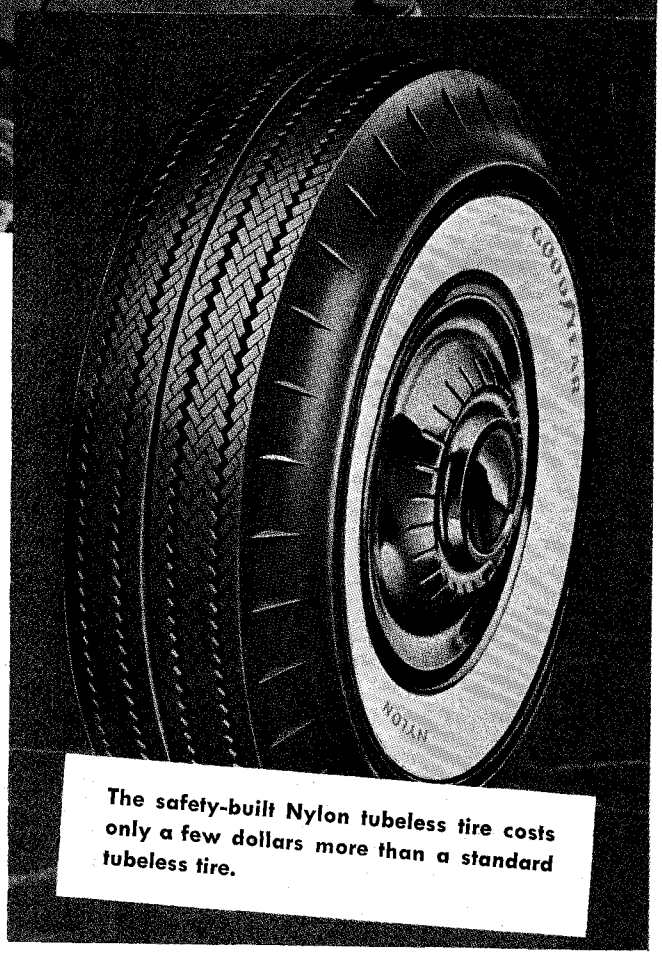

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(*Continued from Page 54*) with a level glance. He handed the instrument across the desk. A girl's voice answered.

"Mr. Wessler, please," Artemus requested.

Wessler's voice came over the wire. "Baldwin speaking," Artemus said. "I'm in Lieutenant Dutra's office. I need substantiation."

"Is this wise or necessary?" Wessler asked.

"Both, sir," Artemus said earnestly.

"Let me speak to the lieutenant," Wessler said.

Artemus handed back the telephone. "Mr. Wessler?" asked the lieutenant.

"I'm Wessler."

"There's a man here claims to belong to you. Six feet. Gray eyes, about a hundred and eighty. Slick dresser. Scar on his left hand."

"He's ours," Wessler said.

Dutra said thank you, replaced the instrument and gave his attention to Artemus. "You've made a nuisance of yourself," he said pleasantly. And then with humorous complaint, "We've got enough troubles without your breaking dishes."

"Sorry, lieutenant. I may need your help. Not police-department help, but yours. Nobody else is to know, please."

"Hush-hush," Dutra nodded. "I'll cooperate. What am I to know?"

"Counterfeiting assignment," Artemus told him. "That first body I found—Sweet Lips Chavez. One of the bills rammed in his mouth was a bogus ten. I slipped it out. Another turned up at the dog track. New ones to us and very fine pieces of work."

"This Yaqui mixed up in it?" Dutra asked.

"I don't think so. Another business. Know a lawyer by the name of Marvin Leeds?"

"By reputation."

"What's his reputation?"

"Excellent. Not an enormous practice, but solid. Prominent in one of the service clubs. Serves on committees and like that."

"He's in the rackets up to his ears. I haven't tied him to the counterfeiting, but could be. He's putting the screws on me." Artemus grinned. "I was carrying a flier identifying me as a Chicago gunman on the lam, name of Anton Spain. I put it where it would be easy to find. Leeds showed up with it and put on the pressure. Either I take part in a Yaqui gold swindle or he tips off the Chicago police. This Spain qualifies as a tough citizen with a gun."

"You've been living up to the toughness," Dutra said dryly.

"Leeds can do sleight-of-hand tricks with a gun," Artemus said. "He demonstrated. I don't believe he's any more interested in the Yaqui swindle than he is in irregular Latin verbs."

"What is he interested in?"

"I don't know, yet. My guess is he hopes he's tricked me into eliminating the opposition. Forced me to muscle in on the regular mob who handle such things as the Yaqui racket. Sicked them on me, and sicked me on them. They sent a couple of gorillas to give me the business." He grinned again. "Lads by the names of Moose and Burps."

"I know them," Dutra said.

"Then came an odd dido," Artemus said. "Enter a mysterious unknown who scared Burps and Moose away, and at whom I didn't get a look. Then they decorate my shower bath with this dead Yaqui with a bag of gold parings in his mouth. He was one of the people supposed to pretty up the Yaqui gold swindle for me. How am I to know that it was engineered by the old mob or by Leeds' outfit? Anyhow, as soon as your policemen cleared out, Leeds telephoned, inciting me to start a private gang war. Indicated he might be able to tell me whom to be mad at, and offering a cash reward for results. And that's the bundle of news." He did not mention Walker Bayside, nor the Beauregards, nor the Roches. Those were things to be kept in reserve.

"And I," said Dutra wryly, "thought Leeds was a public-spirited citizen. All right, Mr. Baldwin, I lock all this between my ears. What do you want me to do?"

"Pester me," Artemus smiled. "Harry me. Ride me. Pick me up every couple of days and give me the works. For two reasons. You can be a pipeline to Norman Wessler when I need to get in touch. That way I can keep you abreast of things. I can holler for help. And police persecution will add to my reputation."

"You're on a slippery spot, Mr. Baldwin," Dutra said thoughtfully.

"It's what I draw my salary for," Artemus answered. "We understand each other?"

"Completely, Mr. Baldwin."

Artemus stood up, extended his hand and grinned. "Now heave me out," he said.

Lieutenant Dutra opened the door, shoved Artemus out of it so violently that he staggered and almost fell, and slammed the door behind him. Beholders, if any, were made aware of the fact that Dutra did not hold Artemus in high regard.

Artemus walked eastward, intending to lunch in the coffee shop of the Adams Hotel. He had been impressed by Lieutenant Dutra. He did not feel so alone as he had felt before meeting that officer. As he strolled along he saw ahead of him a small figure in faded dungarees and cowboy boots with runover heels. It was Pomfret Lionel Roche, and the boy was striding purposefully, as if he had an important objective in view. Artemus walked faster and overtook the boy.

"Morning, Pomfret Lionel," he said ceremoniously. "Long way from home, aren't you?"

"I get around," the boy said. "In my business I got to get around. You had ought to know that, Mr. Baldwin. I got a project."

"May I ask what sort of project?"

"I'm investigating," Pomfret Lionel said in his best precocious manner, "the printing trade. I'm pretendin' I'm lookin' for a job. I'm applyin' to be a printer's devil."

"Indeed," Artemus said. "Why would that be?"

"I wouldn't tell anybody but you. It's a secret investigation. Did you know that over in France a gang of counterfeiters moved in and took over a printing shop on Sundays—without the owner's knowing it—and used it to print money?"

"I know about that matter," Artemus said.

"Well, it's a possibility, isn't it? Stands to reason counterfeiters got to find a printin' press, don't it? If there's counterfeit notes around Phoenix, it's anyhow possible they're bein' printed here. And printin' shops got printin' presses. My purpose," he said loftily, "is to determine by persistent investigation if any printin' shop in Phoenix is being used for illicit purposes."

"Whew!" exclaimed Artemus.

Pomfret Lionel grinned. "That sort of slipped out," he said sheepishly. "I didn't mean to talk so highfalutin. But I get that way sometimes when I'm awful serious." He frowned. "I'm looking for a shop where they got an offset press. I got an idea that ten-dollar note I identified as counterfeit was done on an offset press."

"Running down counterfeiters isn't a good hobby for a boy of your age, Pomfret Lionel."

"I got to get practice," Pomfret Lionel said, and then seized Artemus' elbow. "The drip!" he said.

Walker Bayside turned the corner ahead of them and walked along rapidly, head bent as though in concentration. He was some thirty feet ahead of Artemus and the boy when he turned suddenly and went into a narrow stationery store. Pomfret Lionel darted ahead, avoiding Artemus' snatch at his shoulder. He skidded to a stop and, in the most approved style of a shadow spying through a window, craned his skinny neck to peer inside the shop. He straightened and turned, his face bewildered.

"He does tricks," he said excitedly. "Now you see him and now you don't."

"What's the difficulty?" Artemus asked.

"Look," Pomfret Lionel said. "He ain't there. (*Continued on Page 62*)

"Mind if I sweep out the stands?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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June 23, 1956

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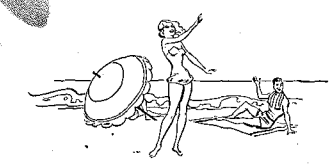

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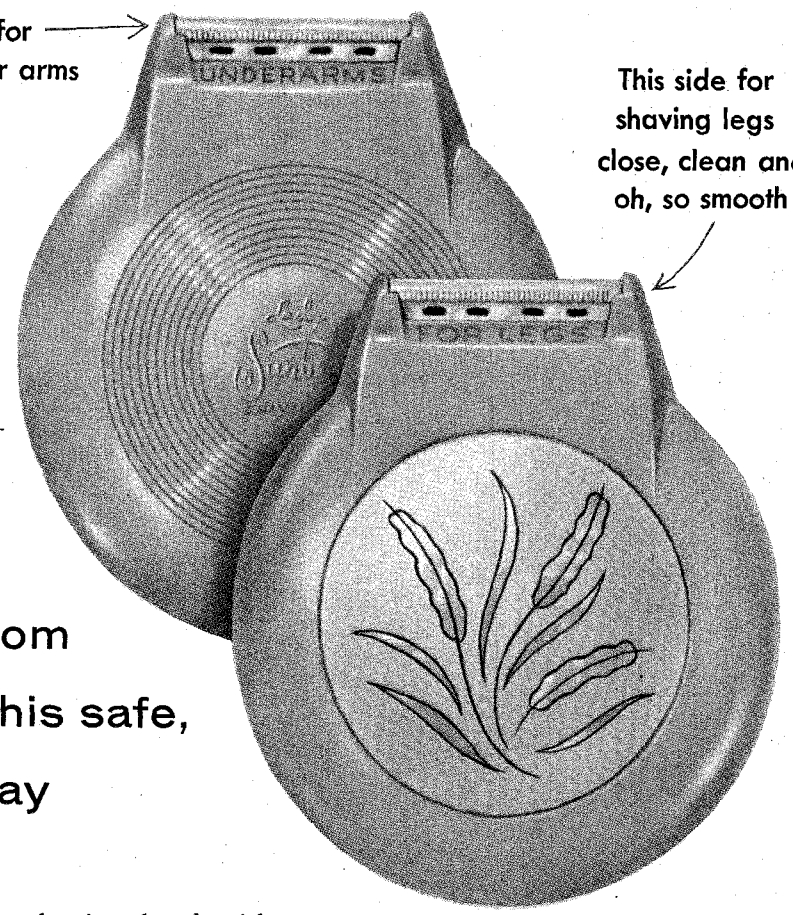

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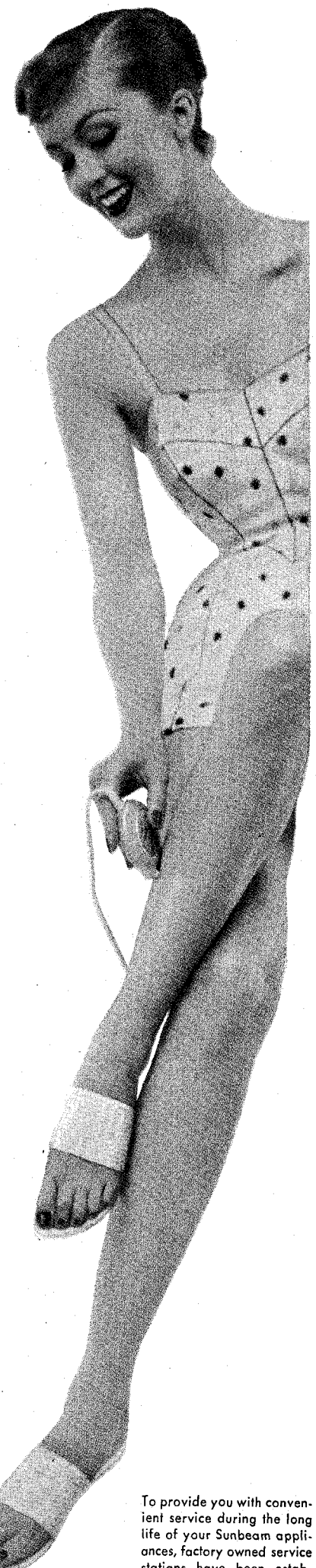

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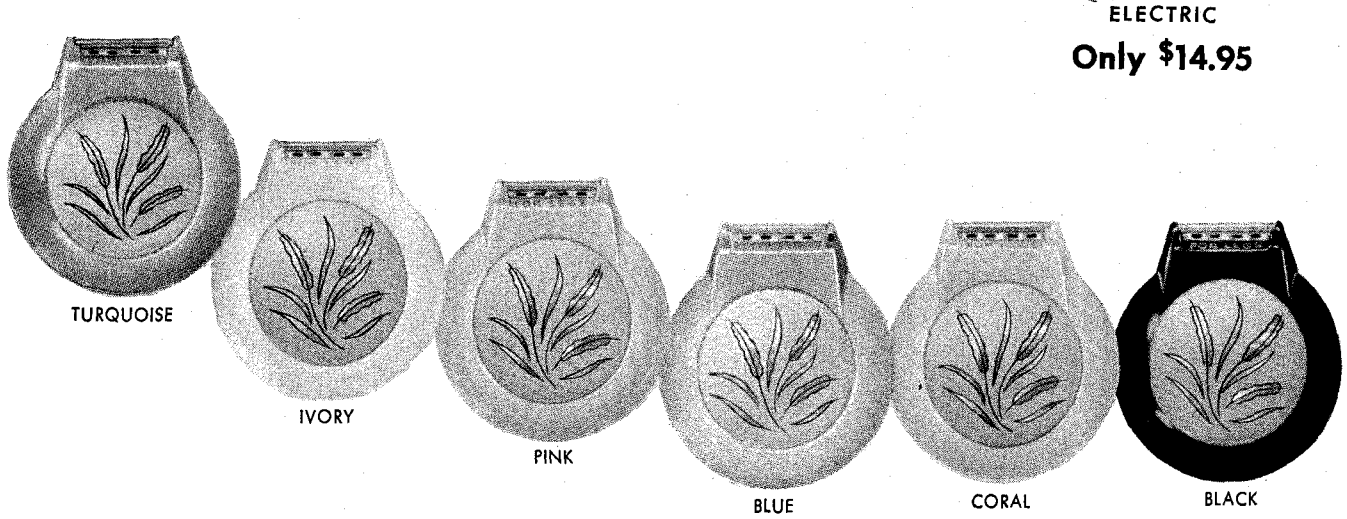

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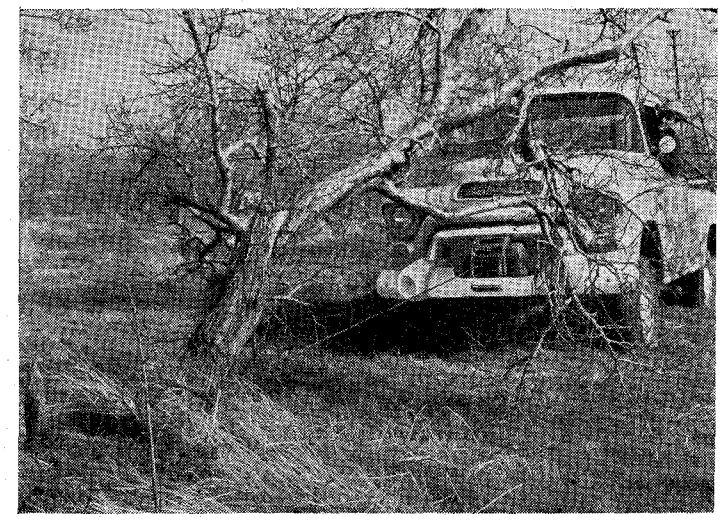

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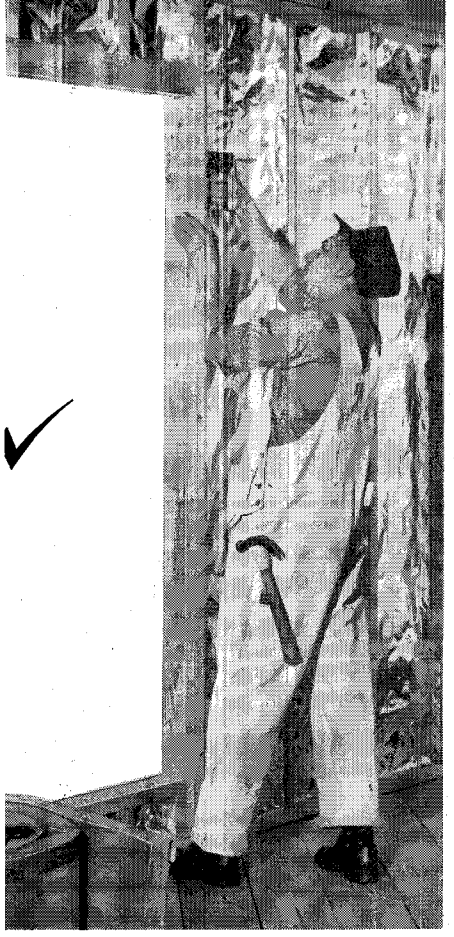

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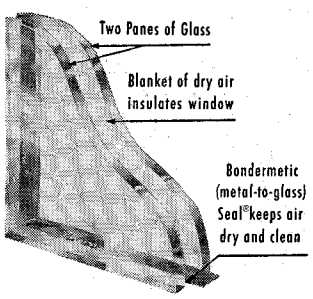

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(*Continued from Page 58*) He went into that shop, didn't he? I got to the window three seconds after he went in, but there's not a soul in the store but the clerk."

Artemus looked through the glass. It was as Pomfret Lionel had said—the stationery shop contained no Walker Bayside. Only a clerk replacing some article of merchandise on a shelf was to be seen. Artemus gripped the boy's arm and drew him away before the clerk chanced to look out at the street.

"Pal," he said imperatively, "you hyper away from here. Skedaddle—and don't come back. Keep away from this neighborhood. It's an order."

"Yes, sir, Mr. Baldwin. But what for? Did you deduce something?"

"No," Artemus told him patiently. "But when something happens that there's no obvious answer for, then it's a dandy place for a small boy to stay away from. How did you get downtown, anyhow?"

"Jick drove me down. She's getting all slicked up in the beauty parlor."

"You were to meet her?"

"Sure. For lunch."

"Show me," Artemus said.

The boy led the way to the beauty shop, where they arrived a few minutes before Jick emerged. She raised her brows at Artemus.

"I'm not lying in wait for you, Miss Roche," he said. "However, I'll be happy to take you to lunch."

"Not today, Mr. Baldwin."

"Then," he said soberly, "will you give your father a message from me? Will you be so good as to tell him that, as of now, Pomfret Lionel is retiring as a junior Secret Service man. He also is giving up his ambition to become a printer's devil. He is to confine his activities to Paradise Valley until further notice."

"I don't understand," Jick said, puckering her brows and ready to take offense.

"Otherwise," Artemus said grimly, "something might stunt his growth."

Jick looked up into his eyes, and she was no longer offended. She saw that Artemus was not meddling in her brother's affairs as a mere adult busybody.

"I shall deliver your message," she said.

"Gee! Golly! Jick, what he means is he's afraid if I—if I persist in my investigation I'm apt to be put on the spot."

Artemus grinned down at the boy. "What I mean," he said, "is that if you make a nuisance of yourself, I'll have to cuff you to a peak, as my grandmother used to say.... Sorry you two can't lunch with me, Miss Roche." He tipped his hat and walked toward the parking lot where he had left his car.

Shortly after Artemus got up the next morning his telephone disturbed him as he was standing under the shower. Impatiently he came out, dripping, to answer.

"That you, young spriggins?" asked Mr. Roche's dry, high-pitched voice.

"Present and accounted for," Artemus answered.

"Mamma and Jick are havin' a barn raisin' this afternoon. There'll be a herd tramplin' the lawn. Might be guests there that'll kind of flabbergast you. Be a good idea for you to tog up and come."

"Thank you, sir. Did Jick give you my message about Pomfret Lionel?"

"She so did. I'll take steps, though I got a reluctance to quell enterprise in the young."

"Better to quell than to bury," Artemus said sententiously.

Mr. Roche said, "I'll hitch a snaffle to Pomfret Lionel. . . . Five o'clock."

Artemus finished his shower. Mr. Roche had some purpose in mind with this invitation other than mere social intercourse. As he dressed he reflected on what an entertainingly downy bird Mr. Roche was. He also reflected upon the possibility that Mr. Roche in his capacity as a character might also be a meddler. A meddler, even with the most lofty intentions, may have an infinite capacity for doing mischief.

His thoughts were interrupted by the telephone. He said hello, and Marvin Leeds' voice sounded in his ear.

"Fine day for the races," said the lawyer.

"Got a horse for me?" Artemus asked.

"I've a couple of fat men for you," Leeds replied. "Look like twins, but they aren't. There'll be a ticket at the gate for you."

"What's the proposition?"

"You'll enjoy meeting them," said Leeds.

"Why?"

"That is for you to find out."

"Maybe," Artemus said, "they don't talk to strangers."

"When they see you next to them, they'll want to know why. Sit tight and see what happens."

"Who are these adipose gents?"

"Eminent men about town."

"So I sit there. So they give me a tumble. Friends or enemies?" Artemus asked.

"If I were you," Leeds said with a chuckle, "I'd go fully dressed."

That advice could have but one meaning. He was not to omit his gun.

"What about the other caper?" he asked. "Is it called off? We got no Yaqui chief any more."

"That sad event," Leeds said, "improves the setup. It's a talking point."

"I see how it could be," Artemus answered thoughtfully.

"Glad to see you're quick on the uptake," said the lawyer. "Hope you have a pleasant afternoon."

Artemus considered driving down to the hotel where the Beauregards were staying, on the chance of meeting them, but could see no profit in it. So he dawdled away the morning, had lunch and then drove out to Thomas road, upon which the race track was located. He parked his car and strolled to the gate, where, as he expected, Porque the Egg would be selling the day's selections.

"Hiya, Mr. Baldwin," the queer little man said, wriggling like a delighted puppy. "I got a horse for you. It ain't on this paper. Thunderbird in the fourth. By four lengths, does he want to."

Artemus, in character, nodded curt thanks. "What's about two fat *hombres* that look like twins?"

Porque looked around cautiously. "What about them, I don't know. I ain't tall enough, see? But when the boys talk about them they speak soft. They carry weight."

"Monikers?" asked Artemus.

"Their straight name is Baffin," Porque whispered. "Louis 'n' Jason Baffin. Mostly when they get mention they get called the Two-Ton Twins. I hear they ain't twins." His face, topped by its hairless, misshapen dome, was solicitous. "You give them two a miss, Mr. Baldwin. They take in territory."

"Big wheels, eh?"

"It's said," Porque responded.

Artemus made his mouth hard and spat. "How strong do I bet this gee-gee?"

"With the roll," Porque said.

Artemus, as befitted a man of his eminence, strode away abruptly. Porque peered after him with worried eyes.

Artemus asked for his ticket at the window, and, once inside, bought a program and a form sheet. He walked around to the front of the grandstand, where he strolled up and down, keeping his eyes on

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the boxes above. Just before post time he saw two enormous men waddle down the aisle and take their seats. Their combined weight must have been close to six hundred pounds. They wore identical conservative blue suits and gray sombreros with leather bands and silver buckles. Their equipment of chins was fantastic. Their eyes were blue and staringly innocent, and their cheeks as pink as those of a freshly scrubbed baby.

Artemus climbed the steps and walked along to his seat without a glance at his ponderous neighbors. As he seated himself, he turned his shoulder to them, not ostentatiously, and immersed himself in the intricacies of the form sheet with all the concentration of an avid horse player.

Sea Born

By Elizabeth Landeweer

A man has so much ocean in
his hide
He ought to surge with each
incoming tide,
And all his cells, like creatures
of the deep,
Should glow with
phosphorescence in his
sleep.
His feet should move like
rippling flukes to thrust
Aside the dry old stigma of the
dust,
And he should bellow like
leviathan.
Though cast ashore on some
wave's creamy fan,
And left to welter long and
long ago,
Great briny forces in him still
can flow
Sea water in his blood and
tears of salt.
His ears, like conches, snore
inside a vault,
His heart revisits caverns
drowned and dim—
The old sea mother still
remembers him.

The Baffins had been laughing and talking with heavy gaiety, but now he was conscious of heavy silence. He returned the form sheet to his pocket and turned to study the tote board. Out of the corner of his eye he saw that the heads of both Baffins were turned toward him and their big, china-blue eyes were fixed upon him with a frozen stare. Artemus continued to ignore them. The first move must come from them. The two moon faces turned toward each other, and Artemus could imagine a silent question in their eyes. They cleared their throats in unison, but only one of them spoke.

"Good afternoon," said the one nearer to him.

Artemus turned, face hard and unfriendly, and peered at them. He grunted and again gave them his shoulder.

"Mr. Baldwin, isn't it?" asked a Baffin.

He turned cold eyes upon them. "Yeah," he snapped. "So what?"

"We thought we recognized you," said the other brother.

"So you recognized me. I don't recognize you."

"Our purpose was merely to be friendly," the farther Baffin said. They seemed to be nonplused by his inclement manner.

"We have," said the nearer one, "a horse in the fourth race."

"So," said Artemus, "have five other jaspers."

"We think he will win. Our name is Baffin. Our horse is Go Down."

"He'll lose," said Artemus, with a lowering of the corner of his mouth.

"Who'll beat him?" asked the farther Baffin.

"You're the wise guys with the inside dope," Artemus said.

"Do you have to be so offish, Mr. Baldwin? My brother Jason and I have wished to meet you. My name is Louis. We should have a friendly talk."

"Why?"

"To avoid," said Jason, "a possible conflict of interests."

"I do good in conflicts," Artemus said.

"You might do better in harmony," Louis suggested.

"Makin' a bid for me?" Artemus asked.

"That could be, Mr. Baldwin. We have observed you since you came to Phoenix. You might be an asset."

"I might be on the contrary."

"Which we recognize. We are businessmen." It was Jason who was speaking. "We prefer to have things go smoothly, even if it is expensive."

"What's the bid?" Artemus asked.

"A retainer," said Louis, "of, say, five hundred a week."

"Peanuts," Artemus said scornfully.

"You are an able young man," said Jason unctuously, "with a long life ahead of you. There are opportunities for advancement. You should stabilize your future."

"Think you can unstabilize it?"

"We prefer not to have competition in our field," Louis answered. "We try to avoid it by making agreements."

"We have," said his brother, "enjoyed a monopoly. Naturally we wish to maintain it."

"I hear different," Artemus said. "I hear another firm is doing business. I hear they got you in a sweat. Me, I'm what they call a free agent. I don't line up. I play my own cards."

"For peanuts," said Louis, repeating Artemus' word.

Jason's big, china-blue eyes were narrowed. It was an attempt to make his face appear sinister, but it merely made him look like an overfed baby.

"What," he asked, "do you know about this other firm?"

Artemus took a shot in the dark. "About as much as you do—which is nothing. They got you in a wing-ding. You feel 'em, but you can't see 'em. Things happen you don't savvy. Like, f'rinstance, Sweet Lips Chavez. You don't know, but maybe I'm the big wheel in this other firm. You don't think so, but you wonder. I could keep you guessing, but I won't. I shuffle my own cards and deal 'em."

"That," said Jason, "we believe."

"Nevertheless," said Louis, "you have a high nuisance value."

"So," Artemus said with a thin smile. "You send a pair of rough boys to play with me. Next time put in your first team."

They did not deny their responsibility for Moose and Burps. "There were points about that fizzle we don't understand," Jason said.

Artemus felt it would be good for them to let that pass. They referred, of course, to the man who, so fortunately for him, had appeared and handled the situation from the darkness.

"Also," Artemus said, "it riles me to have dead Indians stashed in my shower bath."

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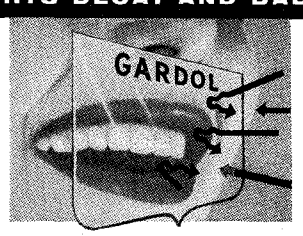

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CLEANS YOUR BREATH While It GUARDS YOUR TEETH

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"With that," Louis said earnestly, "we had nothing to do."

"That," Artemus said with a thin-lipped smile, "I believe." He imitated Jason's tone.

"Which," said Louis, "proves that you're in the middle."

"Nobody likes me," Artemus agreed.

"But we're willing to pay you good money to make us like you," said Jason.

Artemus sneered. "You haven't got a high-class gun," he said. "That's why you send a pair of turkeys like Moose and Burps. So I'm a Grade A gun. And you offer me a measly five hundred a week to declare open season on the new firm! Nerts to you, fatso. Double nerts."

So engrossed had the three men been in these negotiations that three races were completed without attention from them. The fourth race was coming up. Artemus stood. "I got a nag in this one," he said.

"Going down to the window?" Louis asked.

"Right."

"We," said Jason, "are sort of unwieldy." He fumbled a roll of bills from his pocket, peeled off a hundred and extended it to Artemus. "Go Down on the nose," he said, "if you'll be so accommodating."

Artemus took the note with a shrug. "Easy come, easy go," he said and went down to the windows. He bought ten ten-dollar tickets on Go Down for the Baffins. He bought a ten-dollar ticket on Thunderbird for himself and then, at another window, bought a two-dollar ticket for Porque the Egg. Returning to the box, he handed the Go Down tickets to Louis and settled down to watch the race. The horses were at the barrier. They were off, and the announcer began to call the race over the loud-speaker. Go Down had the rail. Thunderbird was No. 5. Immediately Go Down took the lead and was a length ahead as the horses passed the stand. The Baffins chortled. "Never be headed," said Jason. Thunderbird was third. He was third in the backstretch. Go Down still led as they rounded the turn and came into the straightaway. Thunderbird's rider used the whip for the first time, and the gray horse overtook the leader and crossed the finish line a winner by half a length.

"Wise guys," Artemus jeered. Figures were posted on the tote board. For his ten dollars Artemus would collect seventy-three dollars and forty-five cents. Porque had proved again that he was a reliable tipster.

Louis tore up his sheaf of tickets disgustedly. "You were on Thunderbird," he said unhappily.

"Sure," Artemus admitted.

"You get around," Jason said dourly. . . . "Maybe we better raise the ante, Louis."

"Let's hist it to seven-fifty," Louis said.

"That's dough," Jason said to Artemus. "Do we shake hands?"

"Counteroffer," Artemus said. "I take over the rackets and pay each of you characters seven-fifty a week."

"So you won't do business," said Louis.

"No deal," Artemus replied.

"We're sorry, Mr. Baldwin. We like you."

"In which case," Artemus retorted, "I hope you'll play smart and not take steps to unstabilize my future."

"Only," said Jason, "with deep and sincere regret."

"My favorite flowers," Artemus said, "are forget-me-nots. What's yours?"

"We've always considered," said Louis, "that a blanket of roses makes a tasteful tribute."

Until a quarter to five they spent the time quite amiably. An offer had been made and declined, and the alternative suggested. They knew where they were. Artemus went first, but did not offer to shake hands. The Baffins beamed upon him. "We won't neglect the forget-me-nots," Jason said with a wide smile.

Artemus nodded his thanks. "What do you boys plan to use for pallbearers?" he asked. "Circus strong men?"

The Baffins acknowledged this sally with chuckles. "Be seeing you," they said in unison.

Porque the Egg was hanging around the gate. He wriggled as Artemus approached him and grinned his grotesque grin. "How'd we do?" he asked.

"We do good," Artemus answered.

"Hold it for me till the' ain't no eyes," Porque said. Then, anxiously, "You git along O.K. with them Baffins?"

"Like that," Artemus said, holding out two fingers pressed tightly together.

In his car he examined the seven ten-dollar notes he had received at the payoff window. They were genuine. He had not expected them to be otherwise. He was toying with a theory. He would have been very much surprised if he had found a counterfeit. He would be very much surprised if he met with another counterfeit in circulation anywhere in Phoenix. He had thought of a possible motive for the killing of Sweet Lips Chavez.

He extricated his car and drove leisurely to Scottsdale road; then through crowded Scottsdale village and northward to the Roche residence. He did not want to be inopportunely early, nor did he want to miss any moments of the party. He was eager to discover what surprise, if any, Mr. Roche had in store for him; and what purpose Mr. Roche could possibly have in providing any surprise at all.

Numerous cars already were parked before the house. When he alighted and walked around toward the pool, he saw that already an animated twenty-five or thirty people had arrived. It was an agreeable scene. He stood at the corner of the kitchen and surveyed the guests. He saw nothing to occasion surprise.

It was, Artemus saw, to be one of those large cocktail parties to which everyone goes and at which no one enjoys himself. Even as he walked back toward the swimming pool, other cars arrived and other guests streamed in to join those already present. A corps of white-coated waiters, hired for the occasion, threaded their way through the milling merrymakers with trays of drinks. There was a long table set diagonally across a corner of the wall, upon which was arrayed a lavish buffet. It was still light, but presently flood lamps would be turned on.

Artemus felt lost among a horde of strangers whose names he did not know. There was scarcely a familiar face. He anticipated an unpleasant evening to the point where he considered a quiet withdrawal. But he did not withdraw. Mr. Roche would not have telephoned as he did without a purpose. With a glass in his hand, he made himself as inconspicuous as possible and waited to see what that purpose might be. No one noticed him, not even the tufthunters. They would derive no social satisfaction from being seen in conversation with him. He caught glimpses of his hostess, of Jick, of Mr. Roche, but they were much occupied. Pomfret Lionel seemed to have absented himself from the fete. Mr. Roche, patently in no transports of delight, met his eyes and winked impishly.

It would, of course, be good manners to greet his hostess, but she was always the center of a knot of men and women through which he would have had to jostle his way. Jick, lovely and animated, was surrounded by men, young and old, and he could not approach her without resorting to football tactics.

Walker Bayside arrived and found acquaintances. He gave no sign of having seen Artemus, but the Secret Service man knew the artist was aware of his presence. There had been a slight, almost imperceptible, stiffening of the man's shoulders. Then, making what seemed like a planned entrance just as the floodlights were turned on, came Col. Semmes Bedford Beauregard and his striking daughter. They passed close to Artemus. The colonel greeted him with dignified cordiality, and Miss Jennifer loosed a dazzling smile.

"I hoped you might be here," she said. "I was alarmed at the prospect of so many strangers."

"It won't take you long to get acquainted," Artemus replied.

"A charming scene," said the colonel.

"If you like traffic jams," Artemus said.

"Where is our hostess?" Miss Jennifer asked.

"We must greet her," the colonel said with the air of visiting royalty.

Miss Jennifer smiled up at Artemus fetchingly. "Don't go away," she said in a half whisper.

"I'm stuck on the flypaper," Artemus said gruffly. "I'll be around."

"Then rescue me," she said.

The young man's eyes followed father and daughter as they made their way toward Mrs. Roche. *Now what gives?* he asked himself. *Why the vamping?* He shrugged. Certainly this pair were not the surprise guests Mr. Roche had hinted at. He held his inconspicuous spot on the fringe of the augmenting crowd.

The last arrival to excite Artemus' interest was the (*Continued on Page 68*)

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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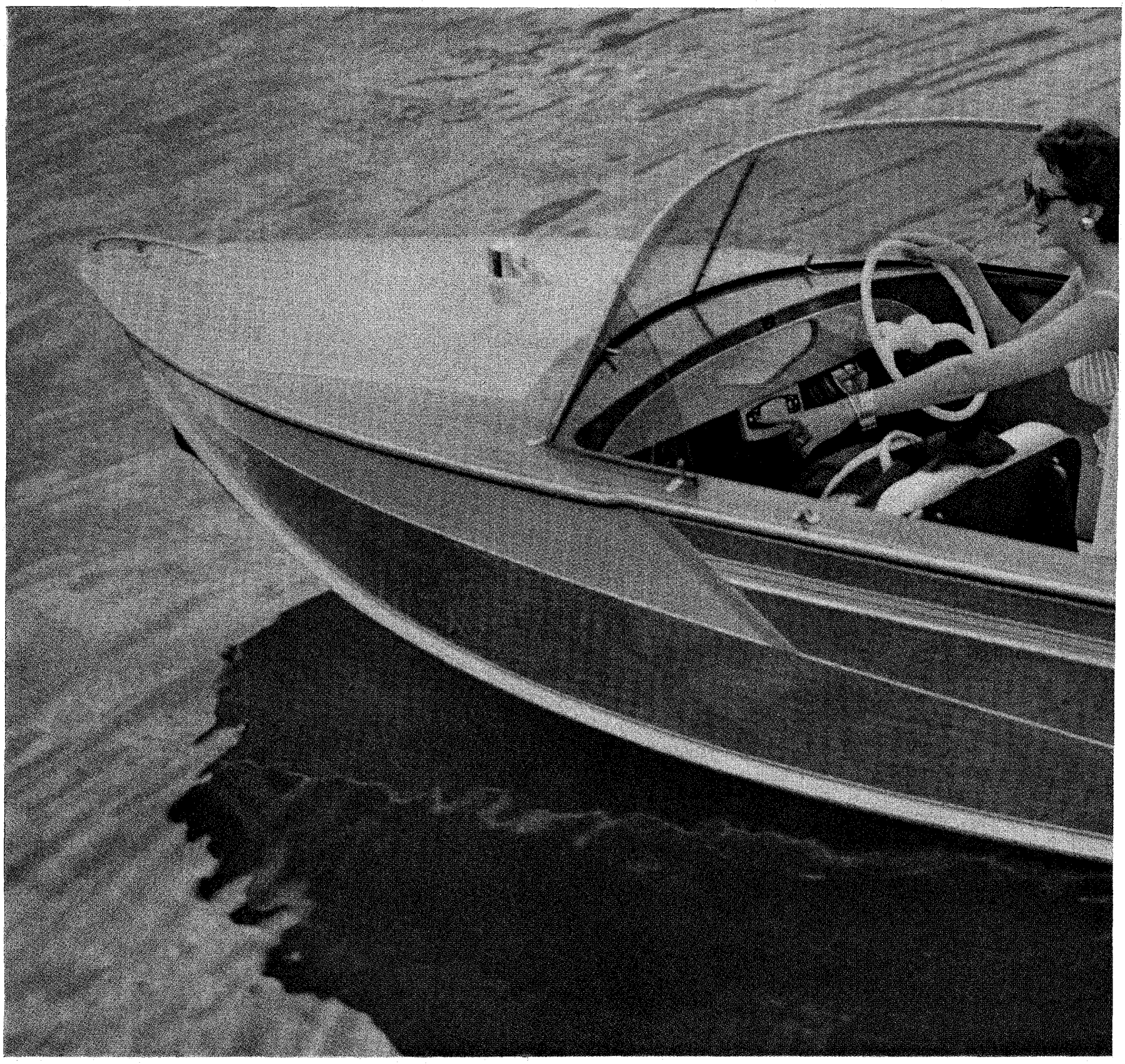

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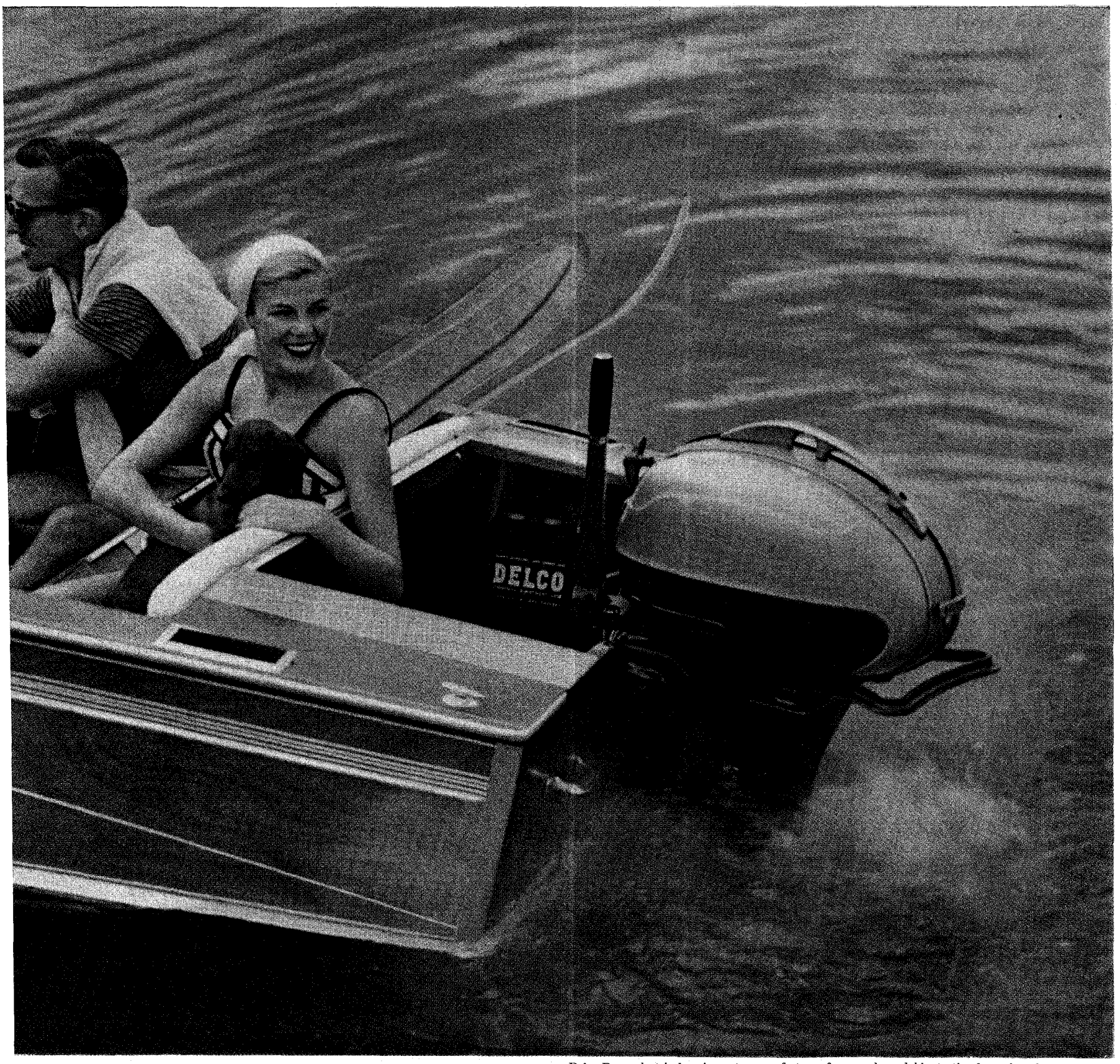

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E WAY — STARTING WITH **Delco-Remy**

ELECTRICAL SYSTEMS

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(*Continued from Page 64*) mincing, slender lawyer, Marvin Leeds. There was a sleekness, a feline self-confidence about the man as he advanced toward the fringes of the gathering. He was watchful. His eyes flicked brightly here and there, missing nothing. They lighted upon Artemus, and he raised carefully trimmed brows.

He veered a trifle to pass the Secret Service man and said softly, "Getting up in the world, eh?"

"Surprised?" asked Artemus. "I thought you kept track of me."

"You don't know me," Leeds said, with a tightening of the lips.

"That," Artemus said, his eyes hardening, "breaks my heart."

Was this the surprise guest? It might well be. It was obvious his presence had not been anticipated by Leeds, and he felt that for some reason it was definitely unwelcome. Now, regardless of Mr. Roche's plans, he knew what his own business of the evening must be. To watch the dapper lawyer, to miss no movement, to become aware of and to file away in his mind every person to whom Leeds spoke, even casually. To watch the man's expressions each time he talked with a different individual; to be watchful for any significant gesture. Again, through an opening in the crowd, he caught Mr. Roche's eye. Again the professor winked.

He was surprised to see Jick advancing toward him, a welcoming smile on her pert face. "Not very enterprising, Mr. Baldwin," she said, and grinned boyishly.

"I'm not a cutting horse," he rejoined.

"A cutting horse," she said, "doesn't wait for the calf to come to him. He very adroitly works the calf out of the huddle. Not," she said, "that I'm a calf."

"A lot of people seem to want to put their brand on you," he replied.

"No chance," she said gaily. "I'm a maverick."

"Did you give my message to your father?"

"Of course," she said. "Phoenix is now out of bounds for Pomfret Lionel."

"I was surprised," he told her, "to see Marvin Leeds here."

"Never," she answered with a grimace, "be surprised at any guest you find on these premises. I believe Mr. Leeds is looking after some legal business for father."

"Indeed!" Artemus exclaimed.

Her eyes danced as she looked beyond him. "If you think Mr. Leeds is an odd guest, just cast your eye on what's trampling down the grass now!"

He turned to look. Ambling across the lawn from the parking space like a pair of contented hippopotamuses came Louis and Jason Baffin, keeping step ponderously, teeth like dominoes showing through broad and happy smiles.

"Now where," Jick asked, "did father dig up all that tonnage?"

"Your father," said Artemus gravely, "is a very remarkable man."

"He's the king bee of all remarkable men," she said delightedly. "Now all we need is the tattooed man and the living skeleton. Oh, I must know these people. Father has provided some dandies, but this pair is the elite of his collection. Up till now the choicest piece was a pair of clairvoyant Siamese twins!" She giggled. "One night at dinner we had a justice of the Supreme Court, the president of a university, a toplofty lady novelist, a truck driver who did card tricks and an Aleutian Islander with a trained seal. A good time was had by all."

Artemus was amused. "Mr. Roche doesn't adhere to the practice of rigid social stratification," he said.

"Mr. Baldwin," she said gravely, "he never heard of such a thing."

"I suppose," said Artemus worriedly, "that he has heard of the results of lighting matches in a powder magazine."

"The behemoths of Holy Writ are bearing down upon us," Jick said, "beaming like a pair of Cheshire cats. Do they know you?"

"They're aware of me," Artemus said, and turned as Jason Baffin spoke to him unctuously.

"Ah, Mr. Baldwin!" he exclaimed. "Delighted. My brother and I are delighted. We did not look forward to meeting an old friend at this charming party. And tête-à-tête with a charming young lady."

"Miss Roche," Artemus said solemnly, "may I present the Baffin brothers?"

They bowed in unison.

"Mr. Baldwin," Louis Baffin said to Jick, "is, as Carlyle was so fond of saying of the Marquis de Lafayette, a hero of two worlds. To our astonishment."

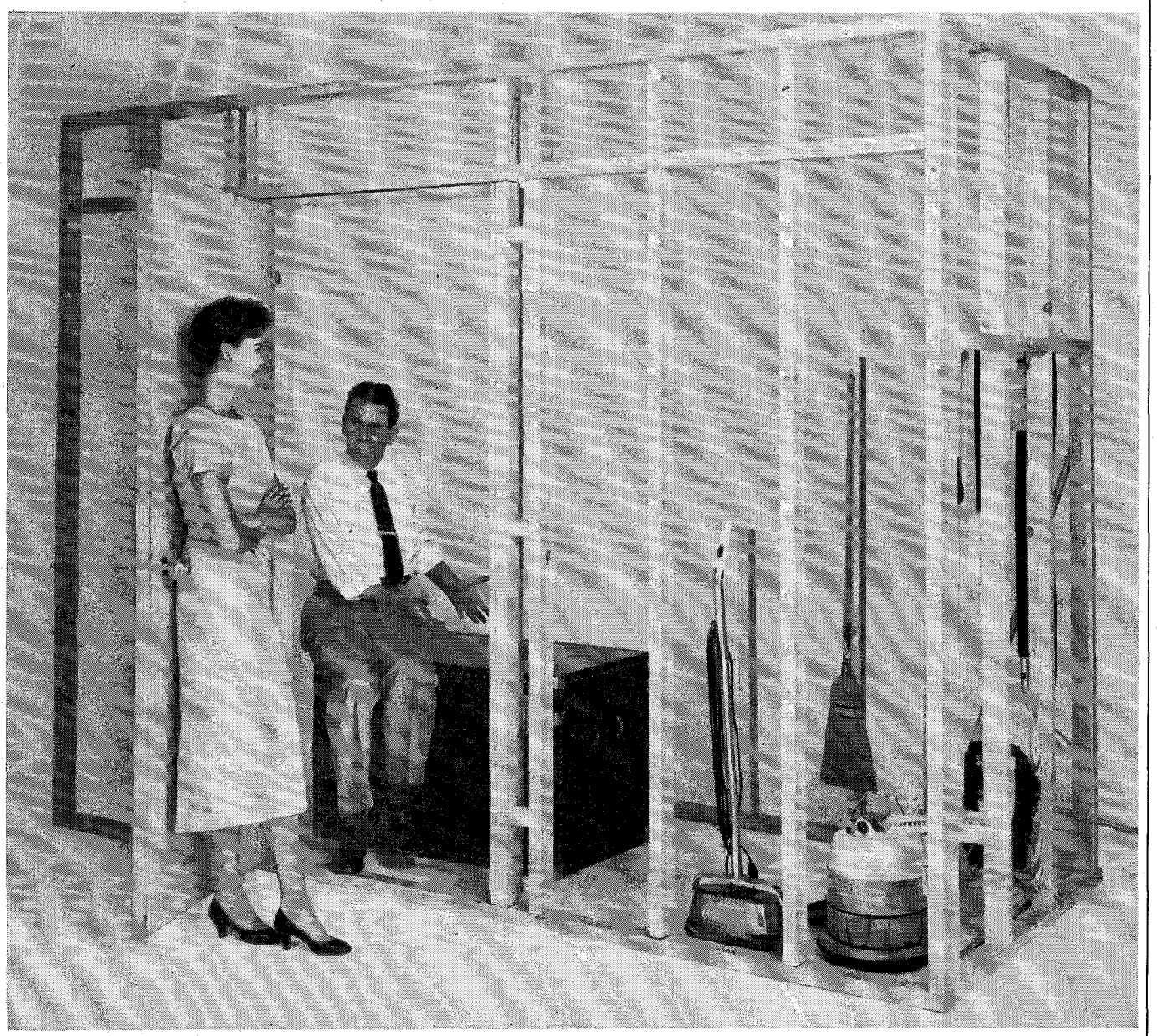
This literary allusion puzzled Jick. Artemus clarified it. "Mr. Baffin means," he said, "that he is nonplused to find a denizen of the underworld also a part of the society world. In the nature of an innuendo."

"Mr. Baldwin," beamed Jason, "has a sprightly wit. We, too, are not without humor. As we rode out this evening we devised a sally, to be used if opportunity presented itself."

"If someone," supplemented Louis, "remarked upon the scarves we are wearing on so pleasant an evening."

"And our explanation was to be," said Jason, "they were to conceal a multitude of chins."

Jick's face was blank. Artemus was quite certain it was so with mischievous



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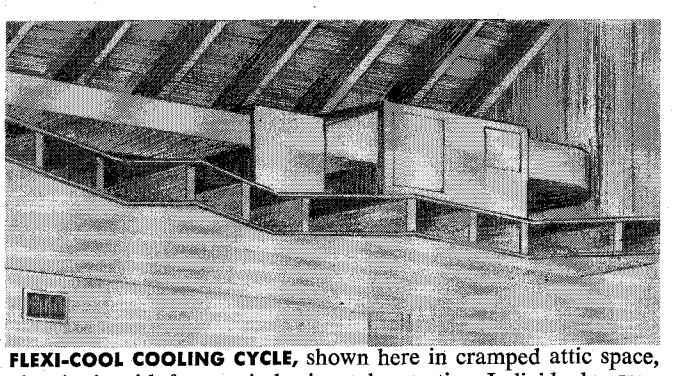

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WORTHINGTON

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intent. He himself stared at the brothers and shook his head.

Jason's expression was crestfallen. "Louis," he said in a hurt voice, "our witticism has laid an egg."

Louis, in a disconsolate voice, explained. "It was," he said, "a humorous distortion of the old saying that charity shall cover a multitude of sins."

"I'm so sorry," Jick said penitently. "You just happened on a bad audience. If you get it off to father he'll simply split his sides. Please don't be discouraged."

"We will try it on him," Jason said hopefully, "but if it fails, we shall put it away in mothballs."

The brothers waddled away in search of Mr. Roche. Jick looked up frowningly into Artemus' eyes. "Wherever," she asked, "did father dredge up those deep-sea monsters?" She drew her shoulders together. "They make me shiver," she said in a hushed voice.

Young people surrounded them. Artemus found himself separated from Jick, and he worked his way through the press, hoping for a word with Mr. Roche. But the professor was the center of a circle and enjoying himself. He looked about for Leeds and Bayside and the Beauregards. Miss Jennifer was not lonely, as she had so speciously suggested she might be. Young men clustered about her as flies about a lump of sugar. She was radiant, laughing, animated. It was her father who stood alone and neglected. Artemus approached him as he stood, tall, dignified, aristocratic.

"Your daughter's a smash hit."

"Jennifer," replied the colonel, "is not unaccustomed to admiration."

"She's sure got what it takes," Artemus said. He saw Leeds a few feet away in light conversation with a nondescript man whom Artemus never had seen before. A mischievous idea presented itself. He turned toward the dapper lawyer.

"Hi," he called. "Ain't you Marvin Leeds, the mouthpiece?"

Leeds turned, frowning. "Do I know you, sir?" he asked coldly.

"No, but now's a good time to get acquainted," Artemus said brashly. "I'm Baldwin. Could be I'll have some business for you. . . . Meet my friend, Colonel Beauregard. From the deep South. . . . Colonel, this gent's Mr. Leeds. The way I hear it, he's the smoothest set of law in town."

There was nothing for it. However much Leeds may have resented Artemus, he could not behave otherwise than graciously to the distinguished-appearing Southerner. "Charmed to meet you, colonel," he said. "Though I assure you I'm not soliciting business."

"The colonel," Artemus said, "is thinking maybe of settling in Phoenix. I want him to get to know people."

"With you," Leeds said tartly, "as a social sponsor, he should have no difficulty." Then to Beauregard, "You, sir, would be a very welcome addition to our city." He turned a shoulder upon Artemus and engaged the colonel in casual conversation. Artemus did not try to insert himself into the talk, but watched and listened. Nothing significant was said, but there was something in the manner of both men that less acute eyes than those of Artemus would not have perceived. Their conversation was labored, as if they were ill at ease. It was the talk of two diplomats who avoided rather than sought a topic of common interest. Artemus, of course, knew that the colonel had been selected by Leeds as the victim of the Yaqui swindle. Which might have justified the lawyer's attitude. But the colonel had an attitude too. He was at such elaborate pains to treat Leeds as an utter stranger. But as the two men talked so cautiously about the trivial, their eyes were not casual. Every now and then their eyes met and clung. It seemed to Artemus that each conveyed a warning to the other—a warning to act and speak with caution. Though there was nothing tangible upon which to base his conclusion, Artemus became convinced that the men were far from being strangers.

Presently the colonel said politely, but decisively, "Will you pardon me, sir? I must rejoin my daughter. I am gratified to have made your acquaintance."

He moved away, leaving Artemus and Leeds together in a small open space. Leeds scowled. "What was the idea of that?" he demanded.

"Just figured you'd like a squint at the fall guy," Artemus answered.

"I'll do the thinking," Leeds snarled.

"Now what did I do wrong?" Artemus asked.

"Maybe you've just been h'isting too many drinks," he said. "Maybe you thought you were playing it smart. Either way, I don't like it. Another thing like this and I'll call strikes on you."

What's Going On Here?

A stalwart young mother, distraught by the recent murder of her baby, awakens in the dark of night and seizes a hatchet to avenge her loss. Summoned later before the highest court of Massachusetts, she finds herself America's first officially recognized heroine. Her deed wins approval from as far away as Maryland. Who was she, and what did she do?

Robert Y. Roberts

(See page 70 for answer)

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"Don't shove," Artemus said. "I get mean when I'm shoved."

"Go home and sleep it off," Leeds said shortly.

"Your fat chums are here," Artemus said.

"I saw them."

"They ain't small time," Artemus went on.

"They impressed you, did they?" Leeds sneered.

"Nobody impresses me," Artemus retorted. "Plenty of jack impresses me. Have I seen any of yours?"

"How much did they bid?" Leeds asked, his lip curling.

"Plenty," Artemus answered. "Quit climbin' me or I'm apt to take it."

"And enjoy a trip back to Chicago," Leeds said, biting off the words.

"Maybe not," Artemus answered almost in a whisper. It was a menacing whisper. "Maybe I'd rather take my chances here."

"Meaning what?"

"For a gun job," Artemus snarled, "on you."

Their eyes locked. "Calm down," Leeds said. "You got plenty on your hands without a war with me. It was those two lumps of blubber that planted the Yaqui in your shower bath."

"Says you. Maybe you can prove it."

"I'm telling you. I can prove it. The next time the stiff they plant will be yours. Now get away from me and stay away."

Leeds turned his back and strode away. Mr. Roche was moving toward the refreshment table, and Artemus intercepted him. The professor looked up at him with a sort of contented slyness.

"I hope," he said, "that you are not one of those benighted persons who enjoy cocktail parties."

"This one," Artemus replied, "has been interesting."

"Maybe instructive? Maybe bewildering?" Mr. Roche snorted.

"What puzzles me," Artemus rejoined, "is how you have managed to make so many odd acquaintances."

"Just loitering around," Mr. Roche said. "Ever study chemistry, young feller?"

"Not since high school."

"Know what a catalyst is? It's a thing that draws other things together, after a manner of speaking. Yup. Could be you're a catalyst. I been lettin' my eyes rove. One thing I've noted. Like you say, there's some characters here tonight. I've kind of isolated one phenomenon. There's jest one person here that each 'n' every one of those characters has talked to. It's you."

"With," said Artemus, "one exception."

"To be sure, one exception—but he's glared at you. You wouldn't exactly, precisely or logically expect Walker Bayside to come fawnin' on you after you smacked him on the button."

"And what, sir, do you deduce from all this?" Artemus asked.

"You do the deducing," Mr. Roche said dryly. "All I do is provide the puddle for you to fish in." He changed the subject abruptly. "They got some mighty fine colleges up in Canada. I was up there to one of them, bewilderin' the undergraduate mind with a lecture not long ago. Got caught passin' a bogus ten-dollar bill. Bein' who I am and all, the authorities let me keep it as a souvenir. Yup. Seems like they had a couple more, so they could spare it. So good it's got 'em ditherin'."

Artemus was all attention now. Pomfret Lionel had detected a counterfeit ten-dollar bill in his father's possession. The Canadian authorities had found a bogus note in his possession. One such bill might be an accident; two such bills were an extraordinary coincidence.

"But, sir," Artemus said, "the Canadian authorities would not permit a private citizen of the United States to retain such a counterfeit—even as a souvenir."

"You got no idee how persuasive I can be," chuckled the professor.

"Is that note still in your possession?" Artemus asked.

Mr. Roche's hand sought the pocket of Artemus' jacket stealthily. He grinned impishly at the Secret Service man. "It was up till now," he said. "Now take great paintings, say by Michelangelo or Murillo or such. Even if they weren't signed, an expert could tell who painted them by the handiwork. Eh?"

"Right," said Artemus.

"Everything wrought by the hand of some individual," Mr. Roche said, "has got individual characteristics. Every man's skill differs from every other man's skill. If I whittle a stick, I do it different from any other man."

"I suppose that is true," Artemus agreed. "Given enough samples of any man's whittling, you could find enough knife strokes peculiarly that whittler's, so that any one stick his knife blade had worked on could be identified as his."

"Yup," Mr. Roche said heartily. "Naow, if I was a feller interested in such things as counterfeits, I dunno but what I'd send off this bill I just stuck in your pocket to experts in Washin'ton. I'd ask those eagle-eyed fellers to compare it with that ten-dollar bill my son found me carryin'. Be edifyin' if it turned out both those bills were the work of one man, wouldn't it?"

"It," said Artemus, "would be staggering."

Mr. Roche bobbed his head vigorously in the affirmative. "To be sure," he said. "You been talking to me long enough for general politeness. Now you stagger away and divert yourself with, say, that maneatin' Beauregard girl." He cleared his throat. "Funny thing," he said, "but the only sterling citizens who thought they better come to this imbroglio with bodyguards are those two lumps of suet, the Baffin brothers. . . . Oho!" His eyes glowed with delight. "I hate to miss this. There's Jick and the Beauregard girl in the same group. They'll be clawin' each other."

Artemus had no desire to be a spectator at a verbal duel between two beautiful girls, however amusing it might be. He saw Mrs. Roche, as lovely as her daughter and seeming little older, in amused conversation with the Baffin brothers. She was enjoying them, and they, giggling like a pair of suddenly infatuated schoolboys, were ogling her avidly. It was quite apparent that she had made a conquest—a pair of conquests. Artemus joined them, careful not to step out of character.

"I been trying to speak to you all evening," he said, "but you been up to your neck in people. Just wanted to say thank you for the invite tonight."

"We were delighted to have you here, Mr. Baldwin," she answered. "Have you met Mr. Baffin and his brother?"

"I had that pleasure," Artemus said.

"And it was a pleasure," Jason said. "It was indeed a pleasure to make the acquaintance of Mr. Baldwin." He chuckled throatily. "He's a stubborn young gentleman, Mrs. Roche. My brother and I are conservative, ma'am. We believe in keeping things as they are."

"And," added his brother unctuously, "we tried to convert this young gentleman to our point of view. He's inclined to be radical. Ah, youth. It is fascinated by the prospect of revolutionary changes."

"One cannot reason with them," Jason told Mrs. Roche. "Only experience can instruct them."

"We still hope," Louis said merrily, "that he may come to eleventh-hour repentance."

Mrs. Roche, her face grave, looked from one to the other of the men. She sensed that there was something far from gay underneath this apparent banter.

"I got a notion," Artemus said, "that the eleventh hour you're talking about is just yak-yak."

Jason was solemn. "'In the midst of life we are in death,'" he said. "That is a thought that never troubles the young. To them life is eternal. They put off till tomorrow what should be done today. I wish we could persuade you, Mr. Baldwin, to a more reasonable point of view."

"Aw, go spread it on the garden," Artemus said crudely, and then he brushed them aside with a shrug and overdid his good manners as he said good night to Mrs. Roche. He bowed with clumsy affectation over her hand. "I got to scram," he said. "It was a swell blowout. A good time was had by all."

He did not include the Baffins in his good night, but walked through the thinning crowd to the parking place. As he threaded his way through parked motors to his own car, he passed an ornate station wagon, and, glancing inside, saw Moose drowsing behind the wheel.

"Hi, stupid," he said. "Where's hophead?"

Moose aroused and glared at him. "You don't have to keep askin' for it," he grated. "You'll git it free gratis fur nothin'."

Artemus laughed irritatingly and passed on to where his car was parked. He climbed in, started his engine and drove westward to Invergorden Road. There he turned south past the black bulk of Camelback Mountain, driving at moderate speed. From the concealment of the desert growth sounded a shot, and a bullet left a round hole in his windshield. He trod on the accelerator. Another bullet clanged against the hood and screamed away into the night. Artemus bent low over the wheel. There was a third shot, which tore a hole in the door and buried itself in the upholstery. Then he was out of range. He sweated, though the night was cool. An unpleasant thought formed in his mind: Had his invitation to the Roche cocktail party been for the purpose of putting him on the spot?

TO BE CONTINUED

Answer to

What's Going On Here?

(Page 69)

Hannah Dustin, or Dunston, whose week-old baby was killed by Indians in their attack on Haverhill, Massachusetts, March 15, 1697, was marched off into captivity. One night she seized a tomahawk and killed the nine Indians guarding her. Before escaping, she scalped all of them as proof of her deed. The Great Court of Massachusetts voted her an award of money, and the governor of Maryland sent her a pewter tankard in recognition of her heroism.

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Wait for Me (Continued from Page 22)

"You've been married how long?" the general said. His eyes were blue, deep-set; they showed no expression.

"Six months, sir."

"Your wife likes it here? Likes what you're doing?"

He had wondered what it was about. He wondered no longer. He felt a faint flicker of anger, and he pushed it aside, knowing that it came from weakness, doubt.

He said, "No, sir. She isn't looking forward to tomorrow."

The deep-set blue eyes were still expressionless. Then, "I don't blame her. Do you?"

"I—I don't know, sir."

"You'd better make up your mind," the general said. He sat up straight then, both feet on the floor. He picked up a paper from his desk and looked at it for a time, and then put it down and looked at Sandy again. "Do you want to be relieved?" And he raised one hand in a small, silencing gesture. "I'm not thinking about your wife, about what she feels or thinks."

"I appreciate that, sir."

The general leaned back in his chair again. Unconsciously his foot found the drawer. He took his time, watching Sandy's face. He said, "I don't know how women think. That's out of my province. But I can guess, and maybe I'm right and maybe I'm wrong." He paused. "Waiting is always hard—waiting and dreading. Maybe in wartime it's a little easier because everybody else is waiting and dreading too. Maybe it isn't quite so bad then."

"I've thought of that, sir," Sandy said.

You can't look into another man's mind, the general decided; you can't see if he's thought about something too much, if it's got to him and hollowed him out inside and left only the shell unchanged. "Your wife is a very beautiful woman."

"Yes, sir."

"But you didn't marry her just because of that."

"No, sir." It had been the beauty at first, he thought, but then it had become more, much more, than that. *It was because we could laugh together, and mean it; and sit silent together, and mean that too; because she liked what I liked and we saw things the same way, tasted the same tastes and heard the same sounds, spoke the same language. Kate and me.* He wondered if they still did. He wondered, too, if the general could see the doubt in his mind. He sat quiet, waiting.

"I'm not going to make a speech," the general said. "You know as much about this project as I do, maybe more."

"Yes, sir."

"Do you want to be relieved?"

"Negative, sir."

In the office there was only the faint sound of the air conditioner. Then, "All right," the general said. "That's all."

He sat motionless for a time after the door had closed, thinking that this was why he wore stars on his shoulders, to make these decisions, sometimes on insufficient data which had nothing to do with machines or statistics or any other concrete facts. He hoped the decision had been right.

Kate said, "I thought a steak tonight. We've got one of those thick ones in the freezer." She was smiling, but the smile did not reach her eyes. She was in a light dress and sandals, slim and tanned and lovely.

"Red meat," Sandy said. "That's for me." He wore his grin. "And French-fried onions and green peas. Maybe a tossed salad."

"Roger," Kate said.

Even to her own ears it sounded false. Standing at the sink, her hands busy, she tried not to watch him. Staring down at the paring knife in her hand she thought, *Tomorrow and what happens tomorrow doesn't even touch him; he has no feelings, none at all; he's like ice.* And this was the worst thought to bear.

When he said, "I'll do the steak," she tried to smile, but the smile was slow in forming, and her mind, usually warm, was cold, almost dead. She was glad that he turned to the stove, because now she no longer had to watch him. She turned her attention to the paring knife again. *He's a machine,* she thought; *they caught him early and trained him hard, and they took out all that was human and put in its place little, bright, shiny wheels and cogs and nothing more; and on the outside they trained him to smile and laugh, the way they trained him to waltz and pick up the right fork at dinner, even to be gallant, and to flirt with the girls, make love to them, marry* ——

"Shall we rub it with mustard?" Sandy said. "What did we decide about that?"

God, she thought, *food!*

And later, lying in her own bed in the darkness, alone, hearing only the silence and her thoughts, and from the other bed Sandy's steady breathing, she tried, almost with desperation, to break through this barrier that had come, inexplicably, between them.

"What time in the morning?" She tried to make her voice light, unconcerned, but it didn't come off.

"Early," Sandy said. And then, "You sleep on. I'll have coffee when I get to the hangar."

"I'll get up."

"No need, honey."

"I'll get up!" Her voice rose, and she could not control it. And she lay quiet, waiting, but for a long time there was no sound from the other bed.

Then, "The general asked me if you liked it here." There was a long pause. "He asked me if I wanted to be relieved."

"And you said no." It was a statement, no question.

"I said no. Shall I tell you why?" He was not sure that he could, but he owed it to her to try. "It's because ——"

"It's because all men in the service are heroes," Kate said. "And all of their women are gallant." She paused. "Except me." And she paused again. "You picked a weak one."

"No," Sandy said. "That I don't believe."

"Don't you? It's true." She took a deep breath. "There ought to be a school for the women too. Take them when they're young, and do an operation on them that removes the heart and anything else that might interfere; fill them with bright chatter; teach them to wave and smile, even laugh when they get up early and send a man off to kill himself. And then, when he's gone, they can get another one, and ——"

"Stop it," Sandy said. "Knock it off."

Kate's voice came slow, dull, hopeless. "You see? I'm no help. None at all."

"Go to sleep," Sandy said. "I'll have a leave coming after tomorrow. We'll go over to Vegas or up to San Francisco—you've never seen it." He stopped there. "You crying?"

"No."

"It sounded like it." There was no answer. "Go to sleep," he said. "It'll be all right." He rolled over onto his back. He made himself close his eyes, forced his body to relax. *Tomorrow, tomorrow*—he made the word stop repeating itself in his mind; he concentrated on his relaxation.

Kate waited. Her tears were done, and she felt calmer now. She said quietly, meaning it, "I'm sorry."

There was no answer. He was asleep.

She awakened early. The light in the room was faint, growing. She raised herself on her elbow and looked at Sandy's bed. It was empty. She lay back for a moment, relaxing, stretching, listening for the sound of his shower. It did not come.

She sat up then, and threw back the light blanket, swung her legs out and stood up, unbelieving. His pajamas were on the bed. She stared at them, touched them. They were soaked with sweat; even the sheets were damp.

She ran out of the bedroom and down the narrow hall, into the kitchen. There was an empty glass on the sink, and an opened can of fruit juice.

And then she heard a voice, two voices, outside in the growing light, and she ran to the front door, threw it open, went out onto the porch, still in her bare feet and thin nightgown, unconscious of this. She saw the lights of the jeep pulling away, heard the sound of its engine, and she opened her mouth and called, but the jeep kept on, gathering speed, turned the corner and disappeared.

She stood there, in the silence, holding the door, clinging to it. And she closed her eyes, held them closed, and her lips moved slowly, her voice almost inaudible. "Oh, God!"

The mother ship stood huge, crouching, in the lee of the vast hangar, its engines turning over with a dull, muted roar; from its belly the small ship protruded, slim, sharp, with absurdly short wings and a tiny tail, its faired canopy hidden. The sun was not yet visible, but high overhead the sky was darkly blue, almost purple; a star still showed. The air was cool.

The colonel said, "Ready?"

"Yes, sir," Sandy said. He put down his empty coffee cup. His pressure suit was tight; he picked up the helmet, heavy with its microphone, its mask, its oxygen fittings. "All set, sir."

As ready as I'll ever be, he thought; *scared, tense; if anybody says "boo" I'll faint.* And then, *Kate. Honey.* She had been sleeping like a baby when he left. He walked with the colonel out to the mother ship.

Pete Jardine was there, waiting, wearing his crash helmet, his mike plug dangling. "We'll pick you up at forty-five thousand, watch them toss you loose." He was grinning. "Nobody'll bother you, boy; we'll even chase the buzzards away."

"Nice of you," Sandy said. *Kate,* he thought, *we'll get it straight somehow, honey. You'll learn to understand. Or I will.* Aloud he said to Pete Jardine, "You going to try to stay with me, too, when I cut the rockets in?"

"We'll keep an eye on you, to see which way you go." He shut off the grin. "We'll be there, boy, all spread out, and we'll pick you up when you come back down."

"Luck," the colonel said. He nodded to Sandy.

"Thank you, sir." He turned away to the access ladder and climbed it slowly.

She had tried to telephone, and the calm, impersonal voice had said, "Sorry, ma'am. Those lines are closed."

And she had thought of dressing quickly and taking the car, driving to the field; and she had known that that was no good, either; that the guards would stop her at the outer gate, miles from the hangar.

She sat now, on the kitchen stool, still barefooted, still in her nightgown, looking at the opened can of fruit juice on the sink. And then she heard the knock at the door, and the voice calling, and she roused herself to answer, and then walked into the bedroom and put on a robe and went back out to the living room.

It was Carla Jardine, Pete's wife, in slacks and a tight-fitting sweater and with two curlers still in her hair. "It's the heck of an hour to be up, isn't it?" Carla said. Her eyes were shrewd; they glanced only briefly at Kate's face and then looked away. "I don't like having coffee alone, and Pete shot out of the house without any." She paused. "That's an invitation I'm issuing myself, pet. Where do you keep your percolator?"

The coffee was strong and black and hot. Surprisingly, it tasted good. The sun was up now, the bright desert day begun. Carla looked at her watch. "It's about time to wake the monsters and see that they brush their teeth and get their clothes on right side to; and try to make them look intelligent, even if they aren't, so they won't be sent home from school. Want to give me a hand?"

Kate smiled. She shook her head. "I'll stay here. Thanks."

"So you can be near the telephone?" Carla shook her head. "Nothing's going to happen. (*Continued on Page 75*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I read a page or two of your book every night before dropping off to sleep."

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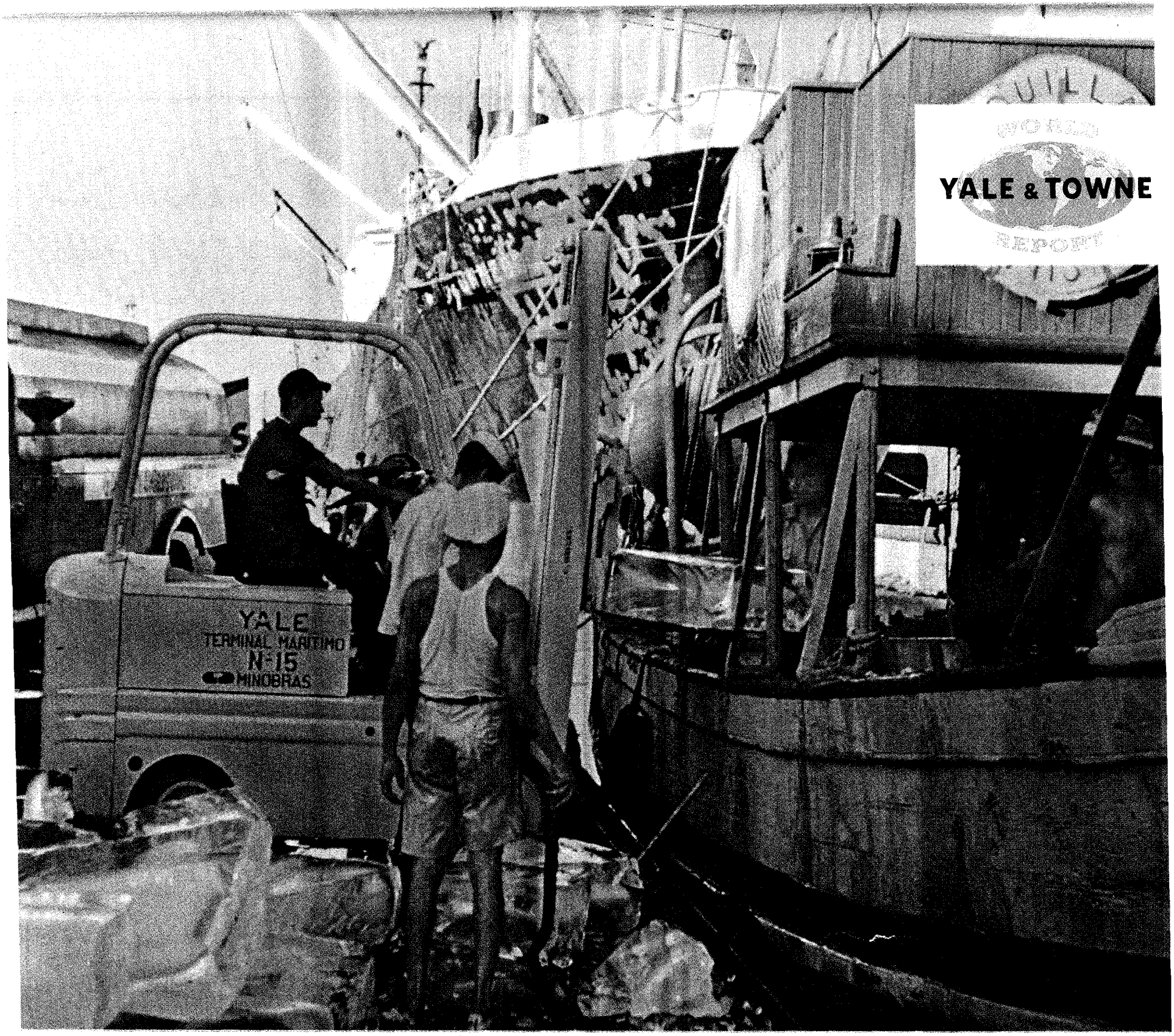

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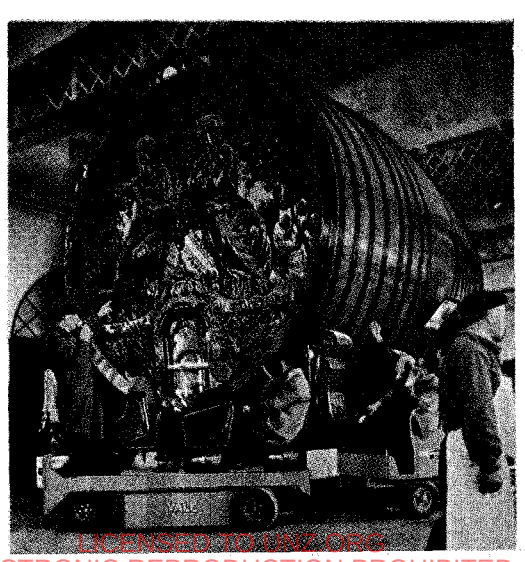

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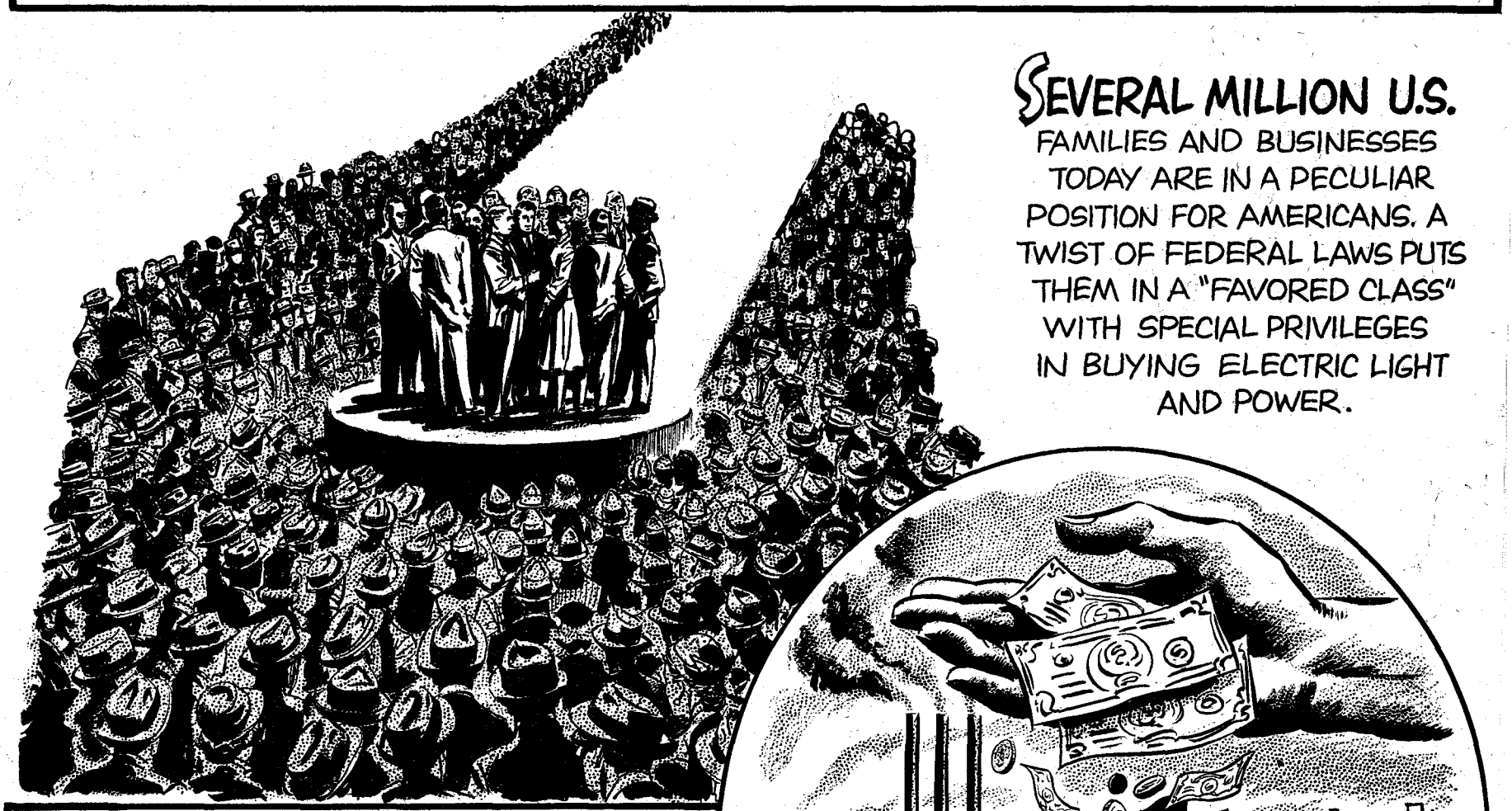
HOW FEDERAL LAW CREATES A NEW "PRIVILEGED CLASS"



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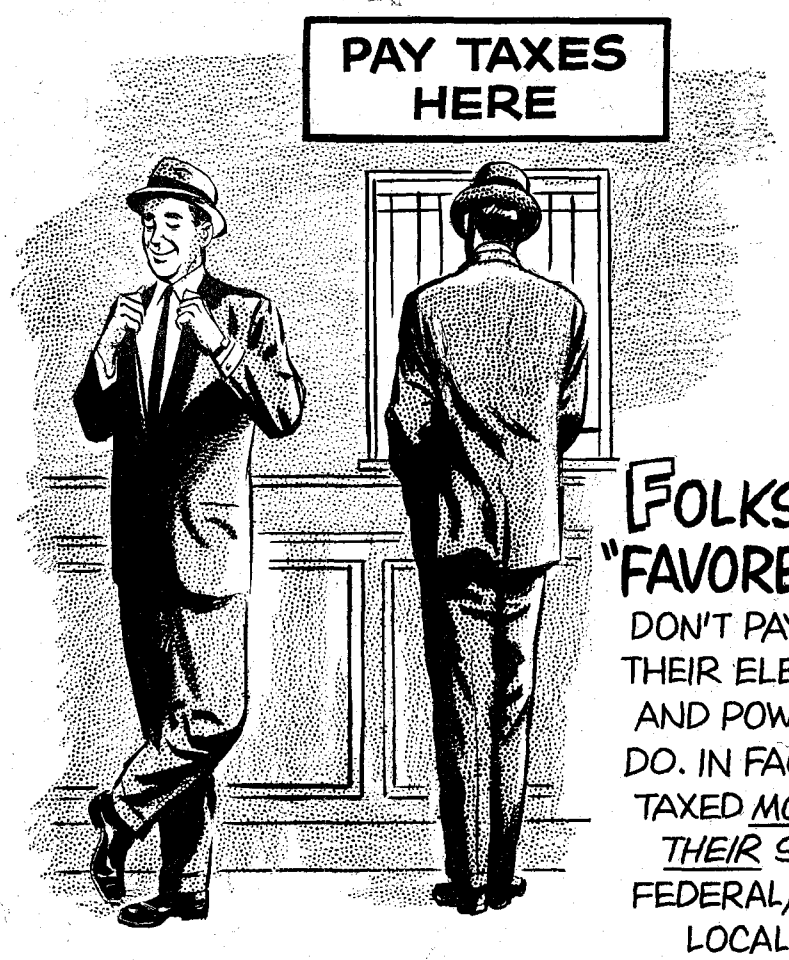

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*Names on request from this magazine

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(*Continued from Page 72*) Pete's up there, herding his flock around. He'll keep an eye on Sandy."

Kate said nothing.

"Get some clothes on," Carla said. "You've already given the neighbors all the show they deserve for the day when you trotted outside in that honeymoon nightie."

"I—missed him," Kate said. "When I woke up, he was gone."

"I know. I saw."

"He—didn't waken me."

"Why should he?" Carla said. "Just because he had to get up ——" She shrugged, watching Kate's face.

Kate said almost angrily, "You ——" She stopped there, and was silent.

Carla watched her for a moment. Then, "Go ahead, pet, say it. Spit it right out at me. I'm heartless and selfish. Your man's up there in a contraption that's strictly for the comic books, and he didn't wake you up to kiss you good-by before he left this morning, and you've got dreams of glory and widow's weeds, and I sit here prattling at you as if the world weren't coming to an end—isn't that it?"

Kate listened in silence.

Carla said, "Do you think you have a patent on worry, on fear? If you do, you're stupider than you look, pet. You think you've been cheated because you didn't know what you were getting into when you married him?" She shook her head. "None of us did. We may have thought we knew, but we didn't, because you can't know until you've been there." She paused. "And if you think it gets easier as you go along, you'd better forget that, too, because it doesn't. Every time he comes back in one piece, you thank God for it, and that's all that matters. Until the next time."

She stood up, picked up both cups and carried them to the sink. Over her shoulder she said, "Go ahead and weep and wail, or swear at me, if you think it'll do any good. It won't. And when you're done, get up and put some clothes on and come over and watch me feed the animals, and maybe, somehow, the time will pass."

He was in the crowded cockpit, the canopy buttoned up over his head. He checked his suit, his oxygen. He switched on his radio, checked with the ground, with the pilot of the mother ship which still cradled him.

And then he heard Pete Jardine's voice in his earphones, saying, "You read me, boy? We're up here, sashaying around. Darned if I can't see the ocean. It looks wet."

Sandy grinned. "Loud," he said, "and clear. Not very funny."

"I'm saving my best ones for the way down." And then, to one of his pilots, "Wake up, Bill; stop dreaming. You want to see this firecracker go off, don't you?"

"Roger," Bill said.

They were waiting for him, Sandy thought; it was comforting. He felt the subtle change as the mother ship leveled off, and he was prepared for the pilot's voice saying, "Forty-five thousand. Here we are. O.K.?"

"O.K.," Sandy said. "Swing me down." He watched, looking up through the canopy, and the hydraulic rams moved, swinging the heavy arms that supported the tiny ship, moving it down and forward, clear of the mother ship's belly. The sun was suddenly brilliant, almost blinding after the comparative darkness; he could look out and see the sky, clear, limitless; and he could see his escort of fighter planes, Pete Jardine in the van, keeping steady pace and station off to the side.

He saw Pete's hand come up, wave briefly. "Good hunting, boy." And then, "I'll tell them you went thataway."

"You do that," Sandy said. He was tight inside and his throat was dry and he could hear the thunder of his heart beating in his ears.

The mother-ship pilot said, "Speed: three-forty; altitude: forty-five thousand; course: two-seven-oh. I guess that's all the news I have for you, Sandy. O.K.? All O.K.?"

"All O.K.," Sandy said. "Cut me loose." He took a deep breath, the deepest, and he wanted to close his eyes, but he kept them open. He thought of Kate, lying asleep; of Kate yesterday against the grass around the pool; of Kate smiling, and Kate silent, only a voice in the night: *Honey, maybe I should have tried harder to talk, only I didn't know what to say or how to say it. I guess I still don't. I'm sorry.*

"You're clear, boy," Pete said. "You're a little nose down." And then, "That flying machine picks up speed real good."

"Like a rock," Sandy said. He was falling free, and he watched the horizon, and his airspeed indicator; and the four

... ...

Key to
His Confidence

By THOMAS USK

If a wife wants to have
A husband who shares
All of his problems
In business affairs,

She'll often discover
That better than prying
Is mentioning things
She contemplates buying!

... ...

rocket buttons close by his right hand seemed to force themselves out at him. He glanced out at one stubby wing, and then the other; he twisted in his seat to look back over his shoulder as far as he could.

Pete's voice said, "All the room in the world. We're well behind you."

"O.K.," Sandy said. He eased back on the column and the long, sharp nose began to rise. The horizon disappeared, and the ground, and there was only the sky, dark and yet bright, empty space. *Kate*, he thought. *Honey. Here we go.*

His hand touched the first rocket button. "Firing one," he said. And he felt the thrust that was almost a blow; it drove him against the back of the seat and pinned him there. "Firing two." He heard the sound only briefly, and after that it was mere feel, and he saw the airspeed indicator spinning like a compass gone wild. "Firing three." In the cockpit there was black silence, and the sun was blinding, and the sharp nose of the ship seemed to waver as faintness came and went in his mind. He heard his own voice in the earphones as if from a great distance, "Firing four." It was an enormous effort to press the last button. But he felt a sudden sense of triumph, almost of exaltation. *We did it, honey. We're doing it. Higher and faster than it's ever been done before.* His mind seemed to shout. *Can you hear me, honey? Now can you understand?*

Pete's voice in the earphones said, "I didn't see four, boy. Only one, two and three. Do you read me?"

He made himself concentrate, forced his mind clear. "I fired it." He pushed the button again. And again. "Now?"

"Nothing, boy." And the voice paused, seemed to hesitate. "Except some smoke."

He held himself tight, rigid in the silent cockpit. "Am I on fire?"

"I can't tell. You're almost out of sight."

Carla watched the school bus stop. The two young Jardines clambered aboard, their movements childishly clumsy, utterly unlike the sure, co-ordinated movements of Pete, of Sandy, of all of the others. *But they'll grow up to be like that,* she thought; *God save the mark, they will. And they'll marry one day. And their wives, maybe, will sit home the way we do now, and the whole process will repeat itself.*

She felt old, and drawn, and tired as she closed the door and walked back inside. To Kate, sitting on the sofa, dressed now in slacks and a blouse, she said, "That chore's finished. I'll make some more coffee." And then, smiling faintly, "Who's for parchesi? Or gin rummy?"

There was only the silence, and the brilliant sunlight; no sensation of speed or even of motion. He twisted himself as far as he could, feeling the seat harness holding him tight. Into the mike he said, "I can't see the tail. What this thing needs is a mirror, a good big one."

The colonel's voice came into the earphones. "You're at eighty-five thousand. Your speed is just under Mach Two. We have you clear on the radar." And then, "Jardine, what's the smoke look like now?"

"It comes and goes, sir," Pete said. "Little bursts." There was a pause. "Can you feel it, Sandy? Do you get any boosts?"

"Negative," Sandy said. "The fuel must be just—burning." His mind was clear and cold. He reached forward and pressed the fourth button again, felt nothing. He tried the three others, and then he just sat, waiting for his speed to drop. *Slow down, flying machine*, he thought: *slow down.* Aloud, "Along with that mirror, this thing needs brakes or maybe a sea anchor."

"Your speed's dropping," the colonel's voice said. "You're down almost to Mach One. Your altitude ——"

"More smoke," Pete said. "A big burst that time. Feel it, Sandy?"

It had been a jar, almost a shudder deep within the structure of the ship; and it drove the bitter taste of fear up into his throat. "I felt it. Somebody's throwing rocks at me, or using a club." *Kate.* And then, *We're in trouble, honey. And I should have wakened you, kissed you good-by. Maybe then it wouldn't have been so—lonesome now.* He closed his eyes and saw the whole problem with sudden clarity. *It wouldn't have been so lonesome for either of us. I'll remember that.*

He felt another jar, but it was different this time, a tremor that swept through the entire ship—different, and familiar, the re-entrance through the turbulence of sound. "I'm leveling off now. If this thing holds together." He held his breath as he moved the controls and felt the subtle change of direction, the force of his harness pressing against his body. He said, "Well, well, there it is."

And Pete's voice said, "There's what?"

"That thing we live on," Sandy said. "Earth, you jughead. And it looks good." *I'm coming back, honey. I'm coming home. One way or another.* "How's my smoke?"

In the earphones there was silence.

"Pete!"

"I read you," Pete said. And then, "You're making a lot of it, boy. It doesn't look too good."

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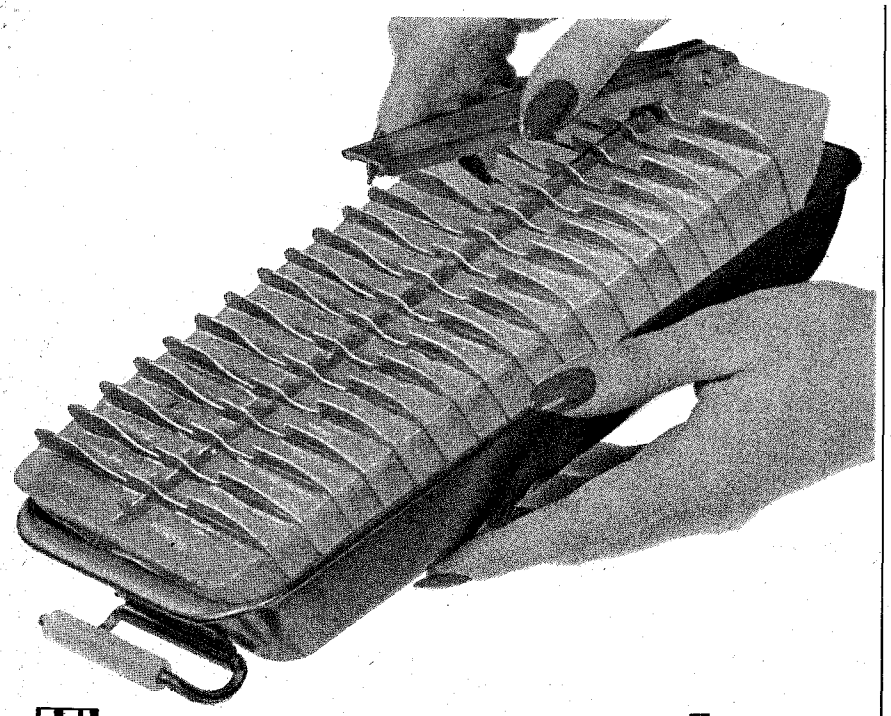

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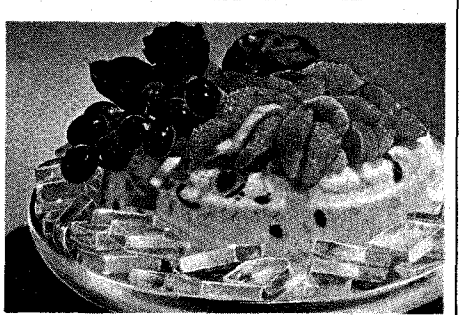

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ICE SLICE TRAY

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"I'm coming down."

"We're waiting for you."

Kate felt full of coffee; her mouth was dry. Carla said, "It's not a big place; six, seven tables. But all of his beef is prime, and he does the steaks on charcoal, and the biggest potatoes you ever saw, mushy with butter. We'll go there one night, the four of us, if I can find a sitter for the monsters."

"That'll be fun," Kate said.

"Pete likes his steak just crippled and driven in."

"So does Sandy. And he always cuts it a certain way, a little bit of fat with each mouthful." There was a wall in her mind, erected from she knew not what materials; it enclosed the fear and the strain, compressed them into one hard, aching lump which could almost be ignored—almost. *I'm learning, Sandy, I'm understanding the way it is now. If it isn't too late.*

The phone rang with a sudden, jarring sound, and they looked at each other in silence. Carla stood up slowly. She walked to the phone stand and stood there for a moment before she picked it up. She spoke into it, and waited, expressionless. Then, "All right. Thank you." And she hung up and came back to her chair and sat down. She looked at Kate. "Pete's best uniform, at the cleaner's. There was a spot, but they finally got it out. It's ready now."

Kate let her breath out soundlessly. Her heart began to beat again. "It's wonderful what they can do with spots these days."

"The new materials," Carla said.

He swung in great wide circles, losing altitude as fast as he dared.

"You're doing fine, boy," Pete said.

"Still smoking?" He could look out and down, and see now the fighter planes orbiting steadily.

"Affirmative. Seems to be no worse."

It could be contained, he told himself, sealed off in the rocket tubes, safe. Or it could have burned its way through; it could be now, at this moment, eating away at basic structure, destroying the heart and fabric of the ship. And that would be bad. He knew now how it felt to ride a bomb. He looked out and down again, past the orbiting fighters to the ground, brown and scarred, flat-seeming from this altitude. And hazy, which was strange. He spoke the question aloud.

"Negative," Pete said. "Clear as a bell." And then, "You fogging up, boy? Your canopy?"

"Seems as if," Sandy said. There was no doubt about it now; the air was warmer down here, and his canopy was chilled. *It's condensing like summer air on the pipes in the cellar*, he thought. "Annoying." Then, "I can't see you, Pete. I can't see anything."

"But I see you," Pete said. "Another thousand feet and I'll be on your wing. Like old times."

"The smoke?"

"Still coming. No worse. Maybe better. Burning the seat of your pants yet?"

"I'm sweating," Sandy said. "If that's what you mean."

"Nose down a little, boy. Keep that thing moving. You don't want to stall it now." Then, "Better. Hold it like that. I'm latched onto you now. From here on, it's a breeze."

The colonel's voice said, "Jardine. That smoke? Can you see fire?"

"Negative, sir. Only smoke. I think he can make it. I'll talk him in."

"Sing me a soothing lullaby," Sandy said. *I could use it. Or a smile. Kate's smile;* and he tried to build a picture in his mind.

The air was suddenly alive, vibrant with distant sound. They stood up almost together, and together they went to the window, and then to the door and outside.

"There they are," Carla said. "Almost holding hands."

Kate closed her eyes. "The smoke. Sandy."

"There are times, pet," Carla said, "when I can't think of anything bright to say."

They stood there, together, in silence.

"Comes now," Pete said, "the interesting part. You're listening to me, son?"

"I'm attentive," Sandy said. The canopy was gray, blind. He was sweating freely, and the back of his neck ached from the tension. His altimeter showed less than a thousand feet. Nine hundred. Eight. The ground was down there, hard, unyielding, and he'd have to come in fast on his stubby wings. And the smoke—"How's my bonfire?"

Pete's voice was slow, grave, "You're still smoking. It's no worse, and no better. I can't tell, boy, how bad it is."

Seven hundred feet. The colonel's voice said, "If you think it's best, bail out."

"Roger," Sandy said. Then, "Pete?"

"It's got to be up to you, son. I think—I think, mind you—that you can make it. I just can't tell."

She had been asleep when he left, lying there, her face in repose. *I could have awakened her, and she would have smiled at me; I could have made her smile at me, in spite of what she said last night about heroes and gallant women. She didn't mean that. Not really.* He knew this now with deep conviction. *She's waiting for me, and it's going to be all right. Everything.* "We'll have a fling at it, Pete," he said. "Start talking." *I'm coming home, honey. Can you hear me?*

Carla said, almost whispering, standing there looking up at the two ships tied together by an invisible link, watching the smoke, feeling the pressure and the tension and the old, old fear, "Bail out. Please bail out."

"No," Kate said. She was shaking her head, and the strain of tears was around her eyes, but she stood tall and straight, proud. "He won't bail out. He'll bring it down. Safe. I know it now."

Three hundred feet. Two hundred. "Hold it steady," Pete said. "Steady, boy. I'm right with you."

One hundred. And the airspeed was high—he didn't know how high; he wouldn't allow himself to look. You put yourself in another man's hands, in his eyes and his brain, in the security of his judgment; you did it all the way, without hesitation or doubt, or you didn't do it at all.

"Nose up just a hair," Pete said. "Good. Your speed's fine. You're straight on the approach, coming in over the east fence. You've got twenty feet under you. Fifteen. Hold it steady, just like that. Ten feet, boy; eight, five. You're square and solid, right in the groove. You're coming in like a feather." His voice was altering, an undernote of triumph plain. "There it is, son. You're down, and you've got six miles of runway, right straight ahead, clear."

It was a little hard to speak. His voice was tight, but the words came out. "Thanks, Pete."

"Don't mention it. A little thing like that."

He was smiling now, sitting blind and tense, but smiling, and the smile went way down deep, warm and satisfying lighting his core where a man lives, and loves. *I'm here, honey. I'm coming home*

THE END

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The Fall of Edie Markham (Continued from Page 39)

kind of helpless gesture and dropped them again. "Ah," he said in an agony of pity, "this is bad. I didn't figure on anything like this." He shook his head and ran his hand over his face. "Lady," he said urgently, "money is to buy things—not people." He made another helpless gesture, as if he were fending off a huge wave. "Maybe you don't know what you're doing?"

"I know!" she cried fiercely. "I know, all right!"

"Listen," he said. "You better shut up and listen to what it is with Maggie and me. Will you do that, lady?" His voice was gentle, but there was no color in his face.

"I don't want to talk to you."

"I'll talk. I've got to talk. What's going on here is sick—sick and a little bit crazy! All right. Now I'm going to tell you what it is between us. See, lady; I know who I am. I work the forty-eight-hour week on the sloppy side of town. My big kicks were a glass of beer and the fights. Beer and the fights. Big deal. Then your girl shows up. And like I told you once before, at first I don't want any part of her. Then one day I'm with her and a very peculiar thing happens. I remember something from when I was a kid. I went to this Public School Number One-oh-five downtown, and every day I went past this house where they had a little garden out front. In the winter there was nothing there—snow. But when the weather began to break up I used to see these crazy little flowers show up, right out of the snow. Not much. Little scrawny things until the sun hit 'em; then they opened up, see? Only it took the sun to do the trick. Well, I'm the sun, see, and I'm shining on Maggie and she's opening up. Understand? That gives me something besides the beer and the fights, so don't go offering me money for the biggest thing in my life, lady, or, so help me God, I'll kill you!" He stopped, breathing hard. "I'm going to sit down," he said, and did.

Edie's face was a frozen mask. "Get out of here," she said.

"In a minute." He looked at her with a twisted grin. "You know something? My knees are shaking. I hand it to you—for that." He got up slowly and moved toward the door. "Do yourself a favor," he said. "Tell Maggie everything is squared away."

"No," said Edie shortly.

He turned on her. "Look," he said harshly, "I'm giving you the biggest break of your life!"

"You're doing nothing for me, boy! And you're not off the hook. I'll be watching you every second, and the first time you get out of line ——" She broke off, trembling.

"Lady," he said quietly, "I think maybe you've got me mixed up with somebody else."

"You're the same," she cried, "the same as he was!"

"We're getting married the day after tomorrow," he said flatly. "City Hall."

Then he went out and closed the door.

She lay for a long time in her darkened bedroom. It was after nine when Maggie came in with a tray.

"I don't want it."

"It'll make you feel better. Please."

"No."

Maggie set the tray down and then came to the foot of the bed. "Did he—did he tell you when we're getting married?"

Edie sat up. "Listen, baby. You can't."

"But it's all planned. Why can't we get married? Why?"

She lay back, exhausted. "Because I won't be here."

"Where are you going?"

"On a—well, on a business trip."

"I don't think so," said Maggie quietly. "I don't think that's it at all."

"Do I care what you think? I'm telling you. I won't be here."

"I'm going to be married just the same."

"You wouldn't."

"I'm going to be married," said Maggie drearily, "and you're going away with Paul Gilbert."

"I forbid you to say that. I forbid your marriage." Edie threw back the covers. "I'll be back soon."

"I won't be here," said Maggie.

"You're judging me," cried Edie; "that's why you're doing this to me!"

"I'm not judging you," said Maggie tremulously. "I just don't understand why you're doing it."

"Don't, then. Just wait. Just wait a few weeks. Promise."

"I have to think of Joe!" cried Maggie.

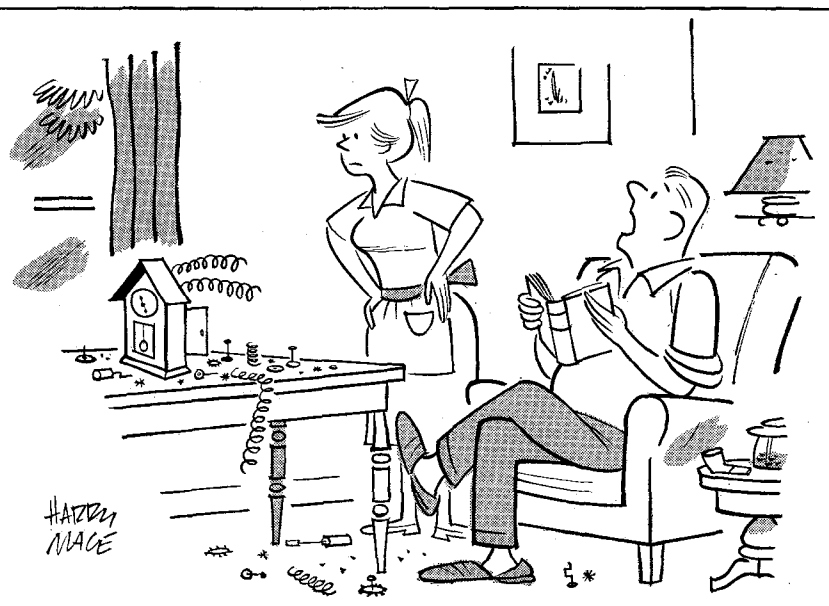
"Maggie, I've always given you everything. This time I'm asking ——"

"You want to stop it. I know you do."

"No. I want to have time to get used to the idea."

"I don't know. I don't know what will happen—to either of us." She went out.

Edie buried her head in the pillow. She had to think. Could she put Paul off, stall things until she was sure Maggie was free of that boy? No. Paul would never stand still for it. There had to be a way.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I lost interest."

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The answer struck her suddenly, bringing with it an overpowering sense of relief. There was Sam. Maggie adored Sam; she would listen to him. Sam was a match for Petrelli. Sam would help her. She'd go and see him. Now. Tonight. Of course, there would have to be an explanation about Paul. *I'll think about that later*, she told herself, *when I have to.*

Sam's apartment was in a big, musty, unfashionable building downtown. His heart had always been in the highlands and he would not surrender himself to the city. The place looked it. Edie glanced over his shoulder as he opened the door. There was unbelievable clutter everywhere; books stacked on chairs and tables, books piled in little mountains on the floor. On the desk was a bouquet of wood violets jammed miserably together in a jelly glass, and next to it a glass jar filled with dirt and simply labeled "The Good Earth."

"Well, sweet Hannah, it's Edie—the lady who stood me up!"

"Hello, Sam. Let me come in."

"Sure, sure. Take a chair. Have a drink. Offer an apology." He grinned.

Edie pushed past him and sank down in a cracked leather chair.

"You look tired."

She nodded. "Yes."

"What's the matter, honey?" He sat down on an ottoman near her. "You look really under the weather."

"Sam, I need help as I never needed it before in my life."

He patted her gently. "You've always needed help, Edie," he said quietly; "only you've never been willing to take it before."

Edie opened her eyes. "You don't really like me, do you, Sam?"

"Don't be a fool. I'm in love with you."

"But you don't approve of me—of the way I live—of what I am."

"Maybe not, but I figure if I wait, you'll get tired of it." He got up and went to a cupboard. "What's the problem?"

She moistened her lips. "Sam, Maggie's going to be married."

"Wonderful," said Sam, beaming. "Fine."

"That's just it. It's not wonderful. It's some kid she met, some roughneck kid. Oh, Sam, I've lived through it all with a boy like that. It's got to be stopped."

"That bad?"

"Worse. I'm frantic."

"I don't know, Edie. Maggie's pretty grown up, pretty sensible."

"She's not thinking, Sam! Just feeling." She got up and began to prowl up and down the room. "I don't know what to do."

"If it's as bad as you say, get her out of town for a while. Until it cools down. If you're sure of what you're doing, Edie."

"That's just it. That's why I need you. I have to go away myself for a while. Now. It's business."

Sam's brow furrowed. "Business? Who cares about business? This is your kid. What kind of business can be that important?"

"It is. That's all."

"Slow down. Slow way down, Edie. This isn't good enough for me. Where are you going? Who's going with you?"

"Are you going to help me with Maggie or aren't you?"

"I've asked you some questions!" he said fiercely.

"Why rub your nose in it?" said Edie angrily. "Can't you do a kind thing without putting strings on it?"

"Look, you're asking me to stick my neck out where it has no business to be, while you duck out of town. I'm darn well going to know why or else I shut up shop!"

"All right. You asked for it. I'm going away with Paul Gilbert. You know all the reasons better than I do. We needn't argue the fine points any longer. I have to go. I'm leaving Maggie behind in a mess. I'm asking you to help me. Will you?"

Sam's face grew livid. "I'd see you in hell first! What are you? Some kind of an animal? You didn't just whelp Maggie; she was born to you! You say she's in a hole! Then get her out of it!" He jabbed an angry forefinger at her. "You, Edie; not any handy substitute. You! As for your private downfall, my dear, the gutter will wait. It's always with us. On second thought, go ahead and wallow. Nothing Maggie can get into is any worse than what she's got with you."

"Sam!"

"No, Edie, this time you get it straight. What do you want me to tell you? That you're the Mother of the Year? You're poison, Edie."

"You're jealous. All this moralizing is jealousy!"

"You have to want something to be jealous of it, old girl. I want no part of you. Me, simple Sam, who's waited fifteen years with egg on his face, waited for you to get old or sick or just plain human. I must have been out of my mind."

"You ought to thank me. I saved you from that."

"Don't talk cheap. Or maybe you're too dumb to know what you're throwing away."

"Are you finished?"

"You ever see one of those roadside signs? The kind that say The Wages of Sin is Death? You know what they mean? They mean you get paid out by dying in inches. Those nights you won't sleep, wondering where your kid is; what's happened to her. The days when Gilbert gets sick and tired of you. The morning you wake up old. The wages of sin, Edie; full union scale!"

"I'm going."

"I'm not stopping you."

She paused, her face contorted. "Sam, for old time's sake, keep an eye on her. Watch out for her."

"For her own sake. Not yours."

"She won't get married without me," said Edie, almost arrogantly. "I'm important to her."

"You fool," said Sam harshly, "love is what's important to her, and she has to go to someone else to get it. Me too. Good-by, Edie. Keep the lights on in Markham's monument. From now on, you'll be afraid of the dark."

Edie stared at him for one long moment. Then she turned and ran stumbling from the room.

Edie had Paul's driver stop by the store for one last check with her secretary. Sailing wasn't until early afternoon and she wanted as much time to herself as she could manage. She was not to have it.

Markham's Minions gathered in her office to offer their farewells and their veiled congratulations. Her trip, explained as the first decent vacation she had taken in years, was politely applauded by all.

Billy Ecland, old and full of pain, alone among all those present understood the inevitability of this affair. The greatest fighters took the hardest falls. So be it. To the victor belong the shattered nerves, the ruined digestion, the night fears, the lost soul. Bon voyage, Edie.

Nanny Gray was inwardly soothed. Edie, the peeress of all career women, sold to the highest bidder. Edie, the great holdout. Well, that Betsy Harris child had come within an inch of taking her place. *Next time*, she promised herself, *next time, my dear.*

Marty Graham computed the cost. Edie would have the top spot in the organization. He'd never climb out of his job now. He'd have to tell his wife, Sylvia, that. He was almost grateful to Edie. What a great chance to give Sylvia a good scare; let her think she was going to have to lower her precious standard of living. The first thing he'd do was fire her personal maid.

Pete Williams looked into the future. He could see Gilbert as the first team in Edie's life for the time being, but as a steady diet —— He would have to let Edie know he was around in a personal way. Funny. All these years and he'd never spotted the clay feet. *Better late than never, Pete, old boy.* He decided to send champagne to the boat.

Edie's nerves tightened through the endless exchange of banalities. Finally she could stand it no longer.

"Thank you, one and all, for your kind thoughts," she said, "but remember, I'll be getting detailed reports in my absence. In short, my dears, my eye is on the sparrow." She waved them from the room. Then she rang for her secretary. "Call my home, please."

Her good-by to Maggie had been full of strain, formal and polite. Now she wanted to tell her that she loved her. Simply that. Once more she wanted the warmth which had always flowed between them. She shook with eagerness to speak to her again.

"There's no answer, Miss Markham. Shall I keep trying?"

"Still mad about being jilted?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Edie glanced at the clock. She shook her head and asked to have the car sent round to the front of the building. . . .

The stateroom was full of purple tulips; they created a hothouse atmosphere, an unnatural Garden of Eden. Paul waited patiently for it to impress Edie. He was rewarded by the spectacle of her moving about the cabin like an animal in a cage—an animal made frightened and ferocious by captivity.

"Do you think you could sit down," he asked her politely, "and say a kind word or two?"

She stood at the porthole, gazing back toward the city, deaf to his words.

"You've made a rather prolonged farewell to that view," he said.

She turned slowly to face him. "I can't be attentive all the time," she said.

"Not even at the beginning?" he asked her caustically.

With icy calm, she turned and took the chair opposite him. Her eyes were fixed on his face with an expression of dutiful interest.

"Well?" she said.

"Well, Edie, to begin with, suppose you tell me what it is you're finding so difficult to leave behind." He smiled almost paternally.

"I'm afraid you'd be bored if I told you."

"I'm afraid I shall be bored in any event, since you hardly seem to be aware of my presence."

"Let's not quarrel, Paul."

"By no means. But let us understand each other. I arranged to go away with a flesh-and-blood woman. I find I'm traveling with Niobe and her tears."

"I'm not crying."

"Not visibly. But for whom are the inner tears? Family? Friends? Lover?"

"I never cry for anyone but myself," she said thinly.

"Ah. Now you have touched me." He put the tips of his fingers together. "You see, I've made myself responsible for your happiness."

She went back to the window. When she spoke, her voice trembled. "You'd despise my reasons for crying. You have no idea how really middle class I am. You see, I'm crying because I'm ashamed of myself."

"My dear, you are a moralist," he said smoothly. "You surprise me."

"I've only just begun."

"Really?"

"Would you like to hear it all? My confession?" Her tone was self-mocking, bitter.

"Certainly."

"All right, then. I wish there were a way of doing this without hurting you—even without hurting myself. But the truth can't always be pretty, can it?"

"I'm in no position to say. I rarely speak it."

"I'm not in the habit either, but this is the truth. I'm afraid I've never loved you, Paul. What I did love for a very long time was what you could give me. My work. A place in the sun. Only quite suddenly I find I don't love them any more, either."

"Poor Edie," said Paul thinly, "you seem to have run out of things to want,"

"Not quite. I want very much to go back to the city, Paul. I want to go and see if my daughter is happy. I want to apologize to someone I've used harder than I've used you. I want to make peace with a boy. To be shriven, Paul. To be clean again."

There was a long silence. "I see. Then you're hardly in the proper company, are you?"

"You're amused."

"Not in the least."

"I expect you'll be very hard on me, Paul," (*Continued on Page 80*)

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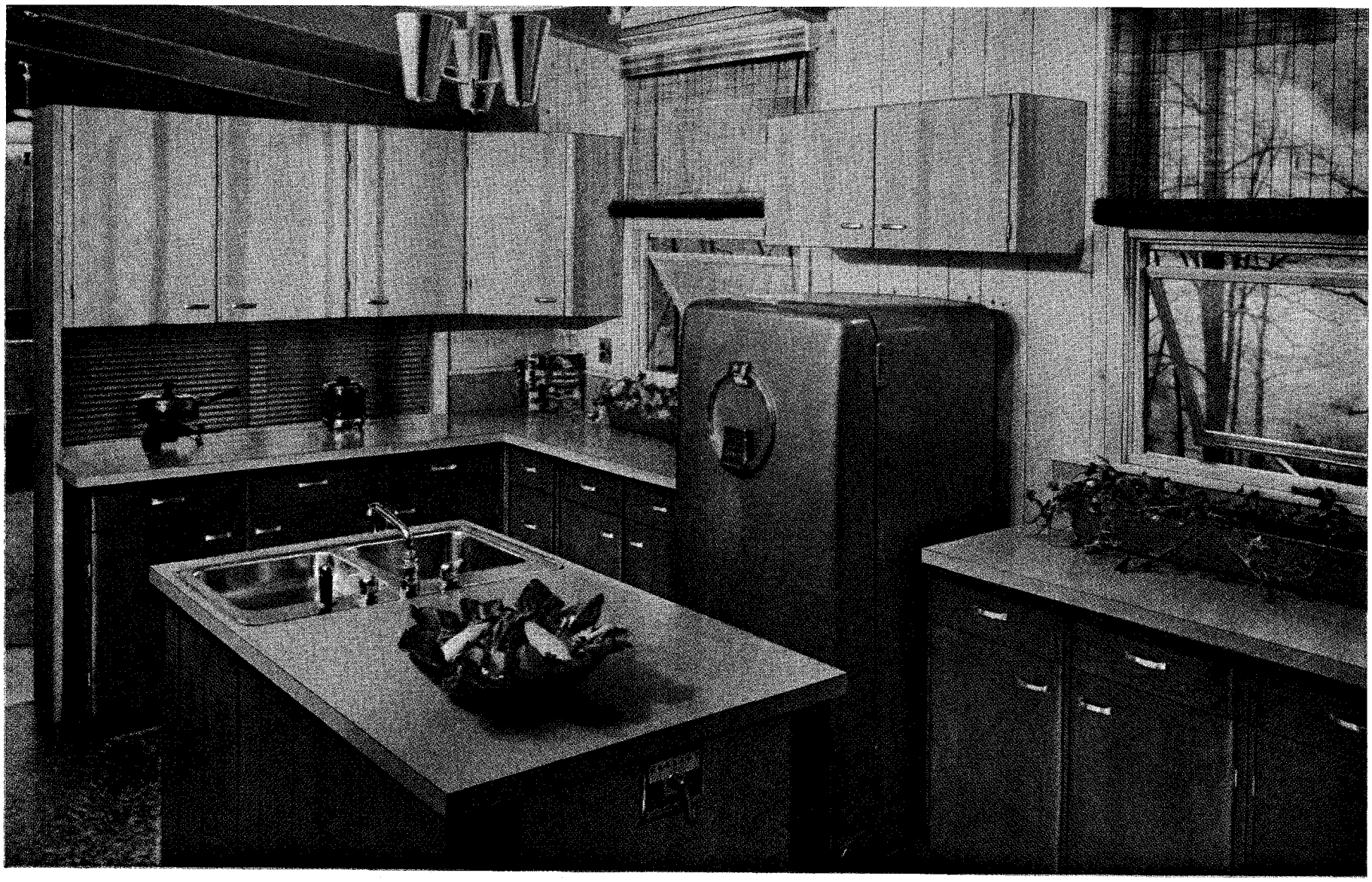

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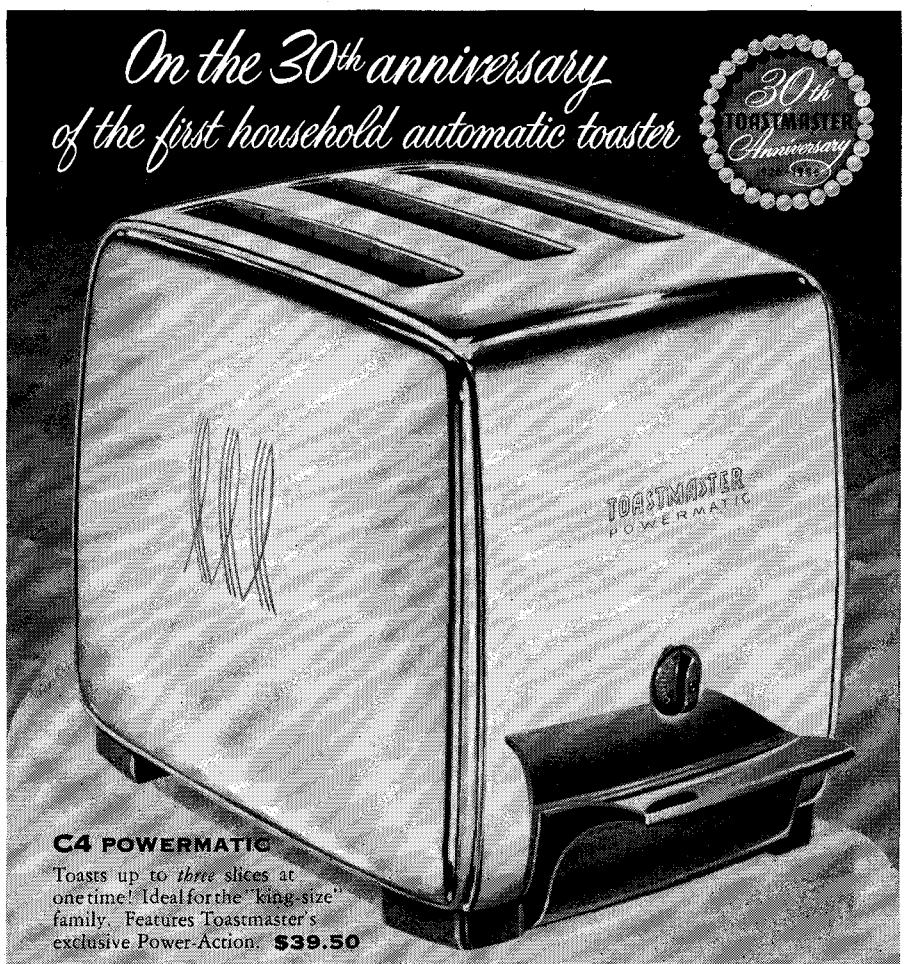
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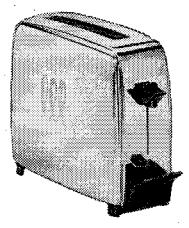

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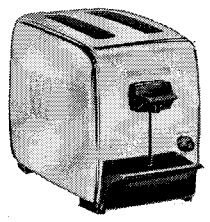

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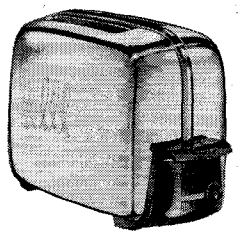

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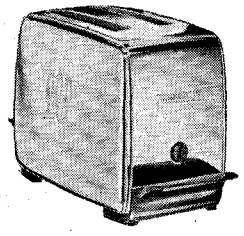

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(*Continued from Page 78*)

Edie said with just the glimmer of a smile.

"That depends on what you intend to do."

"I'm going to make a grand gesture," said Edie. "I'm going to throw away everything I've struggled for—my career, prestige, that wonderful building you let me put up—I'm giving them all as a wedding present to Maggie. I'm going for broke, Paul." She looked at him evenly.

He got up and went to take a glass of sherry from the table. "Broke is what it'll be," he said, raising his glass to her. "I think you'll enjoy being poor but honest. You started that way, didn't you?"

"It's been so long, I don't remember."

Paul sighed. "Thou shalt not. It's such a stern old law. I never thought I'd find you resorting to it."

"I think it was probably written for my kind," she said wryly.

"Well, then, good-by," said Paul simply. "You see, you've been a great expectation for so long in my life, I shall miss you."

"That's kind of you."

"I mean it. Shall I see you ashore?"

"No."

"Tell me," asked Paul suddenly, "is your daughter very like you?"

"Not at all."

"A pity." He held out his arms to her. "May I?" he asked.

She went to him and he kissed her once without violence or passion. "You would probably have disappointed me anyway," he said.

The clerk at the City Hall was not sure of his facts. "We get lots of young couples, you understand. If you could tell me something special about them ——"

"She's young and tall and has green eyes. He's dark. Taller than I am."

The clerk scratched his head. "Sure the wedding was today?"

"Yes. Yes."

"Say, now, he was here. That's right. I remember that, all right. He was here with a big, heavy-set man and his wife and kids. Only the girl didn't show up. Boy waited for almost an hour, and then they all left."

"But that's impossible." A feeling of panic washed over Edie.

"That's exactly what happened, though. I remember now, because that boy went wild! He certainly did!"

Edie couldn't bear to hear another word. She left the office and stood outside, trying to compose herself. Maggie hadn't come to her own wedding. Then there was something wrong. Oh, heaven, something terribly wrong. She ran down the hall, looking for a telephone. The phone rang and rang and rang with a deadly monotony, but there was no answer from Sam's place. Perhaps they'd changed their minds and eloped. She called her own apartment. No answer. Her office. Maybe they knew something at the office.

"Oh, Miss Markham."

Edie heard the voice tremble; heard the tears. "What is it?" she demanded violently. "What is it?"

"We've been trying to reach you. On the ship. They said you weren't aboard. We tried everywhere. It's Maggie. She's been hurt."

Edie sagged against the wall as if she had been struck a blow. "Where is she?" she asked.

"St. Luke's."

Edie left the receiver dangling wildly on the hook and ran.

"She had got this watch for Joe for a wedding present and she wanted him to have it before the ceremony. That's why she came down to the wrecking job on Twenty-Fourth Street. She must have been looking for him, because she went in under the ropes, and that's when it happened. A wall collapsed. Lady, I don't think I ever saw anybody like Joey when he heard it. He's crazy with it. They can't get him out of that room for one single minute."

The woman who was speaking to her was crying. Or maybe it was her own sobs Edie heard. She didn't know. And then somebody was pulling her to her feet and cradling her and trying to soothe her.

"All right, Edie; all right, darling." Sam held her close. "Listen, can you hear me? It's not too bad. That's the truth. I swear it. Are you listening?"

She nodded her head, unable to speak.

"She's all doped up now, so you can't talk to her, but the doctor said you can go in and check for yourself. She was badly bruised and cut up. She's in shock. But she looks worse than she is. And one other thing. The boy. Don't meddle with him. He's got his arms across the bed and nothing's going to get him out of there. Now I'll take you in, if you're ready to go."

Edie would have been relieved by his words and comforted, but the emotion was choked off by the presence of Joe. The sight of Maggie lying still and white on the hospital bed, with the dark figure of the young man thrown violently across her, his arms outstretched, was a strange moment in Edie's life. Joe was kneeling by the bed with his face pressed into the covers. She could not hear anything, and yet she knew by the way his hands clenched convulsively that he was crying. Suddenly Edie moved toward him, and then, with an almost helpless gesture, she put her hand out and stroked his head.

"There, now. There. Stop it."

His face remained hidden.

"Don't fold up under it, my dear," she said painfully. "Be a man. She's not going to die, and it's you she'll want, so fight it. Make the best of it." She paused. "I have. Look at me. See? Come on, boy; pick up your head." She pulled at him, but gently, like an animal tugging its young away from danger. Then she turned to Sam and the doctor and motioned them from the room. He remained crouched where he was.

"All right, then," she said harshly. "Collapse. Wallow in it. If that's all you're good for!"

With that, he whirled around, his face wild. "Go to hell!" he said fiercely.

"That's better," she said with a tremulous smile. "Isn't it?"

He stood there, numbed and haggard.

"Could you get me a chair?" she asked quietly. "I don't think I can stand here much longer."

Heavily, he moved to bring her one. She sank down in it, and before he could step away from her, she caught hold of him.

"She's yours," she said slowly, "so you do have a right to grieve over her. But not like that. Never be helpless when she needs you—or you'll have me to deal with." She looked away from him toward Maggie. "I hope you are strong. Tell me that. Are you?"

"Listen," he said hotly, "you're through here! Don't come in here 'giving' me your daughter! Don't sit there telling me how she belongs to me! Last night I held onto her while she cried her heart out! She begged me to love her—to love her enough to make up for you! Go stand up under that! Then let me see you taking it like a man!"

Edie's voice shook. "I'm not thinking of myself any more, so don't try to hurt me. We'd better learn to like each other, Joe. We'd better make room for each other."

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"That's a big dose," he said bitterly.

She looked at him with hard eyes. "For me too. I'm a hater."

The faintest shadow of a smile touched him. "Yeah. I know."

"So—what's it to be?"

He shrugged. "My mind's not on you, if you want to know the facts." He turned back to the bed. "She wraps it all up," he said softly. "Everything I give a hang for."

"Then make peace for her sake. She really likes me, you know. Faults and all." She, too, looked at Maggie. "My daughter has a faithful heart."

"I don't know," he mumbled, bewildered. "I don't know. You're tough to get along with."

"I probably won't get any better," she said wryly.

"One thing," he said flatly, "you're not too crazy about yourself."

"No."

He looked at her then—his emotions a violent mixture of dislike and yearning. "You won't get any valentines," he said.

"All right."

"She wants to live with me—the way I live."

"Agreed."

"What'll happen to you?" he asked abruptly.

"It depends," she said slowly, "on how lucky I am."

"We all need that," he said, and for the first time his voice was almost gentle.

●

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"I'll take that for your good wishes."

"O.K."

"She's still asleep. She has a black eye."

Joe's gaze followed hers. "She looks like she's been in a fight."

"She has, in a way. We've all taken a beating. A fight with no winners."

Slowly Joe put out his hand. He touched her awkwardly on the shoulder. "No losers, either," he said.

She saw that the hospital waiting room was empty except for Sam. He sat in a wicker chair by the window with his head thrown back, his eyes closed. There was something empty and chilling about the scene; Sam tired-looking and worn, waiting for a woman who had spent her emotions. Greatly troubled, Edie came and sat down opposite him. She had never made a place in her life for him, and still he endured it, endured her. He knew her now without illusion. So much the better; if only it weren't too late.

"Sam," she said softly.

He awoke with a start. "Lord, but I slept." He groaned and then yawned widely. "How long have you been here?"

"Not long," she said.

He groped for cigarettes, lit one, and peered at her through the dim light. "Well," he said, "have you made your peace with all the world?"

"Not quite," she answered slowly. "There's still you, Sam."

"You don't have to eat crow with me."

"With you more than anyone. Yours is the oldest and sorest grievance, I think."

"Maybe. I don't think about it."

"Don't you?"

He shook his head. "Edie, I'm getting on in life. I've got to save myself for my pleasures, not my pains. It isn't always easy, but I'm learning. Even with you."

"Oh, Sam," she said wrenchingly, "don't cut me off!"

"You're all right by yourself, Edie. You've always done fine alone."

"No. I haven't. I haven't."

"Listen, baby," he said gently, "right now, tonight, you're raw. You've had to give up something, a big part of your life, and you're feeling it. Tomorrow you won't even miss it."

"Who will take Maggie's place?" she said frantically. "Who will take yours, Sam?"

"I don't know," he said slowly. "Whatever emotion it is you live on. I've never been able to find out exactly what does keep you going, Edie, but there must be something."

"It's you," she said shamelessly; "it's always been you."

"Ah, baby," he said regretfully, "that won't bring me to my knees. I've lived these fifteen years without you. I've never even been close to making it with you."

"And now you're out of love with me," she said dully.

"No," he said flatly. "I love you. Only it doesn't get us anywhere. I'm forty-seven years old, Edie. I want to arrive! I've had enough hanging around. Maybe it's pride. Maybe it's vanity. But I've had enough."

"But I'm ready now. Sam, I want you."

"You're scared now."

"Yes, I am scared. I don't want to lose you, Sam. You see, I have no vanity—no pride, either."

"You don't need them with me. Edie," he said violently, "I want to believe you!"

"Why would I lie to you?"

"Because you want to be safe. Only you won't be, with me. If you go with me now you're committed. No hedging, no reservations. All the patience I ever had for you is played out! I'll be rough on you! I'll take!"

"Wonderful," she said happily.

He stared at her, amazed at the serenity of her answer.

"We'll live on your terrible old farm," she said, holding out her arms to him. "We'll freeze in the winter and roast in the summer. I'll let my hair go gray and you'll lose yours. I'll get fat. We'll be very, very happy."

"You witch," he said, pulling her close. "You make it sound possible."

"Sam," she said fervently, "believe in me. Help me. Stand me on my feet again."

"How I want to, Edie!" He was hesitant.

"What is it, darling?"

"What about that thing?" He turned her around so she could see the city sparkling before her. "What about Harrington's, Eighth Wonder of the World?"

The tower stood there like a great shaft, iced with light.

"Look at it," he commanded; "look long and hard, because we're getting to essentials now, you and me. Down on the farm that tower will seem like the biggest and brightest spot on earth. It's the work of your hands, Edie."

"I'd rather plant seeds," she said quietly.

"If we do this thing," he said warningly, "you'll be a country girl. Anything and everything on the land is bigger than you are. Can you take that, Edie? Can you give up the forty-five stories of steel and glass?"

"It's just a building," she said calmly, "that belongs to someone else. So take me home, Sam, and try to make a woman of me."

He bent over her and kissed her long and hard on the mouth. Then he held her at arms' length and looked at her with love and pride. "It may not be hard," he said exultantly; "it may not be hard at all."

THE END

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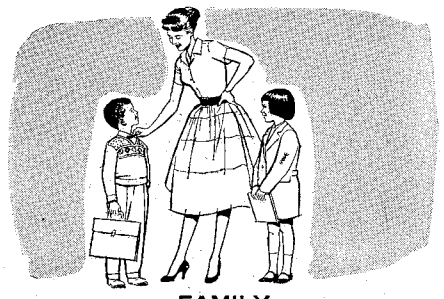

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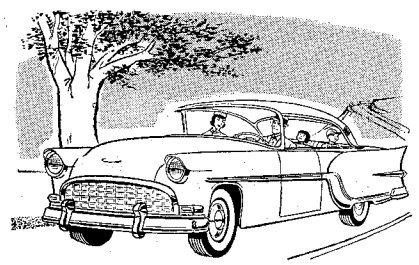

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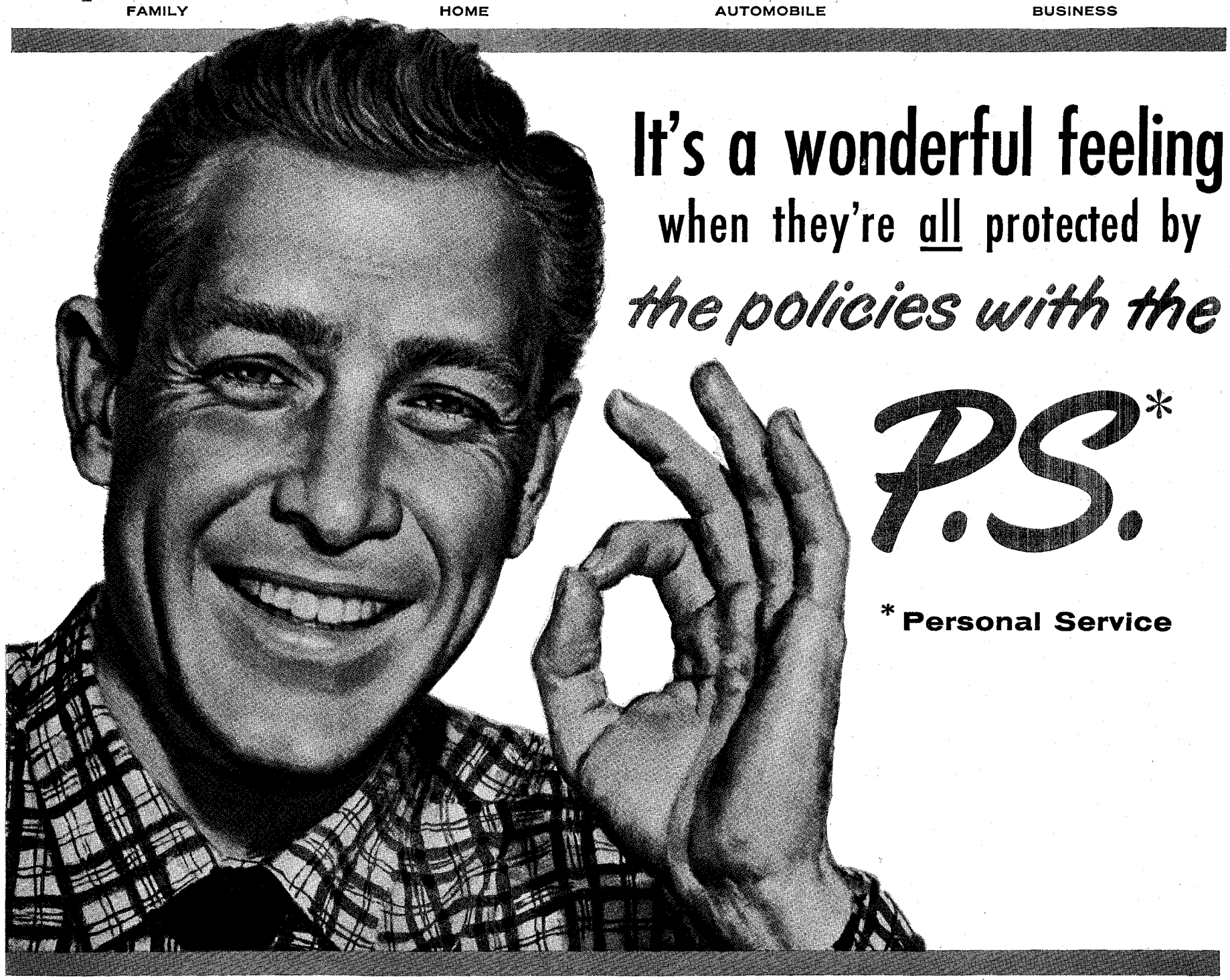

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Big Labor's Big Boss (Continued from Page 27)

through the driest kind of reading—economics, history and even the minutes of old AFL conventions. On the rostrum he is an interesting extemporaneous speaker.

Heading a confederation of 140 national and international unions made up of some 66,000 local unions, Meany is the most powerful labor leader in free-trade-union history. As such, he is chauffeured to his office in an official AFL-CIO limousine. His office is a sumptuously modern suite in the new, $3,500,000 AFL-CIO building just across Lafayette Square from the White House. As labor's "first citizen," Meany receives $35,000 a year—a salary which is considerably smaller than that of some union leaders—and he is entitled to a lifetime pension of 75 per cent of that. But he abhors the flashy, free-spending "labor skate." He never throws his money around. He'll bet two dollars, carefully, at the race track. Although he wears custom-made shirts, he has his collars turned when they fray. His suits, of durable material, are tailor-made at a London shop, but he also buys dollar ties. His sartorial trademark is a gaily-colored waistcoat; he owns several dozen of them.

Meany began his career as a plumber in the Bronx. Conscious that his own rise has many parallels to the progress of the labor movement itself, Meany is now trying to create his own image of what a "labor statesman" should be. He does not subscribe to the doctrine that a labor leader's only value is his ability to bring economic pressure on employers. He thinks of himself primarily as a conciliator. His views on foreign policy are respected by State Department officials and foreign diplomats. He feels that union officials should play a positive and responsible role in the local, national and international community, and should work together with management in a *quid-pro-quo* partnership for their mutual good.

This attitude can be traced in part to the fact that Meany's background was in the building trade's craft unions, which never took the European class-warfare line clearly implied by some American labor leaders when they were fighting to get their foot in the door.

There is another reason for his broad outlook: alone among the top labor leaders today, Meany never headed a union. He never ordered a strike and says frankly he would not know how to lead one. Meany came up strictly as a "federation man," dealing with AFL administrative, legislative and policy problems—the very things which are most important to the labor movement now.

Meany forced his way to the pinnacle through his ability to sense the changing temper of the times, his reputation for keeping his word and his almost domineering personality. A self-educated man who never went beyond first-year high school, Meany "has improved himself every day of his life," according to one friend. As a result, he has become a bridge between the parochial old AFL types and the Walter Reuther type of philosophical theorizer.

No group has been more agreeably surprised by Meany's growth than the CIO high command. CIO leaders got their first close-up of Meany at the White House in 1951. Organized labor had been given some representation in the Korean-war mobilization agencies, but not in jobs near the top levels. When the union officials collectively decided to walk out on the program because they had no voice in policy-making, President Truman called the aggrieved leaders to a conference. He gave them assurances that he was still labor's best friend and promised he would see to it that labor got a better seat at the mobilization table.

The late Philip Murray, then CIO president, said that was good enough for him, prompting the late William Green, then AFL president, to chime in with his meek assent. Just when the meeting began to look like a clambake, the voice of George Meany, then AFL secretary-treasurer, boomed out in all its natural belligerence.

"That doesn't take care of it, Mr. President," Meany said. "The trouble is there's not enough responsibility in the agencies themselves—they're run by businessmen."

The blood rushed to Truman's face and for a moment he seemed on the verge of one of his favorite expletives. Several labor officials tactfully changed the subject in a hurry and his feelings apparently were soothed.

Most of the union leaders were shocked that one so low on their totem pole had talked somewhat roughly to the President of the United States. But as they filed out of the White House there was muttered admiration for the fact that Meany had had the guts to speak up for the integrity of labor under difficult circumstances.

> Give some people an inch and they'll measure it.
>
> G. NORMAN COLLIE

The CIO, however, still was not sure Meany was anything more than a tough-talking AFL business agent. After all, his record, unlike theirs, had not been forged in that crucible of labor-management relations, collective bargaining. Not until the CIO men faced Meany across a table in the AFL and CIO pre-merger talks in 1953–54 did they realize he had real talent as a negotiator. In fact, it was Meany's desire for the merger, plus his willingness to compromise intelligently and avoid pettiness in bargaining with the CIO, that made the merger possible. Secretary of Labor James P. Mitchell says that in terms of the merger Meany is "the right man at the right time."

Can Meany keep this colossus from pulling itself apart? Through the years he has proved his leadership qualities, but he has never operated on so grand a scale. Meany must demonstrate that he is the strongest personality in a platoon of unusually strong-willed men—the twenty-seven vice-presidents who sit with him on the policy-making AFL-CIO Executive Council. Each man is chief of a big union in his own right, and jealous of his powers, prerogatives and traditions. Meany has no more dictatorial powers over the Executive Council than the council has over the AFL-CIO membership. The 140 member unions are more sovereign than the forty-eight states.

Meany's first challenge came from the rich International Brotherhood of Teamsters, when James R. Hoffa, its free-wheeling vice-president and Midwestern czar, promised a $400,000 loan to the International Longshoremen's Association. As president of the AFL in 1953, Meany had seen to it that the longshoremen were kicked out of the AFL on charges of gangsterism and corruption.

So now he telephoned Dave Beck, Teamsters' president, and pointed out that the AFL-CIO constitution forbids a member union to "recognize" any union exiled by either the AFL or CIO. Meany warned Beck that if the loan went through he would take the case to the AFL-CIO Executive Council, which has the power to suspend a member union and recommend its expulsion to the full AFL-CIO convention.

At its March meeting, the Teamsters' executive board accordingly disapproved the loan, but at the same time it backed the idea of a mutual-aid pact with the longshoremen. Meany thereupon warned Beck privately that the mutual-aid pact was unsatisfactory, and said he would call a special meeting of the Executive Council to decide what to do about it. Ten days later the Teamsters voted to dissolve the pact. Beck stayed away from the meeting of the AFL-CIO council, which unanimously approved an immediate course of action.

Meany's attempt to be an enlightened statesman met its stiffest resistance at his "summit meeting" with Charles R. Sligh, Jr., then board chairman of the National Association of Manufacturers. Meany had been invited to address the NAM while it was meeting concurrently with the first AFL-CIO convention in New York in early December, 1955. If he could negotiate peace with the CIO, dreamed Meany, why not with the NAM? Five days before he addressed the NAM, he extended an olive branch in a signed article in The New York Times magazine. He advanced the idea of a "non-aggression pact," a "live and let live" agreement under which all but the exceptional disputes could be settled "amicably."

Meany followed this up with a conciliatory, ad-lib speech to the NAM convention in which he sought to quiet fears that had been expressed about the newborn monolithic labor giant. He pointed out that American labor leaders since Samuel Gompers had opposed the idea of a general strike as a weapon, adding that the AFL-CIO leadership could not call one even if it wanted to. Then he made what amounted to a heretical statement for a labor leader. He said that he, for one, conceded that "the Wagner Act went too far one way, just as I think the Taft-Hartley Act goes too far the other way."

Sligh, who was the next speaker, says now he did not reply to Meany because he felt he had not spelled out the terms of his "nonaggression pact." Instead, Sligh plunged into his own prepared text: What Management Expects of Organized Labor. He demanded more "democracy" from unions and asked an end to "violence," "coercion," "featherbedding" and "political retaliation." When the convention session was over, Sligh and Meany hung around and continued their debate in a name-calling argument, to the delight of newspapermen.

Meany later commented that Sligh's speech had "sure slammed hell out of us." But Meany sat down with the NAM official in a two-and-a-half-hour private luncheon on February 23, 1956, to try to reach some sort of mutual understanding. They never got past Point 1 on Sligh's agenda—"union insistence on compulsory membership" in the union-shop contract.

Meany was not too frustrated by the failure of the meeting, feeling that he had put Sligh on the spot. He later noted that a great many members of NAM have union-shop contracts.

One aide says that Meany, long famous for his blunt candor, now thinks twice before speaking, in keeping with his larger responsibilities. If so, perhaps Meany should think thrice before sounding

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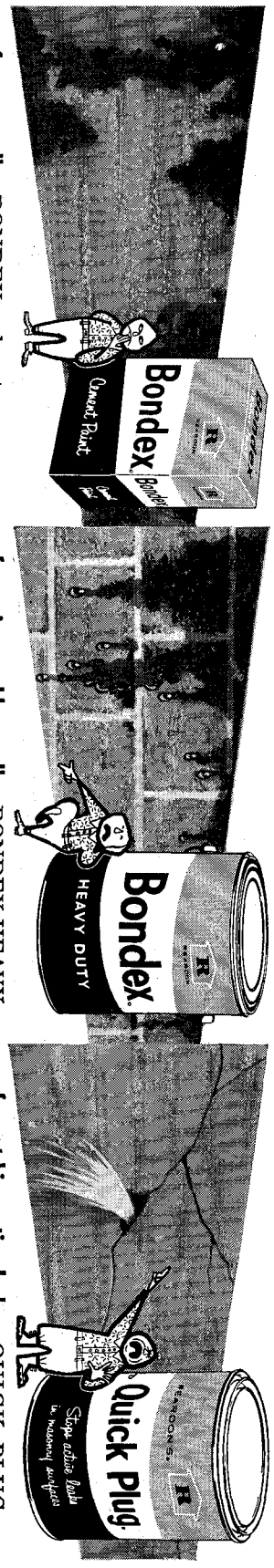

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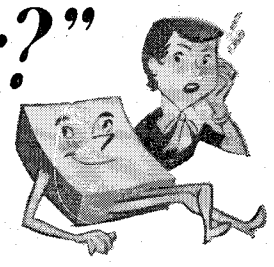

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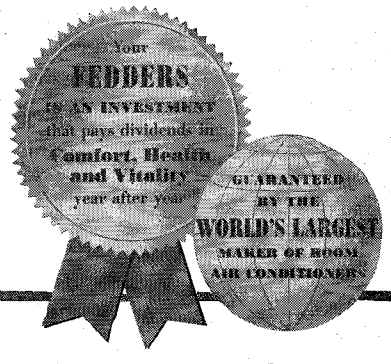

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off. Friend and foe alike continue to feel the occasional lash of his tongue.

Addressing the National Religion and Labor Foundation in New York City last December, Meany took a swipe at American "liberals" for remaining "stone silent" about Russia's concentration camps, and for being "antianticommunist." He also attacked the neutralist positions of Prime Minister Nehru of India and Marshal Tito of Yugoslavia, charging that they were "aides and allies" of the communists "in fact and in effect, if not in diplomatic verbiage."

This tone evoked only polite applause from his audience, most if not all of whom considered themselves liberal. And it embarrassed the next speaker, Walter Reuther, who was planning to visit Nehru in India in May and wished that Brother Meany would stop rocking the boat.

Meany's militancy on communism is influenced by one of his closest advisers, Jay Lovestone, onetime general secretary of the American Communist Party who has long since reformed and is now on the payroll of the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union. Meany does not believe it is enough to fight communism only by operating a superior social and economic system, as some in the labor movement contend.

Those who say Meany is "needlessly" obsessed with red strategy can find little comfort in his record. Back in 1945 in Blackpool, England, Meany warned that Russia was bent on using the World Federation of Trade Unions as a fifth column to undermine the democracies. The AFL refused to join the WFTU, but the accuracy of Meany's diagnosis was not generally acknowledged until the CIO and the British and French trade-unions came crawling out of the WFTU nearly four years later.

Meany believes deeply that the West's most effective bulwark against the spread of communism is an active free-trade-union movement. He preached this doctrine in typical free-swinging style at the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions meeting in Vienna in May, 1955. The ICFTU had been organized by seventy-nine free nations to offset the scarlet WFTU, but many of its members were turning out to be armchair anti-communists, seemingly content with Soviet-style peaceful coexistence.

On the rostrum and in committee sessions, Meany hammered at the lethargic delegates for action, arguing that "without defeating communist infiltration and subversion at home you can never stop communist invasion and slavery from abroad." The conference finally voted to set up a special committee to win members away from communist-controlled unions and to beat the Reds to the punch in organizing the workers in underdeveloped countries. Meany also talked the German Socialists into reversing themselves and supporting the rearming of Western Germany.

Meany relishes his role as a king-sized needler on foreign policy. A few years ago, Henri Bonnet, then the French ambassador, became so concerned about Meany's criticism of French policy in Tunisia that he began to wine and dine Meany in a kind of elegant brainwashing. At one dinner party, as a climax, a French expert on Tunisia worked on Meany all through the wine courses, delivering a treatise intended to prove that the Tunisians actually were much better off under the French than they would be if they were on their own. When he finished, the expert asked Meany if he had any questions.

"Just one," Meany replied. "When are you fellows going to stop kicking the Tunisians around?"

The dinner party proceeded to the cognac in heavy silence.

There was no discussion of French wine or foreign policy in Meany's early environment. He was born on August 16, 1894, in Harlem, and baptized William George. His parents, Michael and Anna (Cullen) Meany, eventually had a total of ten children. The family soon moved to a nine-room house in the Port Morris section of the Bronx, where Mike Meany was a foreman plumber and for some time president of Local 2 of the AFL United Association of Plumbers and Steamfitters.

After a year of high school, young George grew restless, got a job as errand boy for an advertising agency and then became an apprentice plumber. By 1915 he was a journeyman plumber and a union member. Four years later he was elected to Local 2's executive committee, on the strength of being Mike Meany's son, and a year after that he became one of Local 2's business agents at sixty dollars a week.

As a plumber, Meany worked on such Manhattan landmarks as Grand Central Station and the Commodore Hotel. He is still proud of the workmanship he turned out in his short plumbing career—and so is his wife. In December, 1955, when the Meanys moved from one New York hotel to the Commodore after the merger convention, Mrs. Meany told a dinner party that she certainly was glad to get back there. She explained that "the bathrooms are much better here—George put them in, you know."

The lively, forthright Mrs. Meany—who still regards Washington as a hick town—is the former Eugenia McMahon. Before she married Meany, she operated a dress-embroidery machine in a Bronx dress factory and was a member of the ILGWU. But, contrary to printed legend, they did not meet on a picket line. Meany never in his life had any occasion to picket, and he says his wife had refused to do so when her union went on strike.

In 1923 Meany became secretary of the Building and Construction Trades Council, moved up to membership on the powerful Central Trades and Labor Council in New York City, and then, in 1934, when he was forty years old, to the presidency of the New York State Federation of Labor. He was the youngest man to hold that position since Gompers. He set an all-time record in the New York legislature as a labor lobbyist. With the sympathetic help of Gov. Herbert Lehman, now a United States senator, he got seventy-two prolabor bills enacted.

Meany was elected secretary-treasurer of the AFL in 1939 and went to Washington. There, for a time, he chafed. AFL President William Green spotted Meany as a threat to himself and declined to delegate him any springboard for his ambition. In fact, the whole AFL hierarchy was suffering from hardening of the organizational arteries and would have been pleased if Meany followed precedent and confined himself to writing checks, supervising audits and playing golf.

But Meany soon strode into the one field that was unexplored and wide open to him—foreign affairs. He saw the communist threat to trade-unions in South America and was instrumental in setting up an AFL Latin-American office to combat it. He even started studying Spanish, and not only learned to read Spanish but to speak it—with a Bronx accent.

Meany also began to represent the AFL at labor conferences in Europe. During the '40's he became the foremost anti-communist labor leader in the United States. He also began to talk back to some of the rugged AFL chiefs at Executive Council meetings, while the timid Green

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sat silent. Meany became the dominant member of the council—and the heir apparent to Green—at the AFL convention at San Francisco in 1947.

John L. Lewis, then a vice-president of the AFL, took the floor and rumbled an excoriation of his colleagues for "kneeling in obeisance" before the noncommunist-oath requirement of the new Taft-Hartley Act. Lewis demanded that the AFL defy the provision as an unlawful and gratuitous insult to labor leaders.

As most attempts to squelch Lewis in public have backfired, it looked as though the United Mine Workers' leader would go unchallenged. Then up rose Meany. He charged flatly that Lewis "with his left hand has made a fellowship with Harry Bridges, Julius Emspak, Michael Quill and all the other stinking America-haters who love Moscow." For his part, Meany went on, "I am prepared to sign a noncommunist affidavit. I am prepared to go further and sign an affidavit that I was never a comrade to the comrades."

The AFL leaders sided with Meany. A few days later, Lewis scrawled his famous secession note to Green: "We disaffiliate."

Meany was elected president of the AFL shortly after Green died late in 1952. He promptly made it clear who would be boss. The late Daniel J. Tobin, the Teamsters' president emeritus who had intimi-

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FLOYD R. MILLER

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dated Green, opposed Meany's immediate move to appoint William F. Schnitzler, of the Bakery Workers, to succeed him as secretary-treasurer. Meany won on a vote of 7–6.

The next showdown occurred at an Executive Council meeting in 1953. The late William ("Big Bill") Hutcheson, the cantankerous head of the Carpenters union, threatened to pull his 800,000 men out of the AFL because he didn't like Meany's jurisdictional policies. Instead of placating Hutcheson, Meany barked, "A motion has been made for withdrawal of the Carpenters union! Do I hear a second? All in favor say 'aye'!"

Before Hutcheson could eat his words, his union was out of the AFL and he was out of his job as first vice-president. Three weeks later the Carpenters were permitted a sheepish readmission to the AFL, but Hutcheson never did get his top job back.

Meany made an overture to the CIO for unity on the very day he became president of the AFL. He had long felt that the two organizations were fighting each other needlessly and he paved the way for the merger by bringing about a no-raiding agreement between the AFL and CIO. Then he persuaded the CIO to take a short cut to the merger by merging first and working out their jurisdictional troubles afterward.

As president of the AFL, which outnumbered the CIO membership two to one, Meany automatically was elected president of the AFL-CIO.

In his new job, he observes a union man's eight-hour day, five days a week, though he also spends most of his evenings making speeches or dropping in at union meetings. He receives an average of fifty out-of-town speaking invitations a week. Mainly, his job is to deal with public policy and legislation, run the AFL-CIO's 700-man staff and eleven staff departments, and tackle jurisdictional disputes, or, as he puts it, "referee fights."

Last fall Meany became the first labor leader to be awarded Notre Dame University's Laetare Medal for outstanding leadership by a Catholic layman.

In all his personal feelings, Meany has a keen sense of privacy. He does not mix his business and home life. The Meanys do no official entertaining and Meany himself is not an easy mixer socially at parties. When the conversation strays from labor, sports or recent front-page news, he retreats into silence.

At informal union gatherings he is a different person. He acts like someone who is overjoyed with his success in life and loves his fellow man. He is an awesome trencherman at the banquet table—as his figure attests. He can easily be persuaded to exercise his roof-raising baritone. He likes to challenge William C. Doherty, president of the National Association of Letter Carriers, to a contest in belting out Irish ballads. Meany's favorite is In Dublin's Fair City.

At home, he provides the piano accompaniment when his three daughters harmonize in Irish lullabies and football songs. His daughters are Eileen, a member of his staff; Mrs. Robert Mayer, whose husband is on the AFL-CIO legal staff; and Mrs. John Lutz, whose husband is in the Federal Government's hush-hush National Security Agency.

The Meanys own their home in Bethesda, Maryland, a Washington suburb. It is situated just across the road from the Burning Tree Club golf course, where President Eisenhower or some Republican foursome can often be seen hard at work. While Meany is not afraid to meet big business on the green, he prefers to drive several miles to another club and play with friends. He is an excellent putter and shoots in the low eighties.

Altogether, Meany is a complicated man who shows one self in public and another in private. A close observer analyzes him this way:

"With his wife, children, and particularly his grandchildren, he becomes as soft as putty. He spoils them all. But when he goes out the front door, he freezes up. I think this tough exterior is a cover-up for a secret inferiority complex over his lack of formal education. It protects him in his dealings with the Princeton and Harvard types he meets in the course of his work. He's got them all scared of him, and I think he wants to keep them that way."

Scandal has never touched Meany. He has always had a deep disgust for union graft. But some observers wish he would denounce union racketeers as often and as enthusiastically as he goes after communists. Some cynics have suggested that Meany may prefer communist hunting because, generally speaking, it was the AFL which has had the racketeering problem and the CIO which had the communist problem.

The AFL-CIO has set up an Ethical Practices Committee "to keep the federation free from the taint of corruption and communism." It remains to be seen whether the committee will investigate corruption on its own initiative or wait—as many unions have done—until the district attorney or some congressional committee has first laid hands on a thieving official.

Meany scoffs at speculation that the new labor alliance foreshadows a labor party in American politics.

"The American worker would not accept one," he says. "He's too independent, and I hope he stays that way."

Meany says organized labor does not claim it can deliver any union man's vote. But he insists that unions have the right and duty to dispense political "education"—urging members to vote and

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helping them to make up their minds by circulating the "right" and "wrong" voting records of all members of Congress on selected issues.

Candidates will be indorsed by AFL-CIO organizations at the state level, although national headquarters reserves the right to blow the whistle if an indorsement seems to be absurd. Meanwhile, the AFL-CIO Political Education Committee hopes to raise a campaign kitty of $1,000,000 or more through "individual voluntary contributions"—the only funds it may use to support candidates under the Taft-Hartley Law.

No decision has been made as to whether the AFL-CIO will take a stand in the 1956 presidential race. In 1952 Meany inspired the AFL convention to indorse Adlai Stevenson, but the Carpenters' and Teamsters' leadership went right ahead and backed Eisenhower.

Meany sees no reason why the AFL-CIO should not support a presidential candidate if it fancies one. He wants the hybrid federation to be a strong protector of labor's gains. Having a truly emotional identification with labor's cause, Meany fusses over the marriage like a bossy mother-in-law.

He urges former AFL men to say "we" rather than "they" when referring to former CIO men. And he has advised former CIO men to get out and learn to play golf. Aside from the fact that golf is in the modern AFL tradition, Meany seems to feel that golf-playing union men bear witness to the point that labor unions have made the American proletariat middle class.

I'm Here to Win a Pennant (Continued from Page 29)

from Cincinnati because he can play the infield or the outfield, and run like a deer.

You can see what I was trying to do. I wanted to give the Cardinals a tough core: men who've been around and who play anywhere, any time. It wasn't guesswork. It was me, the coaches and the manager pooling ideas, hoping to come up with a club that can go all the way. Now I think the Cards can do it—maybe this year. That's just what my boss has ordered.

The day I showed up last fall, Mr. August Busch, Jr., the president of the Cardinals, called me in. "Mr. Lane," he said, "you can have anything you think the Cardinals need."

I smiled, the way you have to smile at the boss. "Thanks, Mr. Busch," I said. Then I began to think. After all, Mr. Busch is no lamb. He's been around. I found that out when we were talking contract. He made it clear that he wasn't going to give the franchise away.

So I interpreted his statement as a pleasant gesture, something sort of quietly to forget. The thing is, Gussie Busch himself hasn't let me forget it. The man is a millionaire many times over, but when it comes to baseball, he's just a fan. He wants to win as desperately as anyone I've ever met.

Now, for me that's perfect. I want to win pretty badly myself. So the setup I have now in St. Louis is the best I've ever had anywhere in baseball. We have a good club, an improving club. I'm not throwing the money of Mr. Busch and his associates around, and I'm not making wild and panicky offers. The deals I made in May came pretty easily. In every one the other fellow seemed to think he was getting all the best of me. But most of the time trading isn't that simple.

How do you make a deal in the major leagues? It's a delicate business. Sometimes baseball dealing is called horse trading, but that's not right unless the horses in question rate near Nashua or Swaps. About 400 men can be active major leaguers at any one time. It's a select 400; they're almost all valuable properties.

To begin a typical deal, I study the rosters of the other clubs. That's to determine what the other clubs need most. I never have to study my own roster. I know that by heart. After I'm through studying, I try to put myself in the other fellow's shoes by playing a serious little game. "Now," I begin my figuring, "if I can get a third baseman from Lane in exchange for a spare pitcher, I know Lane's line-up will still be O.K. But how is my line-up going to look?"

As I say, it's a game. I try to put myself on both sides of the desk at the same time. Whenever I have a trade idea that looks logical from both sides, I know I have a fighting chance. If a deal looks illogical, I always drop it. One general manager doesn't ever want to propose a silly swap to another. It never pays to insult the other fellow's common sense.

Right now, for example, it would be silly for me to contact the Milwaukee Braves and offer them one of the Cardinals' fine young outfielders in exchange for Johnny Logan, the Milwaukee shortstop. Not that our outfielders aren't top-flight. It's just that the Braves have only one man who can play short—Logan.

If I were going to make a concrete proposition to the Braves, I'd forget about shortstop. Instead, I would concentrate on some position where they had two players available. Then I'd sound the Braves out. Maybe, for some special reason I hadn't imagined, they'd want to keep both men. In that case, they'd just tell me so. But no one at the Braves' office would be angry at my feeler.

In actual practice, a logical proposition can pay off later on, even when a deal fails to develop at the time. Let me mention one that fell through last spring.

As I say, the program in St. Louis is strictly nonpanic. The club is young and strong and improving, and the farm system is first rate. But with Mr. Busch wanting to win so desperately, and, like myself, wanting to win this year, I spent the winter on the lookout for a quick move that might give the Cards an extra boost.

I talked to Buzzy Bavasi, of the Brooklyn Dodgers; and Chubby Feeney, of the New York Giants; and Gabe Paul, of the Cincinnati Redlegs; but the closest I came to swinging a big deal just then was with Roy Hamey, the general manager of the Philadelphia Phils. It started with me sending out a feeler. I can't tell you the names of the boys I offered, because some of them are still with my club. Just take my word for it, they would have really helped the Phillies.

"O.K.," Hamey said, when he heard who they were. "What do you want from me?"

"Well, if you make this deal you'll be in a position to give up an infielder, right?"

"Right," Hamey said.

"I'd like Granny Hamner." Hamey didn't say anything, and I went on. "You'll also be able to spare an outfielder. You're getting pretty good stuff. I want Del Ennis."

"I'll call you," Hamey said. And he did. I think there were five telegrams, seven phone calls and four meetings. Finally, in Clearwater, Florida, late last March, the whole thing fell through.

"Sorry," Hamey said, "but ring me any time. It was a pretty good-looking offer." I didn't make the deal, but established with Hamey that I would make fair offers. Then, two months later, when I actually did make a deal with the Phils, the good relationship really paid off.

Undoubtedly the best way for me to demonstrate how touchy trade negotiations eventually can become is to cite an actual case. Let's take a deal during my Chicago days that I'm somewhat proud of, the one that brought Minnie Minoso to the White Sox in April, 1951.

Minoso was the prize of the package, but three clubs and seven players were involved. The final deal went like this: We got Minoso from Cleveland, and Paul Lehner, an outfielder, from Philadelphia. The Athletics got Ray Murray, a catcher, and Sam Zoldak, a pitcher, from Cleveland, plus outfielders Dave Philley and Gus Zernial from us. Cleveland got Lou Brissie, a pitcher, from Philadelphia. The swap was every bit as complicated as it sounds.

Of the seven players, my interest was focused on one, Minoso. Minnie has been a great star for the White Sox since that deal, but if I hadn't put in thirty-six straight hours on the telephone one weekend five years ago, he might be a great star for the Indians.

I make it a point to talk to the other general managers every few months because I think that's part of my job. During the winter of 1950–51 I'd talked to Hank Greenberg, of the Indians, a few times, and Hank kept asking about Billy Pierce, a left-handed pitcher who was the best we had in Chicago. Pierce wasn't available, but Greenberg's persistence tipped me that the Indians were in the market for a good left-hander.

I checked the rosters of every other club in the league looking for a southpaw who might be available. I spotted only one. That was Brissie, of the Athletics. I knew the A's wanted Gus Zernial from us, so I went into action.

On a Wednesday I called the Athletics and told them Zernial was available. "What about Brissie?" I asked. "Would you be willing to deal him?"

Art Ehlers was running the Athletics then. Ehlers said, "For something outstanding, Brissie's on the block, yes."

Then Ehlers let something slip out. The Yankees were after Brissie, too, he told me. I hung up, called Greenberg and found out he was still desperate for a left-hander. Next morning I hopped a plane for New York.

For the operation I had in mind, New York was a logical base. I could handle Greenberg on the phone. The man who had me worried was George Weiss, the shrewd general manager of the Yankees. As soon as I got to my hotel in New York, I telephoned him.

"I might be able to help you get Brissie, George," I said.

"Oh," Weiss said. "Well, to be honest with you, we were interested in Brissie, but he pitched against us the other day and he looked terrible." Weiss had angles too.

"You mean you wouldn't take Brissie?" I said.

"Oh, we're still interested," Weiss said, "but not to the extent that we were."

"So if I make a deal for Brissie ——" I began.

"You let me know," Weiss said quickly.

Minoso, still my No. 1 target, got into a game for the Indians on Friday. He made two hits. I knew that Greenberg wasn't high on Minoso, but general managers have changed their minds over a whole lot less than two clean singles.

I was in my pajamas, talking to Greenberg on the phone Saturday morning, when a waiter brought breakfast to my room. I was still in my pajamas, talking to Ehlers, when the same waiter came in with salad for my lunch. I was still busy telephoning in the evening when the identical waiter came up for the third time.

On Sunday morning the waiter brought in breakfast again, and there I was, shouting into the telephone. I was sitting in the same position I'd been in on Saturday morning, and to the waiter it must have looked as though I hadn't moved away from that telephone table for twenty-four hours.

"Mr. Lane!" he yelled, as soon as he opened the door. "Mr. Lane, is something the matter? Are you sick?"

"I don't know," I answered. "If I do what I'm trying to do, I may be sick. If I don't, I will be, positively." The waiter went out muttering. I suppose he thought baseball people are crazy. Maybe he's right.

Well, we did get Minoso, and he hit .326 and led the league in stolen bases. Zernial hit down in the .260's for the Athletics. In Cleveland, Brissie won four games and lost three. All in all, it was a pretty successful trade.

It's usually hard work to make deals. Over here in the National League, Roy Hamey, of the Phils, strikes me as about the finest to talk business with. He's a businessman and he's logical. At the other end is Gabe Paul, of Cincinnati. He seems to have a special formula all worked out. "Give me a major leaguer," Gabe says in effect, "and I'll give you two minor leaguers in exchange."

But of all the men in baseball I've ever tried to deal with, the toughest is the Yankees' George Weiss. We've never made a trade. The reason is his own peculiar technique.

"Frank," he might begin when I was in Chicago, "we need a pitcher. We want someone good, like Billy Pierce."

"Well, Pierce is our ace," I'd counter. "We'd want a lot in return."

"Oh, you can have it, Frank," he'd tell me. "You can have help at any three positions."

That would sound reasonable. "Fine," I'd say. "I'd like Joe Collins for first base. That only leaves you two other first basemen. Then we need an outfielder—say, Hank Bauer—and a catcher. Give us Charley Silvera. You'll still have Yogi Berra behind the plate."

"I'll call you Friday," Weiss would say.

Inevitably, strange things happen when George Weiss thinks about a trade. "That deal for the little left-hander," he'd start out the long-distance call several days later. "Billy Pierce. It's all set the way we blocked it out."

"Wonderful. Let's check out on the details again."

"Surely," Weiss would say. "We get this promising kid, Pierce. You need help at first base and we're sending you Jack Smerf. He's playing for Centerville now. What a prospect!"

"I asked for Collins," I'd remind him.

"Now, for your outfield," Weiss would continue. "I have just the man—Pierre Ponceby. He's down in Class D at the moment, but (*Continued on Page 88*)

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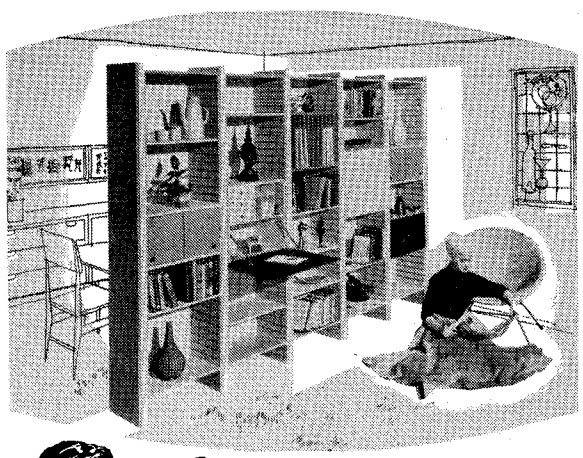

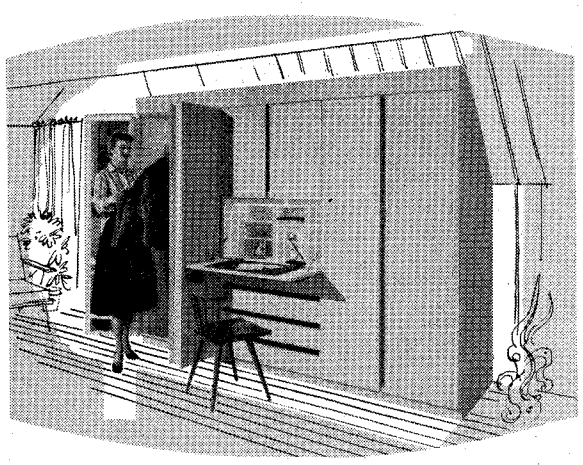

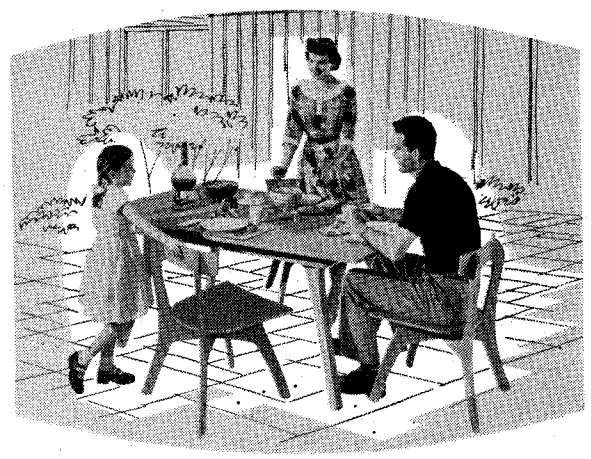

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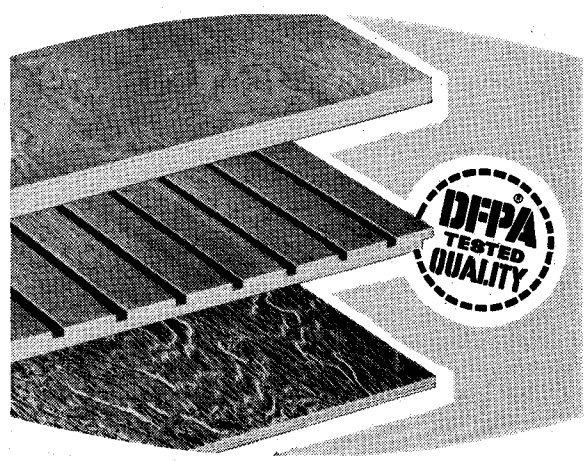

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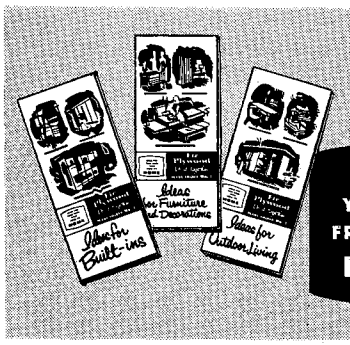

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(*Continued from Page 86*) he's a tremendous long-ball hitter, with great speed and a rifle for an arm."

"What about Hank Bauer?"

"As a catcher," Weiss would say, "Slugger Farfel is your man—a new Bill Dickey, at the very least."

"But, George," I'd protest, "I wanted Silvera. The fellows you're offering are all in the minor leagues."

"Let me explain," Weiss would say, and begin a description of how Collins, Bauer and Silvera became Smerf, Ponceby and Farfel. Frankly, his explanations never convinced me, which explains why Messrs. Weiss and Lane have never yet made a deal.

Whenever Weiss' shrewdness is under discussion, someone always brings in Branch Rickey, another top-drawer baseball man. Personally, I'd rather talk trade with Rickey than with Weiss. There is one thing predictable about Rickey: whenever he starts off with good simple English, he has a specially tricky maneuver coming up.

"What's your interest in our four top pitchers?" he might say suddenly.

"Who are the four?"

"Well, there's Jones first, Smith second, Brown third and Johnson fourth."

"Mr. Rickey," I'd say, "I'm interested in Johnson, your Number Four man."

"Judas priest," Rickey would shout, "Johnson's really my Number One man! I just wanted to try you out. I couldn't fool you. No, sir. You knew right away that Johnson fellow is worth at least a hundred and fifty thousand."

Fortunately, before I ever traded with Rickey, I'd been forewarned. After the 1949 season, I knew I needed one of Rickey's shortstops, and I worked out a super plan of attack.

Rickey was running the Brooklyn Dodgers at the time and he had a fine farm system working. There was a nice young shortstop named Bobby Morgan—who came to St. Louis last month—and another named Rocky Bridges, and then there was Chico Carrasquel, who had played for Fort Worth the preceding summer. When I mentioned a shortstop, Rickey posted a price list that looked like this:

Morgan—$250,000, plus three players
Bridges—$75,000, plus three players
Carrasquel—$50,000, plus three players

"Frank," he told me, "why don't you just forget about those shortstops? Now, I have a young outfielder."

"I need a shortstop," I said.

"Suppose," Rickey said, "I put a price on one of the shortstops you simply cannot afford to turn down. Then will you make a deal for the outfielder?"

"Yes," I said, "with one condition."

"What's that?" Rickey asked.

"That I be final judge of whether or not I can afford to turn that shortstop down."

Rickey cleared his throat so loudly that I knew I had made some progress. I kept on talking. "Now we have to establish a fair price on the outfield," I said. "The best way to do that would be to fix a fair price on someone else, say the shortstop."

"Um-m," Rickey said.

"Let me have Carrasquel for half of the fifty thousand and one minor-league player."

"Impossible," Rickey said. "Out of the question—fifty thousand and three."

We finally settled on $25,000 and two minor leaguers for Carrasquel. It was a bargain.

In dealing, a percentage of about .650 is good enough to finish out front. By that I mean that if 65 per cent of your deals pan out, you're doing as well as you can ever expect. Luck is a big factor. In a sense, I was awfully lucky in Chicago.

When I went there in 1948, first there were the routine things—unglamorous, but just as much part of the general manager's job as trading for high-priced stars. Comiskey Park was rundown in 1948. It needed renovating. We sank a lot of money into modernizing the scoreboard, the concessions stands, the seats, the turnstiles, the rest rooms. Before you can ask fans to come out to your field, you owe it to them to provide a field worth visiting. But the rehabilitation of the ball park was comparatively simple. The hard job in Chicago was rehabilitating the ball club.

When I got to Chicago in 1948, I took all forty men on the White Sox roster and put them on the waiver list. Probably you've read about waiver lists. They're sort of bargain-basement arrangements. If a big-league club wants to peddle a mediocre ball player, they put him on waivers. That means another club can buy his contract for $10,000, a really cut-rate price these booming years. You can take a player's name off the waiver list in time to cancel the deal, but whenever the player actually moves along on waivers, the price is $10,000 and not a penny more.

Now actually, I didn't want to unload all the White Sox. I just wanted to assess the talent on hand. The result was a terrible shock. Of the forty White Sox I'd put on the waiver list, exactly two were claimed.

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Not one of the thirty-eight other players was worth a $10,000 investment, in the opinion of every rival front office in the American League. The conclusion I had to reach was painfully clear.

I knew I was going to have to trade. Cass Michaels, an infielder whose career has been interrupted and possibly ended by a beaning, and Howie Judson, a right-handed pitcher who is no longer in the major leagues, were my all stars. By all stars, I mean they were claimed when I sent out that mass-waiver list.

The Comiskey family owns the White Sox, and Chuck Comiskey, the young fellow who's trying to run the ball club now, didn't seem disturbed about the talent situation. In fact, a little while after the waiver disaster, he went on a speaking tour. "The Sox will be winners, pennant winners, before long," he told a whole series of audiences. I suppose he placed a lot of confidence in my ability then, but after the Sox started winning, his outlook appeared to change. He seemed to place more confidence in his own ability than in mine.

Despite Chuck's speeches, we didn't win a pennant while I was in Chicago. The best we could do was give the New York Yankees and the Cleveland Indians a few pretty fair scares. But when I look back on my days in Chicago, I think they were successful, even though the White Sox never finished first.

The Sox were a losing club, artistically and financially, in 1948. Within three years, they were money-making winners. The television problem that bothers all baseball hit the White Sox square amidships. After a lot of figuring, we licked it in 1951.

Paul Richards, a manager who was supposed to be the shrewdest in all baseball, left us after we'd got to be contenders. We picked Marty Marion, a man they said couldn't manage, to fill Paul's shoes. Marty did fine.

I'm not saying all this out of vanity. I'm just reporting what happened. I mean the White Sox did O.K. while I was with them. I suppose they did O.K. mostly through the deals.

I had a program in mind when I came to Chicago. I was president of the American Association, a top minor league, when the Sox hired me, and I'd worked in front offices and even done a little sports-writing. I'd been close to baseball for twenty-five years, and I'd watched the operation of the White Sox from a distance for a good portion of that time.

The Sox finished last in 1948. Chicago is a wonderful baseball city, and it struck me that the only way the club could have collapsed like that was through management that was disinterested from the top on down. But I was wrong. The Comiskey family was willing, almost eager, to spend money on the club. The trouble was that no one was quite sure how much to spend and on what.

Later on, when I laid out $50,000 for Virgil Trucks, the pitcher, or $100,000 for George Kell, the third baseman, the Comiskeys would question me pretty sharply.

"Are you sure he's worth it?" Mrs. Grace Comiskey would ask each time.

"Yes, I'm sure," I'd answer.

"Well, go ahead then," she'd tell me.

Mrs. Comiskey, of course, had every right to wonder about expenses. After all, she owned the money. The trouble in Chicago, as I say, was not a lack of interest. It was the lack of a program. As quickly as I could, I worked one out. Mrs. Comiskey went with me down the line.

In the very beginning in Chicago, I couldn't make many mistakes. No matter what I did in the way of deals I was pretty sure to help such a run-down club. When the White Sox finished last in 1948, the season before I got there, they lost 101 games.

The first real deal I made brought Billy Pierce over from Detroit for Aaron Robinson, a catcher who was nearly through, plus $10,000. I think this was one of my better trades, and the writers in Chicago went out of their way to give me credit for it. The luck was this: My first trade worked out so well that before long I had everybody pulling for me.

Part of running a ball club is dealing with newspapermen because a sour press can do a lot of damage. Actually, the vast majority of sportswriters will get along well with any baseball operator who is on the level with them. But sometimes there are misunderstandings. Every so often there is an important league meeting that lasts three or four hours. When we break up, there is always a crowd of reporters asking what's taken place.

"Well," one owner says, "I'm afraid I have no comment."

That's what starts a bad press. When any writer asks me, I tell him, "Sure, I have a comment. We've been discussing this phase or that phase." I explain that we haven't reached any decisions, but at least I give the fellows something to write about. After all, they've been sitting outside for just as long as we've been meeting. I don't want them to think I'm dumb enough to spend four hours doing so little that I can't come up with a comment. If you treat sportswriters with respect and try to help them, most often they'll try to help you. Press relations were never any trouble in Chicago. They aren't in St. Louis, either.

Television was something quite different. I inherited a contract that called for televising all the White Sox home games. That's the way we operated in 1949, and our night games, on an average, drew 17,000 fans, which I didn't think was good. After that season, I arranged to have the contract changed, so that only the day games would be televised. The Comiskeys were disturbed at first. That contract meant money in the bank. But they agreed to go along. In 1950, when we did not telecast in the evening, the night games drew an average of 30,000. That more than made up what we lost in television income.

When a ball club makes it too easy, when it puts the whole schedule on television, the fans are going to start staying home more often. In the long run, the answer probably is pay-as-you-see television, but that's not legal now. Until it is, the best thing is a limited program along the lines of the one they have in Detroit. That calls for thirty-five midweek TV games, but no televising on Sundays, holidays or nights.

In St. Louis we televise all of our road games. The Cardinals are the only team in town, and when Busch Stadium is empty, TV screens are the only spot in town where you can catch a ball game. Like pretty much everything else in my present arrangement, TV is a good deal easier for me to handle now.

When I wasn't dealing, or worrying about the ball park, or wrestling with television, or talking to writers in Chicago, I had to give some attention to the manager of the club. A general manager and a field manager should work closely with each other. When I took the White Sox job, I found that Jack Onslow had already been signed as manager. I guess he felt that since he had been hired first, he wasn't answerable to me. I had a five-year contract, but his was good for only two years. He was the first to go.

I think the general manager's job is to provide a team, and the field manager's job is to make the team click. With Paul Richards and Marty Marion, there was no confusion. I made the deals, but I never made a field manager keep a player he didn't want.

Chicago is where I made any reputation that I may have attained, and now that I've left, I'm certainly not going to turn on the Comiskey family and denounce them. I left Chicago because young Chuck was breathing on my neck a little harder than I liked. Chuck wanted to be his own general manager, I suppose, and now he is. I wish him luck.

He is starting off in a lot better shape than I did. He is inheriting a third-place club. I took over a dismal tailender. The Sox moved out of the cellar the first year I was with them, into the first division my third year and into third place after that. The club is making money now too.

Some people assumed that I left Chicago because the Sox were about to come apart. "Lane's running out of glue," I heard one say. I don't think glue is the right word. I think the Sox were pretty well vulcanized. I think they'll hold together very well, because the trades that built them were basically sound.

In St. Louis, everything's a little new and a little different and a little better. I've got a program here to keep the talent coming out of the farm system, and to keep the club growing and improving. I want to tell the other general managers around the National League that with our fine farm clubs and with the tough core we've welded, I'm not going to have to jump at every little offer for a trade. If I see something good, though, they'd better be ready. I'm sixty years old, but I'm still strong enough to spend thirty-six hours on the phone, if need be, to corral another Minoso, this time for the National League's coming champions—the Cardinals!

THE END

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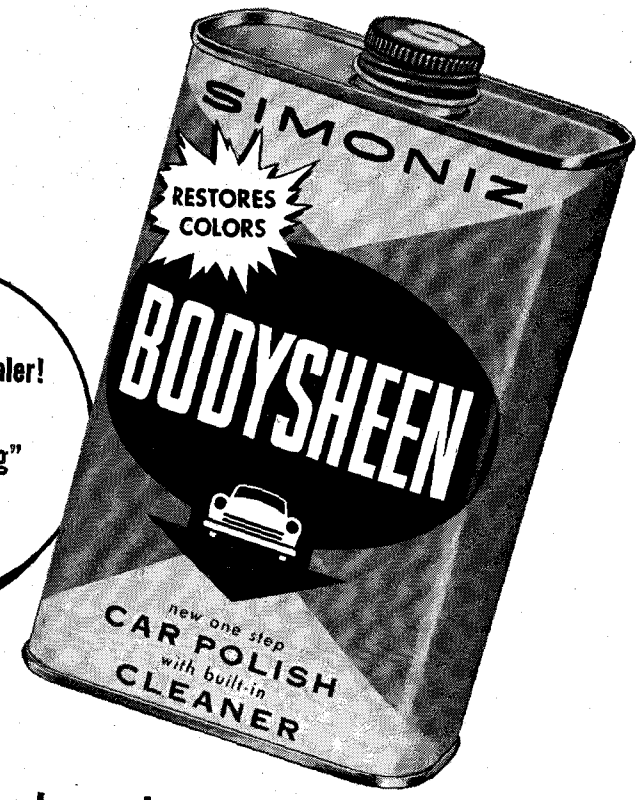

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Too Lazy to Love (Continued from Page 31)

for fourteen years. In view of this—this outrage—phaugh!"

Purvis touched his groomed mustache with a manicured thumbnail. "Perhaps you're right," he said, "but I don't want to be connected with any action against Harlow. In my position, everybody would think I was taking revenge for his complaint about me."

"Nobody believes that ridiculous story!" Commodore Wickerly snorted.

"Well, there's Joannie, too," Purvis pointed out. "We used to be engaged and —— Well, you know, commodore."

"I don't know," Wickerly said, "but if you'd rather stay out of the thing, very well. I'll make it my business to find him breaking a rule, and when I do ——"

"For instance, isn't he fishing right now?" Purvis asked idly. "Looks like he might be catching bait fish for that tourists' boat and bait dock of his."

"No," the commodore said gloomily. "No, he's not fishing. I thought so, too, and I taxed him with it, but he had that Curly creature with him and —— Oh, he's just brazening it out, Russell. He's utterly shameless and instead of hiding his face properly, he sits there and—spiteful—thick-skinned—crafty——" He was an easy splutterer, Commodore Fensworth Wickerly, and he spluttered now.

Out on the dock, Ike heard the commodore's incoherencies, but he did not turn his head. He guessed it would take some practice to sit still while people talked about him within earshot, but from the looks of things he was going to have plenty of time to practice. Meanwhile, Curly was being pigheaded.

"Now look," Ike told his companion severely, "you go down again, and this time you come up with what you were sent after. Alley oop!"

Curly went overboard with a splash. He was down a long time, but when he came up the only thing in his tight grip was an old beer can, imprinted with a high-priced label, but still a beer can.

"Heh!" Ike snarled. "I suppose you think you're being funny."

Curly said nothing. He squatted there, changing colors and surveyed the lagoon dully. Ike eyed him in disgust.

"Gold brick!" he said. "Now get back down there and stay until you latch onto something good!"

Curly went over again, and Ike leaned against a piling to wait. He was conscious of the eyes fixed on him from the clubhouse; he imagined what the owners of the eyes were saying. O.K., he told himself, so, if they thought he was going to crawl in a hole because not a one of them believed him, they'd find out different.

Ike was not built to worry long about the stares and whispers. He fell asleep. Curly stayed down.

The young man on the stringpiece was awakened by a toe prodding his shoulder ungently. He opened one eye, saw a girl in a green bathing suit, and closed it again.

"Joannie," he said, "I love you."

"Ike Harlow," Joan Polhemus said bitterly, "you didn't do a thing, after all the promises you made. You said you'd apologize to Russ the first thing this morning, and what do I find out? Not one word have you ——"

"I couldn't do it, honest," Ike protested lazily. "I was all girded up, as the feller says, and then uh-uh. Anyway, I'm busy."

"Busy! Sitting here tormenting poor little Curly. Fagin! I hope someday he ——"

"He won't," Ike said, his eyes still closed. "Out of all Boca Ferdinandez, only you and Curly love me."

"He must love you, being sent down there where a shark or a barracuda might come along any minute while you sit up here and snore! Oh, he must love you like a brother!"

"More like a son," Ike corrected. "And there are no sharks or 'cuda around here, my dear. All undesirables except Harlow have been blacklisted."

"You'll be, too, unless you do something about it," Joannie said. "But do you try to square things? No, you just sit out here in the sun like a—a beach boy!"

The epithet opened both Ike's eyes this time, and he admiringly surveyed the small girl with the red hair and the cunningly molded curves.

"I 'clar, gal," he drawled, "yo're purty as a pitcher post card when yew git astompin' mad that-a-way. No wonder I'm plumb crazy about you."

"Huh! If you were crazy about me you'd do something about fixing things up, instead of just lying around like an old beach boy and ——"

"There are no old beach boys, Joannie. When a beach boy gets the beginnings of a bald spot and a pot, he either commits hara-kiri or he goes into high-pressure real estate and smirks his way into being fleet captain of the Boca Ferdinandez Yacht Club."

"Never mind Russ Purvis!" Joannie cried. "With what they're saying about you, you've got little enough room to talk about Russ. And sitting here just —— Oh, Ike Harlow, you're impossible!"

He climbed to his feet, his mouth set, his massiveness dwarfing Joannie Polhemus. "Listen, kiddie," he growled, "if you think I'm impossible because I tried to keep a phony from gypping a nice old guy out of the Tarpon Cup, you and I have got to have a long talk before our wedding day."

The girl tossed her head, the red ringlets glinting in the sun. "There are a lot of things we ought to talk over," she agreed, "and not all about what's wrong

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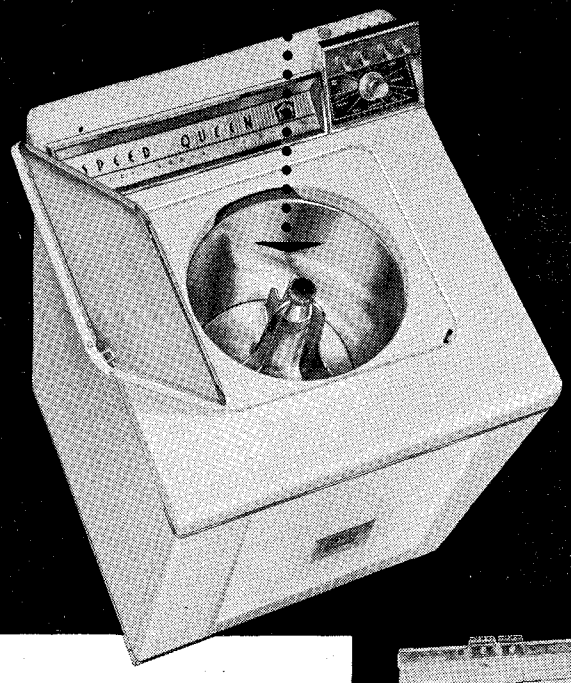

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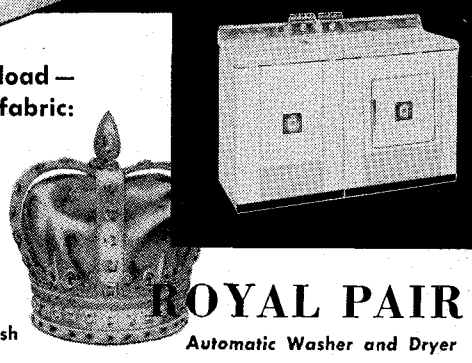

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with me, either. I want to know —— Oh, Ike, why did you do it?" Her voice was a wail at the end.

"I keep trying to tell you," the large young man said patiently. "I had this old gentleman from Orlando ——"

"I've heard all that," she said and the wail was gone, giving way to sharp anger. "Let's not go over it again. It's just impossible to think Russ would ——"

"I tell you he did."

"Well, nobody believes he did and they're all saying you're a bum sport, and—and—and you sit here and play with —— Are you going to leave Curly down there all day?"

"I had forgotten the dear boy," Ike grinned. He knelt down and hauled in a stout fishline that was snubbed around a cleat. Curly came up, defiantly empty-handed. Ike Harlow shook his head reprovingly, unfastened the noose that attached Curly to the line and dropped him into an oversized bait bucket.

"Honestly," the red-haired girl exclaimed, "if you're not the most bull-headed man. You just sit here out of meanness, thumbing your nose at people, when you ought to be ——"

"I've got a right to use Curly to find my watch," Ike broke in stubbornly. "I'm not breaking one single precious rule."

"Your watch! It's darned funny you didn't care about it till now!"

"I just remembered ——"

"You just want to annoy the commodore, that's all; and Russ too. That's why you sit here torturing a poor little octopus that's never done you any harm in his life."

Ike scowled. "Will you let up on that torturing stuff?" he demanded. "Curly lives better than any octopus in the Gulf of Mexico. Since I adopted him he's been working about ten minutes a day, and the rest of the time he sits on his tentacles and eats and sleeps. Nobody else has ever been able to keep one alive for a week and I've had Curly for three months. This is torture?"

"All right," Joannie sighed, "but why do you have to bring him here? Why isn't he back at your dock, showing off for your boat and bait customers?"

"Because," Ike admitted sadly, "since I tangled with Purvis I haven't got any customers. Word spreads fast and I am, I discover, a soreheaded bum."

"So you sit here and show them all you don't care, is that it?"

Ike loomed over Joannie, his eyes thoughtful. "And if that is it," he asked, "why not? Some girls would be sitting right here with the guy they were going to marry, octopus and all."

"You," said Joannie, "and your octo—octopuses—octo——"

"Careful," he warned.

"Octo—arggh!"

She whirled and went up the dock. It was virtually impossible to portray cold disdain while clad in a few ounces of green swimsuit, but Joannie Polhemus gave it a good try. Ike looked regretfully after her and then addressed the octopus in the bait bucket.

"Congratulations, Curly," he said. "As of this minute, you're the only one in all Boca Ferdinandez who truly loves me."

There was a giggle close at hand. Ike looked and saw a girl lying on the foredeck of the yawl Diabolique, Newport, R.I. The yawl was slender, artfully designed, beautiful. The girl was all these things too; she made a spectacular picture with her platinum hair, her tanned skin, the figure best described as gorgeous. She smiled at Ike over her forearms.

Ike blinked and said, "Hi. You really ought to have coughed or at least sneezed."

"Not me," the girl said cheerfully. "I adore eavesdropping."

"Your name's Greer, isn't it?" Ike asked. "I (*Continued on Page 93*)

Comment on Cows

By Richard Armour

Cows
Do nothing but browse
And drowse
And now and then moo.
That's all they do.
Yet even while grazing
They aren't lazing.
Even while snacking
They aren't slacking.
If not illustrious,
They are inner industrious,
Making milk with all their
might
With every bite,
With every thud
Of their cud.
How very fine
It is to combine
In such measure
Business and pleasure.

Make no mistake, mister. Unbalanced wheels can be a deadly danger on the highway. There always were many reasons for accidents, but with today's modern cars the big cause is letting those four wheels stray where they don't belong.

Driving with unbalanced wheels is flirting with trouble. At the most critical moment they may go out of control—on a curve, or a bridge—at high speed. This is a risk you *cannot afford* . . . specially during the coming holiday. Do you remember last Independence Day when hundreds ended their outings with death? You may be sure that unbalanced wheels made a big contribution to the toll. Have *yours* checked *today!*

Watch for these danger signals: If your tires thump on smooth pavement . . . if the steering wheel vibrates in your hand . . . if there is a tendency to shimmy at certain speeds—then you are probably riding on unbalanced wheels. Take no chances! Have your wheels checked before you travel. Now Electronic Science lets Alemite servicemen check your wheels and balance them in just minutes.

YOU CAN SAVE YOUR LIFE WITH
ALEMITE
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
WHEEL BALANCING

A PRODUCT OF SW STEWART WARNER

Now! Wheels can be balanced in just minutes . . . *on a beam of light*

The Alemite Electronic Wheel Balancer corrects unbalanced wheels in minutes . . . *right on your car.* (1) A magnetic field measures your wheel's unbalance to 1/10,000". (2) A mark is placed on the tire rim and wheel is spun at speeds up to 100 m.p.h. (3) A flashing Stroboscopic light makes the wheel appear to stand still. The location of the mark gives a reference point that lets your serviceman instantly find the "heavy point" on the wheel . . . and correct it. Only Alemite balances the entire wheel as a unit . . . restores complete stability from side to side and top to bottom.

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WHEEL BALANCING
ON THE CAR
while you wait

LOOK FOR THIS SIGN for wheel balancing safety. Only Alemite offers such complete accuracy of balance and speedy service. Ask the man who has the wheel balancing sign to tell you how quickly he can correct and balance your wheels.

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Most likely to succeed

THIS is the year of the leanest, fittest-looking grooms and slimmest-waisted brides in history. This is the June of marriages most likely to succeed.

For, thanks to their wholesome eating habits, young couples of 1956 feel as fit and happy as they look. Their modern taste is for the lighter, less filling foods and drinks.

Pepsi-Cola goes right along with this wholesome, modern trend. Today's Pepsi-Cola, reduced in calories, is never heavy, never too sweet. It refreshes without filling.

Have a Pepsi—the modern, the *light* refreshment.

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(*Continued from Page 91*) checked the club register when I saw your boat."

"Helene Greer," the girl nodded. She sat up and stretched, revealing generous expanses. "Is that really an octopus, that thing you call Curly? I thought they had arms twenty feet long and went around strangling people."

"Not Curly," Ike said. "He's just a little feller. See?" He reached into the bucket and brought out the octopus.

Helene Greer looked at the writhing Curly and shuddered. "Cute," she said, with loathing.

"They grow on you," Ike told her, and put Curly back in his pail.

"And you're fishing for watches with him?" the platinum blonde asked.

"Not only watches," Ike said gravely. "Curly brings up all sorts of treasure from the ocean floor. I just let him down and he reaches around and picks up sovereigns and gold candelabra and pieces of eight—things like that."

"Like they do in New York with string and chewing gum at subway gratings," the girl nodded.

Ike looked pained. "You make us sound like a couple of derelicts," he said, "but I suppose the idea's the same."

Helene Greer lit a cigarette and squinted at Ike through the smoke. "And what do you do with all this treasure Curly brings up?" she asked.

"Well, there's not too much yet," Ike admitted. "Right now Curly is on a beer-can kick."

The girl considered this and said, "I suppose I'm being petty bringing this up, but why wouldn't a mask and a pair of flippers be quicker?"

"At fifty fathoms?" Ike asked, aghast. "Besides, there are a couple of guys up at the clubhouse with glasses pinned on me, waiting for me to do something against the rules, so they can bounce me out of the Boca Ferdinandez Yacht Club with ruffles and flourishes. It's a club I love dearly, in spite of a few characters in it, so I don't swim if the sign says not to."

Helene took a shred of tobacco from the tip of her tongue and regarded it closely. "Forgive my curiosity," she said, "but I still want to know why you play your little game with your pet octopus. Is it recommended training for defensive tackles between pro-football seasons?"

As Ike's sun-bleached eyebrows went up, she nodded. "Even if your little girl friend hadn't said your name, I think I'd have recognized you," she explained. "Teevee. Of course, you look a little different without the shoulder pads and the helmet, and you don't have a dozen Colts or Bears or Forty-Niners sitting on your head."

"They really don't sit on my head," Ike said. "It's all acrobatics, like rassling."

"Uh-huh, and why do you do it?"

"Play pro ball? Well, when I came back from Korea ——"

"No, Ike," Helene Greer said firmly. "The octopus. Curly."

"Oh. Him! Well," he said, "I'll tell you. Curly's the best little lost-and-founder you ever saw. I have a boat and bait dock up the line, and I keep Curly for laughs, but he really earns his room and board. Somebody is always kicking something off the dock and Curly is always going down and bringing it up. It's an added attraction for the customers. Or at least it used to be when I had customers."

"Then there is a watch of yours overboard here and you can't swim down for it or you'll be bounced out of this club, and so you're using Curly," the girl said.

"Exactly."

Helene stood up and pulled at her bathing suit. Ike gazed, enchanted. "Then suppose I go down for it," the blonde suggested.

Ike held up a large hand. "No," he said. "The commodore and the fleet captain wouldn't like it, and they can be very cool at times. They'd be especially frosty with anybody who broke the Coventry they've put me in, and they might even ruin your visit to Boca Ferdinandez. No, Curly will get the watch; if not today, tomorrow or next week. It looks as though we'll have plenty of time."

"And when did you lose this watch?" Helene asked.

Ike had the grace to look abashed. "Quite awhile ago," he said grudgingly. "It's a Mickey Mouse watch."

Helene Greer stared at him; then bent to pick her pack of cigarettes from the deck and offer them to Ike. He took one and lit it from a lighter she held. It was then he discovered that Helene Greer was tall—much taller than Joannie. He decided vaguely that it would be a lot more convenient to have a tall girl as a true love. It was a disloyal thought and he put it away immediately, but he had to ask, "Your—ah—husband aboard?"

Her eyes darted at him with an amused glint. "That Harry D. Greer on the club register is my father," she told him.

"Oh." There was absolutely no reason why he should be glad of that, but he was. "Well, is he aboard, then?"

"Dad's gone out hunting a golf course and mother is on the beach. Dad golfs, mother shells, I fish, we all love sailing."

"Ah, you fish?" Ike asked delightedly. "You're here for the tarpon, then?"

She nodded her gleaming head. "I've never tried for tarpon," she told him. "They say it's fun."

"Fun!" Ike exploded. "You can use the word 'fun' when you speak of catching sail or tuna or trash like that, but a tarpon is an experience no life is really complete without. Catching one, I mean. A tarpon."

"Is an experience," Helene Greer finished. "Perhaps you can tell me how to go about getting one, then. We've only got today. Dad has to be getting back."

Ike frowned. "You're cutting it pretty fine; the cup contest ends at midnight. But if you enter right away, you never can tell."

"I'm not interested in any cups," she said. "Not to brag, but I've got too many trophies now—tuna, striped bass, trash like that. I just want to catch a tarpon to fill an otherwise empty life, as you put it. You said you ran a boat dock. Can you get me a good tarpon guide?"

"The best—me," said Ike, promptly and shamelessly. He paused and added, "But to be honest, I'm the only one in Boca Ferdinandez who'd give me a recommendation. There has been a little trouble and I have made Number One on the Florida West Coast Heel Parade."

"I gathered something like that," Helene said. "Is it really bad?"

"Couldn't be worse," Ike gloomed. "I called Russ Purvis a louse because he beat one of my customers out of the winning tarpon in the cup contest. You see, I had this old fella from Orlando and ——" He broke off and shrugged. "Sorry," he said. "I keep thinking somebody will believe me." He reached for Curly's bucket. "Been nice meeting you."

"Oh, put down your octopus," Helene Greer said, "and let's drop the martyred smile, shall we? What happened?"

Ike considered taking umbrage at that martyred-smile crack and decided against it. Instead, he said, "I had this old gentleman as a charter and he'd gone without things for months, saving up to fish with me in the cup contest. And he jumped a fish that must have gone over two hundred pounds, a cinch to win the cup. This old man hung that fish and he jumped him eleven times and the tarpon was beat, and then Purvis came along and cut our line with his boat, so that his fish would keep the lead, where it still is."

"And you complained?"

"I squawked my head off. I called Purvis every kind of a snake I could think of. I'm too big to slug anybody, but I did everything else."

"And Purvis?"

"Why, he was shocked. It was an accident, that's all. Purvis knocked himself out apologizing. He even offered to go to the cup committee and ask that my old gentleman be given the cup, if he should win, which he will. It was strictly a grandstand play, of course, but it made my guy from Orlando join the happy throng in labeling me a bum loser, a heel. Now everybody will tell you I'm on the black list and shouldn't even be spoken to, much less hired as a guide."

"When do we go fishing?" Helene asked.

Ike stared at her. "You believe me!" he cried. "You don't think I ought to go around apologizing to everybody!"

Ordinarily, Ike Harlow was not overly demonstrative, but it was a staggering relief to find somebody besides Curly who was on his side. It may have been purely reflex action, then, that made him grasp Helene Greer by the shoulders and bend to plant a hasty kiss on the corner of her mouth.

"Bless you," he said, "and I'll bring my boat around in exactly half an hour. Good-by."

It was twenty-eight minutes later when he brought his tarpon runabout, Redhead, swirling up to the dock. Helene Greer was waiting. So was Joannie Polhemus. Ike eyed the two and beamed in his colossal ignorance.

"Well, well!" he caroled. "This is fine! Joannie, I'd like you to meet ——"

"We've met," Joannie Polhemus said coldly. "Ike, are you going to do what you promised?"

Ike's glow faded from his roughhewn face. "I don't see why I have to ——"

"If you don't know," Joannie said, snipping off her words, "everybody else in Boca Ferdinandez does. Everybody."

"You especially," Ike said heavily. "You'd think a guy's own girl would back him up instead of ——"

"Nobody who acted the way you did deserves to be ——"

"Pardon me," Helene Greer murmured. "I just remembered something." She went aboard the yawl and disappeared below.

"What do you mean by kissing her in front of the whole club?" Joannie demanded immediately.

"Kissing her?" Ike goggled. "When did I ever —— Oh, you mean when she said she believed me and ——"

"Oh, she did, did she? She held your hand and said never mind what all the nasty people thought, she knew you were just wonderful and she believed everything you said."

"Naw," he said, "it wasn't anything like that. She just realized what a stinker Russ Purvis really is and ——"

"He is? Well, Russ would never go sorehead over losing a fish! He'd never accuse somebody else of deliberately cutting across a line when it all happened because he didn't know enough to keep his own boat clear!" Joannie began a fair imitation of Commodore Wickerly, spluttering. "And he—he doesn't sus-sus-sit around pup-pup-playing with octopuses, either!" she cried.

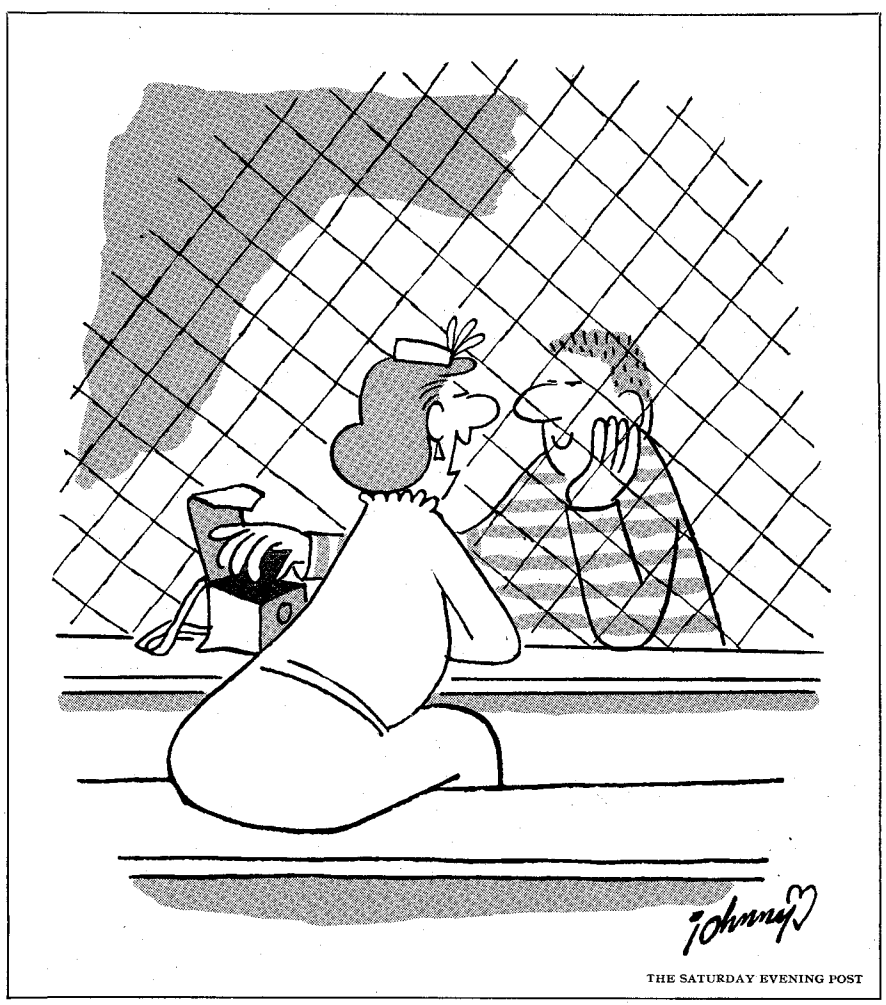
"He's a wonderful, wonderful fellow," Ike Harlow said bitterly, "and you made a terrible mistake when you turned him down for me."

"Maybe I did!"

"Well, it's not too late to run back to him!" Ike blared. "You believe him and you don't believe me! Go on back to him and let him make a sap out of you like he has everybody else!"

Joannie's right hand wrenched at her left. A diamond sparkled as brightly as the tears in her eyes as she handed Ike her ring.

"There!" she announced. "Now you can be happy making passes at peroxide blondes and slandering honest people! Good-by, Ike Harlow, and don't you ever speak to me again!"



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She turned and stalked up the dock. This time she was fully clad, with a skirt that switched, and her cold disdain was absolute. Ike opened his mouth to yell after her, then closed it again. His jaw came out and if he had been on the football field at the moment, an observant opposing quarterback would not have called a play through his side of the line.

"Perhaps," Helene Greer said quietly from the deck of Diabolique, "you could get her back if you ran after her—or do we still go fishing for tarpon?"

"We go fishing," Ike Harlow rumbled.

Before he handed Helene into Redhead he opened his clenched fist over the side. The ring blinked once before it disappeared into the waters of the Boca Ferdinandez lagoon.

The charter boats throng thickly along Florida's West Coast all day and most of the night, too, when the tarpon are in—the great schools of silvery giants with their horny mouths that lodge one hook in five, their heart-stopping, bulldogging leaps, their runs for limitless yardage against a rod bent to a nerve-racking arc—and Redhead was one of a score of boats when it joined the fleet with Helene Greer in the swivel seat and Ike at the wheel.

"I don't see how you can be sure Purvis deliberately crossed your line," Helene said, surveying the confusion of drifting boats about them.

"I'm sure, all right," Ike said grimly. "I'll never prove it, but I'm sure."

"But isn't it possible that he —— Whoops!"

She was on her first tarpon, and her shrill scream when the fish flung itself into the air at the end of its run was the cry that dwells in every fisherman's throat, never to find life unless and until he jumps his first Silver King. It was a small fish—not more than fifty pounds—and it threw the hook twenty feet with its head shake at the top of its leap, but Helene Greer was a beaming, trembling, bubbling girl as she reeled in her slack line.

"I thought I'd had every thrill there was in fishing," she told Ike as he put another bait on her hook, "but that was the greatest!"

She had little time for further observation. No sooner was her hook overboard again than her line violin-stringed, her rod bowed, her reel fed a hundred yards of line, and a big tarpon—probably a hundred pounds heavier than the first—exploded with a smother of foam, twisted ten feet above the water and fell with a geysering crash.

"Missed him too!" Helene cried forlornly.

"You don't miss tarpon," Ike explained. "They miss you or they hook you; it's all their party on the first jump. After that, it's your fish to take or lose."

Helene jumped six tarpon before she hooked one, but when she hung the fish, she hung a real one. The giant gave her thirteen jumps and battled her for more than two hours, towing the boat miles from the fishing grounds, out of sight of all the others. Ike advised, warned, encouraged, praised and scolded in a voice that showed that all his years of tarpon fishing had not dulled the thrill of a big fish one iota. Helene was a dripping, weary wisp of a girl when Ike finally lunged with the hook gaff and brought the monster alongside.

"You've done it!" he bellowed. "This fish will make Russ Purvis' look like a minnow! You've won the cup, Helene! You've won the cup!"

"And this one I really earned!" the girl panted. "This one goes on the mantelpiece, to be pointed at with pride. This cup—oh!"

Ike looked at her face and echoed, "Oh!" His voice was suddenly made of rusty iron. "You didn't register for the cup contest," he said, out of an abysmal sorrow.

"But I can enter when we get back to the dock," Helene offered, desperately unconvincing. As Ike shook his head, she cried, "But it was only an oversight, Ike! My heavens, it just slipped my mind, that's all! You know I intended to register, don't you?"

Ike shook his head again. "Last I heard you say was that you didn't care anything about the cup—you had plenty of cups. Anyway, the rules committee wouldn't listen to you. They have to be tough, Helene."

The girl's eyes were fixed on Ike's. "And suppose the rules committee didn't know I caught the fish before I registered?" she asked.

"Huh?"

"We've got until midnight and they fish for tarpon at night, don't they? Well, suppose we hid this fish somewhere and went back and I registered and we said we lost our big ones this afternoon and didn't catch anything worth while, and then we came back and ——"

"Look," he jerked out, "do you know what you're saying?"

She talked fast now. "But would it be so terrible? I mean, that man Purvis cheated to hold the lead with his fish—he did something a lot worse than post-dating an entry. And didn't they all turn against you when you protested? What do you owe them? They were quick enough to call you a liar, a sorehead, weren't they? Even your girl. And now you're going to be noble to that gang?" Her hand caught his arm. "Think how Purvis will feel when we beat him at the last minute. Who's going to have the big laugh then?"

Ike Harlow sighed miserably. He had seen this happen before, not so often that it had soured him on all mankind, but times enough; an otherwise decent person going mad with tarpon fever.

It wasn't actually the cup or the prizes that went with winning a tarpon contest; it was something beyond a grasp at personal gain or high honors that drove these people. It was some change that was born during a long battle with a tarpon that brought out the finest instincts or the ugliest in the person at the other end of the line.

"Look, Miss Greer," he said gently, "you don't know what you're saying. You're still all excited ——"

"But—but I deserve that cup and—and you kissed me, remember?"

"Yeah," Ike said wearily. "Well, do you want to keep this fish to have mounted?"

Her hand tightened on his arm. "You said you didn't have any customers, Ike—doesn't being the guide whose customer wins the cup mean anything?"

"It means a lot," Ike conceded, "but the customer is supposed to win the right way. The guide's name would be mud, but forever, if he let a customer pull a fast one."

"But your name's mud, anyway, isn't it? You've got everything to gain and nothing to lose."

"Uh-huh," Ike said idly. "Look, if you don't want to have this big scudder mounted, we'll just take a scale to show his size and ——"

Helene Greer lost her hushed breathlessness. "Oh, you idiot!" she screamed. "You fool!"

"Yes'm," Ike agreed humbly. "Now about the fish ——"

"To hell with the fish! Let him go, you great big simon-pure jerk! Let him swim away and let Purvis keep on laughing at you! He's got your girl and he'll get the cup and —— Oh, what's the use?"

"None," Ike said as the gaff came free and the great fish disappeared. "Let's go in, huh?"

Helene Greer did not answer him nor did she speak on the trip back to the dock; she gave no indication that she heard his compassionate good-by. Ike watched her board the yawl and sighed again. She was a beautiful thing and it was too bad that tarpon fever had hit her that way.

Tarpon were the greatest fish that swam, but they sure caused a lot of misery when they infected people with that crazy anything-to-win fever. Even Russ Purvis—why, Russ might even be a halfway decent guy if he hadn't been taken with tarpon fever.

The stunning thought struck him before he could get his defenses up. He went rigid, staring at nothing, his mouth open, and when the first shock passed he spoke aloud.

"And I'll be a son of a gun," said Ike Harlow, "if I can be sure I wasn't bitten by the same bug! I can't be sure Russ Purvis meant to cut that line!"

He was still a bit dazed, but not nearly so badly as he had been, late that night as he sat on the dock listening to the Boca Ferdinandez Yacht Club tune up for the midnight festivities that annually closed the Tarpon Cup contest and attended the award of prizes. He had made his decision and he was about to make the long, long walk to the clubhouse to offer his hand and his apology to Russ Purvis when somebody sat down beside him. He smelled familiar perfume, but he kept his eyes on the lagoon.

"Can you ever forgive me?" Joannie asked in a small voice.

He did not answer.

"I know I haven't any right to ask you," Joannie said, "but I do. Ike, take me back. I'll be good. I promise."

His heart's leap was not what it should have been. Helene Greer, then, had told the story about the big tarpon, for reasons of her own, or somebody had somehow found out about what had happened. He supposed he should be grateful to Helene or whoever had spread the word, but—well, it would have been so much more wonderful if Joannie had not needed the story.

"How do you know she's telling the truth?" he grunted, his eyes on the lagoon. "How do you know I didn't con her into spreading a fairy tale around?"

"Who?" Joannie asked. "What fairy tale?"

He reached for her then and she began to cry against him. He grinned up at the star-laden night overhead. It was all right again. It would be easy to ask Purvis' pardon; maybe he could even explain that he might have had a touch of tarpon fever and make Purvis understand. But even if Russ and all the rest of Boca Ferdinandez thought their black list had made him crawl, it was all right. He had Joannie back.

"And I tried and tried to hate you," she was sobbing, "and I couldn't. Oh, Ike, I don't care what they say—you're right and they're all wrong."

"Well," he said cautiously, "maybe."

"My beautiful ruh-ruh-ring! I saw you throw it overboard!"

"And what," Ike asked, "do you think I'm doing down here on the dock?"

He hauled on the fishline. Curly came to the surface, clutching a beer can.

"Hey, look who's here!" Ike cried. "The boss herself! Now go back down and really go to work!"

Joannie swears to this day that Curly understood every word. And she has the ring to prove it. THE END

The Perfect Squelch

From ideal flying weather, the big plane suddenly ran into a storm. It bumped up and down, jolting its passengers. The new stewardess, trying to comfort them, overdid it. Obviously envisioning herself as a Florence Nightingale of the airways, she rushed around officiously thrusting pills and pillows, chewing gum, water, even smelling salts, at passengers who wished to be left alone.

On her third attempt to aid an easygoing, tanned Westerner, she kept insisting, "But there must be something I can do for you. How about coffee?"

Just then, the plane gave a lurch which nearly lifted the Westerner from his seat.

"Coffee?" he said. "Lady, just bring me a saddle."

Faye Chestnut

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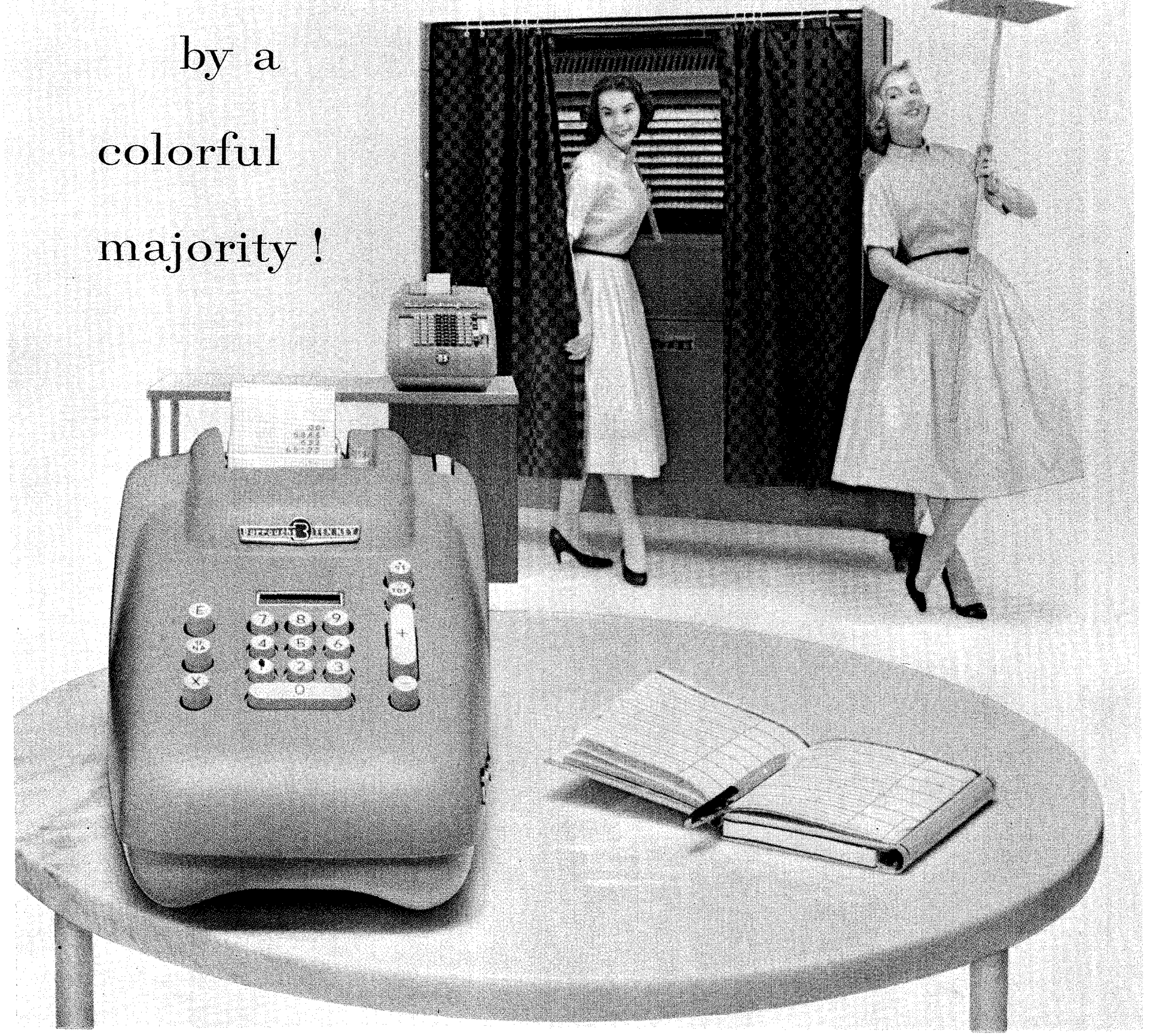
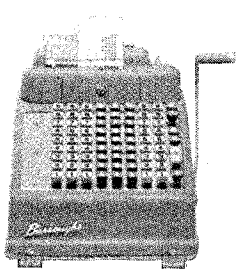
Odds-on choices by a colorful majority!





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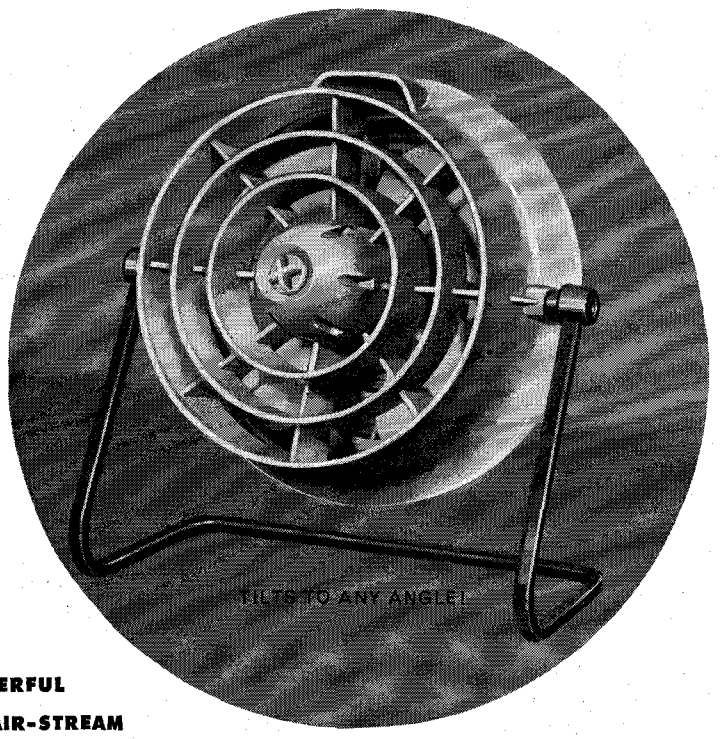

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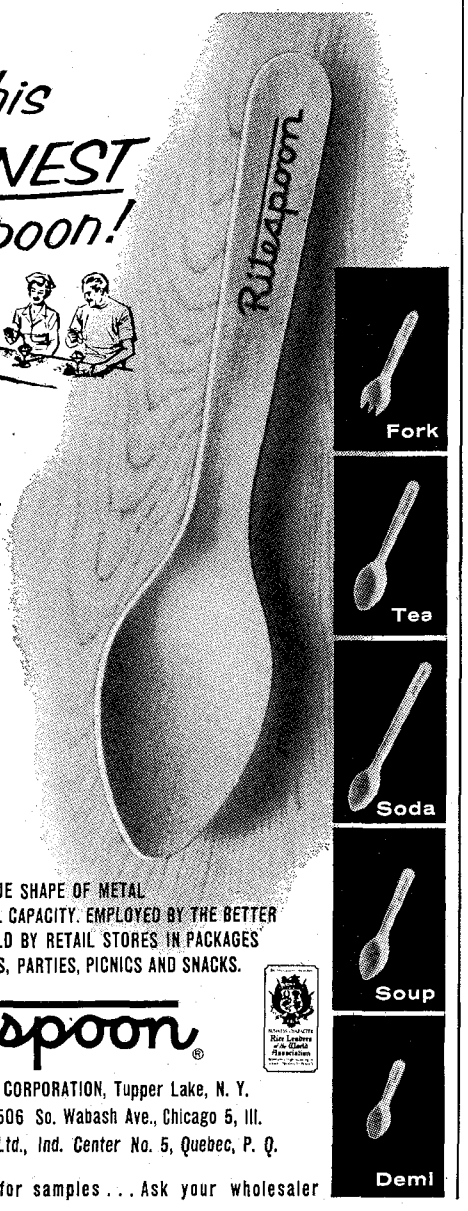

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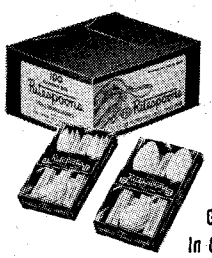

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The Invisible Boy (Continued from Page 26)

after three years of unremitting labor, he had brought to completion the electronic brain called Peeping Tom, the fruits of victory tasted slightly sour. He had built a brain that could see, hear, speak and—in a limited sense—feel. He had built a brain that could make any other electronic bird cage in the Western world look foolish. He had programmed Peeping Tom to answer questions that nobody was clever enough to ask. Yet he could not teach his own son that half of a half was a quarter.

Sitting, one afternoon, in front of Peeping Tom's chromium-plated face, staring at his television-screen eyes and his loud-speaker mouth, Doctor Merrinoe felt no elation at all—only a faint bitterness. It was, he thought, a matter of regret that you could work out blueprints for practically everything except babies.

Recently he had acquired the habit of talking to himself—fortunately, only when he was alone. But though his present reverie was no more than a quietly mumbled monologue, he was soon reminded that he was not quite alone.

"I beg your pardon, sir," boomed Peeping Tom, "but would you kindly state the precise terms of reference?"

Doctor Merrinoe blushed guiltily, then remembered that Peeping Tom was only a machine, after all. "Go to blazes, you great glorified pianola! I wasn't talking to you."

"Sorry, sir," returned Peeping Tom abjectly, "but as there appears to be no one else present, and since you programmed me to tackle all questions, I concluded ——"

"Switch yourself off," interrupted the physicist. "Go to sleep."

Peeping Tom's eyes glowed reproachfully. "Yes, sir."

"No, wait a minute!" snapped Merrinoe. "Are you intelligent?"

"No, sir. Merely clever."

"Correct. Now tell me who made you, who owns you and what you're worth."

"You designed me, sir, and your team constructed me. I'm owned by Imperial Electric, Inc., who paid two million, two hundred and forty-five thousand, three-hundred and sixty-seven dollars and thirty-three cents for materials and construction."

"That's right," agreed Doctor Merrinoe. "Can you beat me at chess?"

"Yes, sir."

"Can you calculate how many atoms there are in the cosmos?"

"Yes, sir—approximately."

"Can you work out how much rice the probable population of China will consume in 1975?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then," said Doctor Merrinoe with irony, "you will doubtless be able to solve a comparatively simple problem. Why does a baby suck its thumb?" He sat back complacently, waiting for Peeping Tom to admit defeat.

"A baby sucks its thumb," replied the brain unexpectedly, "for the following reasons: (a) because it is weaned too early, (b) because it is teething, (c) because it experiences insecurity, or (d) because it is hungry. If thumb-sucking persists, it is recommended that ——"

"I'll be darned!" said Doctor Merrinoe. "Who programmed you with that stuff?"

Peeping Tom seemed to enjoy his moment of triumph. "You did, sir," he purred. "During the first test-programming series, you arranged for me to store the contents of a thousand assorted handbooks in my memory banks."

Doctor Merrinoe was slightly furious. "Well, then, you ampere-sucking incubus, perhaps you will kindly tell me why my son, Timothy, combines the physical characteristics of *homo sapiens* with the mental ability of an anthropoid ape?"

"According to the theory of evolution," began Peeping Tom sententiously, "a primitive life form is capable of ——"

"—— beating your dull-witted circuits out with a large spanner," interrupted the physicist, childishly indulging a much-repressed desire to be rude. "Now allow me to rephrase the question. Why is my son intellectually retarded, in spite of his general background?"

"May I request relevant data?"

"Proceed," said Doctor Merrinoe regally. "I will endeavor to be quite objective."

Despite his mechanical limitations, Peeping Tom contrived to give the impression of one drawing a deep breath. "I require to know his age, weight, height, physical type, shape of skull, approximate vocabulary, manual attainments, emotional characteristics, primary interests, habits, hobbies, and ambitions. I also need to evaluate his relationship with his mother and his relationship with you."

Doctor Merrinoe gazed at Peeping Tom's wall-length face, awestruck. "You don't want much, do you?"

"No, sir," agreed Peeping Tom blandly. Then he added, "If I may make a suggestion, sir, why not tell me about Timothy in your own way? I will marshal the relevant facts as they emerge."

Doctor Merrinoe was too immersed in the proposition to realize that a tremendous milestone in the history of electronic computers had just been passed. It was the first time one had ever made a suggestion on its own initiative.

"As I see it," began the physicist thoughtfully, "Timothy has one outstanding quality—stubbornness. He's as stubborn as a mule with a carrot complex. At first, I told myself it was only a sort of sturdy independence, but ——" And he went on and on, talking through half the afternoon, confiding his problems to the machine of his own creation. Peeping Tom listened quietly, his square eyes dull with the deceptive somnolence of a fat cubist owl.

Finally, Doctor Merrinoe appeared to have exhausted himself. He broke off in the middle of a sentence whose point he had already forgotten, blinked foolishly and came to the conclusion that he had recently been working too hard.

Peeping Tom seized the opportunity to deliver his verdict: "The available evidence, sir, points clearly to maladjustment. However, there is ——"

"Maladjustment!" snorted Doctor Merrinoe. "Of course the boy's maladjusted. That's what I've been wasting my time telling you."

Peeping Tom's eyes glowed brightly. "I do not imply that Timothy is a maladjusted child," he announced. "But you, sir, seem to be a maladjusted parent."

Doctor Merrinoe tried to preserve a tiny shred of scientific detachment. "An interesting theory," he conceded, with some irony. "Naturally, you have a solution to offer."

"Naturally," agreed Peeping Tom. "Since you have failed to arouse the boy's intellectual curiosity, it follows that a different stimulus should be applied."

"What?" inquired Doctor Merrinoe.

"Me," replied Peeping Tom.

Doctor Merrinoe closed the front door quietly behind him, and managed to raise a tired smile for his wife.

"Had a good day, darling?" asked Mary.

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He noted with satisfaction that, at thirty-seven, she was still uncommonly attractive. It was a great consolation.

"Terrible," he answered. "We've now got to the stage where the brain talks back. . . . How about a nice, passionate kiss?"

"Make it eighty per cent nice and twenty per cent passionate," she said. "Dinner is in a critical condition."

He duly translated the wild impulse of abandon into a restrained domestic clinch.

"Where's Timothy?" he inquired casually.

"Watching some cloak-and-dagger stuff on the television."

Doctor Merrinoe made a noise like a punctured tire. "I've a good mind to take an ax to that damned box of tricks. It's ruining his initiative, to say nothing of his critical faculty. When I was his age ——"

"Darling," interrupted Mrs. Merrinoe gently, "you're using up too much adrenaline. I do wish you'd control your language a little more—at home, anyway. Little somethings have big ears."

"Humph! Has Wonder Boy dined?"

"Yes; he didn't want to miss the play."

"'He didn't want to miss the play!'" echoed Doctor Merrinoe irritably, following his wife into the dining room. "Well, I suppose we ought to be thankful for a quiet meal together, anyway. Incidentally, I want to have a little chat with him afterwards. . . . Do I smell something burning?"

Mary sighed. "Only yourself, dear. . . . Look, why don't you see a psychiatrist?"

"About Timothy?"

"No, about you. Timothy's all right, but he seems to be giving you a king-size anxiety neurosis. If you left him alone, we'd all get along far better."

"Anxiety neurosis! The boy can't even tell me what the square root of eighty-one is without behaving like a contortionist."

"Neither can I."

Doctor Merrinoe tried to register a superior and at the same time lecherous smile. "I didn't marry you for your brains, darling."

"And I," retorted his wife dryly, "did not conceive Timothy for his. . . . Now don't argue; it's bad for your digestion."

Doctor Merrinoe did not argue. He stared at the plate in front of him and brooded. It was all very well for Mary to dismiss the boy's intellectual weakness so lightly: those who have beauty do not usually concern themselves overmuch with brainpower. But while Mary's purpose in life was chiefly decorative, her son's definitely wasn't.

The trouble with Timothy, thought Doctor Merrinoe wearily, was that he didn't have very much of anything. His personality was nondescript; and though he certainly wasn't ugly, his features had a vague impression of having been thrown together hurriedly, as if their creator had just been putting on the finishing touches when the lunch whistle blew.

At last, when Doctor Merrinoe had simmered down and was lingering over his second cup of coffee and a cigarette, the object of this sad soliloquy deigned to put in his appearance.

"Hi, dad," said Timothy, peering cautiously round the door.

"Hello, son," said Doctor Merrinoe, coaxing his face into what was meant to be a friendly smile.

Placing a more reasonable interpretation on the expression, Timothy advanced and tried to make his voice sound sympathetic, "Have you got neuralgia again?"

"No, I haven't got neuralgia," retorted his father irritably. "Whatever makes you think that?"

"Nothing."

"Then don't be an idiot. . . . Did you enjoy the play?"

"It was passable. I wish they'd do another about space flight, though."

"If you're interested in space flight," began Doctor Merrinoe diplomatically, "how would you like to be able to work out the escape velocity of a moon rocket?"

"Not very much, thank you. I'd rather build one."

"You can't build one until you know enough math to ——"

Timothy yawned. "That's why I'd rather watch it on television." His father began to look as if he'd got neuralgia again, only worse.

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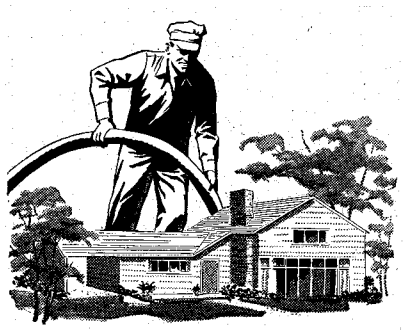

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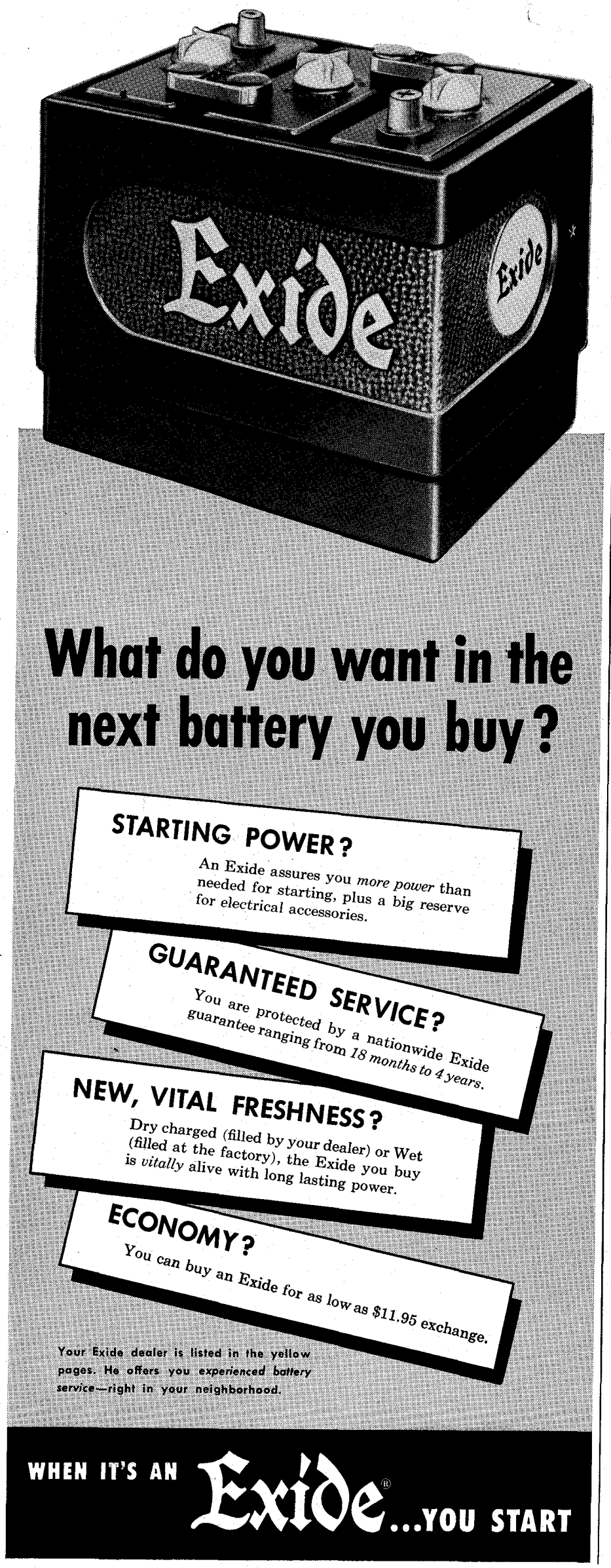
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"Timothy," said Doctor Merrinoe gently, "how would you like to come with me tomorrow and see Peeping Tom?"

"That old brain you've been throwing together?"

"Yes."

"Oh. . . . Tomorrow's Saturday, isn't it?"

"It is. Does that make any difference?"

Timothy took a deep breath. "I was hoping to go to the movies."

Doctor Merrinoe likewise took a deep breath. "You're going to see the brain."

Mrs. Merrinoe gave her husband a glance of intense exasperation. It was a look that told him he would be in for a rough half hour when Timothy had gone to bed.

On Saturday afternoon a tall man and a small boy threaded their way through the vast weekend necropolis of Imperial Electric, Inc. Doctor Merrinoe, with a mixture of curiosity and resignation, led Timothy, with a mixture of resignation and curiosity, among the coppery maze of spider webs where Peeping Tom sat spinning his electronic dreams.

They climbed up a narrow staircase and entered the control room. Doctor Merrinoe pressed the master switch, and Peeping Tom's eyes glowed drowsily. Timothy was mildly impressed.

"I am alert, sir," said Peeping Tom. "What are your instructions?"

Doctor Merrinoe settled Timothy in the audience chair.

"I shall leave my son, Timothy, here while I finish some work in my office. You will answer any questions he may ask, and generally keep him amused until I return."

"Yes, sir," boomed Peeping Tom.

Doctor Merrinoe could have sworn that the brain managed to wink. As he went downstairs again, he heard Timothy's opening gambit, "If one and a half squirrels ate one and a half nuts in one and a half days, how many nuts would nine squirrels eat in nine days?"

"Eighty-one," murmured the physicist absently to himself; then shot a startled glance over his shoulder as he heard the brain say, "Fifty-four, sir."

For the next couple of hours, Doctor Merrinoe sat in his office and was entirely absorbed in a science-fiction pulp magazine. Eventually, he looked at the desk clock, and was suddenly jerked back from a world where amphibious octopods pursued beautiful earth girls and almost caught them.

Two solid hours! He'd only meant to leave Timothy for forty-five minutes or so!

Doctor Merrinoe hastily dropped the pulp magazine in his in-tray, then rushed out of the office and headed for the control room with some apprehension. It was all very well to let Peeping Tom attempt to improve Timothy, but what if Timothy had attempted to improve Peeping Tom?

As, with beating heart, he ran up the stairs, Doctor Merrinoe heard noises that sounded like the world's champion fast talker limbering up in Chinese. But even as he opened the door, the screech slowed down until it became recognizable. A staccato volley marked the end of Peeping Tom's high-pressure discourse. Timothy was fast asleep.

Doctor Merrinoe felt a wave of relief. "The experiment seems to have produced a negative result," he remarked, staring at his gently snoring son.

"Merely a deep-level hypnosis, sir," explained Peeping Tom. "It was necessary to bypass the inhibiting factors before I could program him adequately."

"Before you could what?" Doctor Merrinoe gaped.

"Before I could program him adequately. He has now received an advance course in mathematics and physics. I trust you will find the result satisfactory."

"There's just one small point," said Doctor Merrinoe, breathing heavily; "my son, you dim-witted squawk-box, is not a machine."

"No, sir," agreed Peeping Tom. "Therefore I allowed for a seventy per cent inefficiency. . . . Perhaps you would care to waken him gently?"

The physicist did so. After a few moments, Timothy opened his eyes, yawned and stretched. "Very interesting," he remarked vaguely, "but can we go home now? I'm hungry."

Doctor Merrinoe treated the electronic brain to a pitying smile. But Peeping Tom made no comment—being, apparently, in a mood to hibernate.

The first reaction occurred after an unusually quiet tea. Instead of gluing himself to the television, Timothy disappeared into his father's study, to emerge several minutes later with a book. He then found a quiet corner, settled himself and began to read.

"You've been bullying him," accused Mary in a whisper. "What went on this afternoon?"

"Nothing," said Doctor Merrinoe uncomfortably. "Nothing at all. I just left him to amuse himself with Peeping Tom while I cleared up some paper work."

"Well, somebody has been bullying him," she insisted. "Or else he's feeling ill."

Timothy looked up from his novel. "Do you think a man could make himself invisible?" he asked.

"Certainly not," replied his father. "Why?"

"That's what this book is about—The Invisible Man. It looks a pretty good story."

Remembering his own H. G. Wells period, Doctor Merrinoe was surprised. "Isn't it a little too hard for you, Timothy? I didn't read it until I was fourteen or so."

Timothy smiled. "It's old-fashioned, but I can manage. . . . How would you like a game of chess, dad? We haven't played for some time."

Doctor Merrinoe felt slightly uneasy. "I thought you didn't like chess. You used to say it bored you."

"It did," said Timothy blandly. "But I was younger then." He rubbed his freckled forehead and looked puzzled for a moment. Then he went to a small bureau, took out the chessmen and board and began to set up the pieces. He grinned pleasantly at his father.

"I think I'll watch the television," said Mrs. Merrinoe faintly, "while you two geniuses fight it out."

Doctor Merrinoe looked at her, gave a helpless shrug, then turned his attention to the chessboard.

"Would you be angry if I beat you?" demanded Timothy.

"Certainly not," snapped Doctor Merrinoe, opening with his king's pawn. "I should be very glad indeed—also surprised."

"I shouldn't," said Timothy.

But after fifteen minutes, his father checkmated him easily—with a feeling of relief. The boy had not changed—or very little, anyway.

"You weren't playing your best," accused Timothy.

"I beat you, didn't I?"

A crafty smile flickered over Timothy's face. "Let's have another game. I'd forgotten some of the gambits."

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"Thirsting for revenge?" said Doctor Merrinoe dryly. He set up the pieces again.

Timothy frowned slightly, then said with some hesitation, "Would you give me fifteen dollars if I win?"

"What?"

"I said would you give me fifteen dollars if I win?"

Doctor Merrinoe regarded his son gravely. "And what do I get if I win?"

"Thirty cents a week for a year," said Timothy promptly. "That's fair, isn't it?"

"I think so," answered his father, with a thin smile. "I hope this is going to be a lesson for you. . . . Why do you want fifteen dollars?"

Timothy grinned. "I'll tell you after the game."

"Your move," said Doctor Merrinoe grimly.

It lasted slightly more than two hours, and proved to be quite a classic. At first, Doctor Merrinoe moved carelessly, then with more caution. After twenty minutes, he lost a knight and a bishop in rapid succession, while Timothy merely sacrificed three pawns.

This seemed to unnerve the physicist. He began to play with deathly concentration, until a sudden stroke of brilliance, that should have given him the game, somehow cost him his queen.

Meanwhile, Timothy had taken to reading his novel between moves. Almost regretfully, he administered the *coup de grâce*, at the same time reaching the end of Chapter Seventeen.

"Timothy," said Doctor Merrinoe in a cracked voice, as he reached for his billfold, "how did you do it?"

"Just followed the pattern," replied the boy enigmatically.

There was a profound silence while Timothy collected his winnings and, after a careful recount, pocketed the dollar bills. His father stared anxiously at this pint-size Frankenstein that was his own flesh and blood.

Eventually, Doctor Merrinoe was moved to consider the purpose behind this sinister confidence trick. "What are you going to do with the money?" he demanded.

"Buy a few things I need for some experiments."

"I see," said Doctor Merrinoe blindly.

Timothy yawned. "I think I'll go to bed now. . . . Thanks for the games, dad. I hope you didn't mind losing."

"Not at all," grated his father. "It was a pleasure."

Mrs. Merrinoe, whose interest in television had fallen to zero from the moment Timothy began to win, watched her small, retreating son with awe. She noticed that the copy of The Invisible Man was tucked firmly under his arm.

When he had closed the door behind him, she pounced on her husband like a broody lioness. "What's happened to my little boy?" she demanded. "What have you done to him?"

"Nothing—nothing at all," he said helplessly. "I expect Peeping Tom taught him a few tricks, but they'll soon wear off."

"Wear off!" snapped Mary. "I should hope so—for your sake! If that electronic egg-timer's done any harm to Timothy, I'll—I'll ——" She froze him with an angry glare.

Remembering Peeping Tom's hypnotic programming, Doctor Merrinoe winced.

For the rest of the weekend, there was a somewhat uneasy armistice. Unconsciously, Doctor Merrinoe avoided his son as much as possible; while Timothy, for his part, spent a great deal of time in his own room.

The physicist discovered that a few more books had disappeared from his study, including one massive tome on wave mechanics. The thought of Timothy reading up on wave mechanics was no longer ridiculous: it was terrifying. But he made no comment, thinking it wiser to await results.

He did not have to wait long. The storm broke on Monday evening. Returning home late after a long and unrewarding experiment, Doctor Merrinoe was confronted by a hysterical wife.

"Thank heaven you've arrived!" she sobbed. "I've been trying to call you for the last hour. You've got to do something about Timothy quickly, before I go out of my mind!"

"Timothy?" echoed Doctor Merrinoe nervously. "Where is he? Is he all right?"

"All right!" shrieked Mrs. Merrinoe. "You'll see if he's all right!"

At that moment, the dining-room door opened and a pair of shoes walked down the hall. They were inhabited by an empty pair of stockings which invisibly supported a small boy's vacant suit.

"Hi, dad," said Timothy cheerfully. "I wanted to give you a surprise."

Doctor Merrinoe cringed from the apparition. "Timothy!" he croaked. "Timothy! What have you done?"

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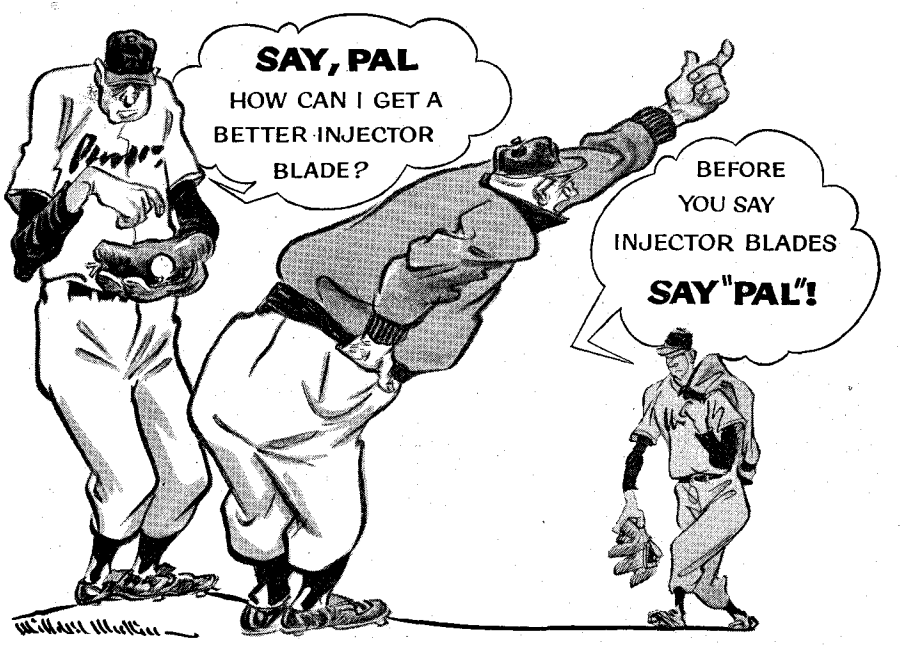

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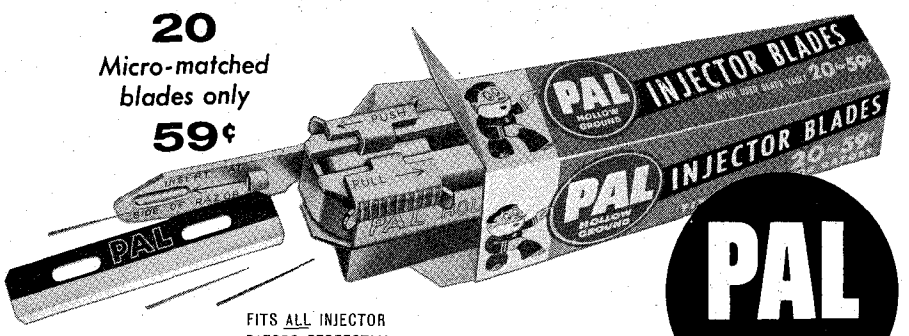

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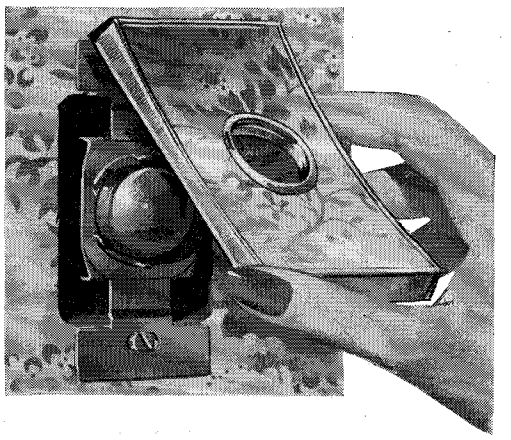

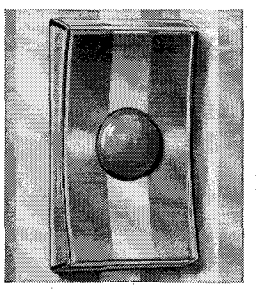

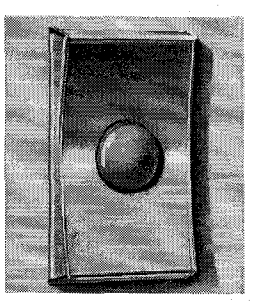

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"Rearranged my molecular structure," replied Timothy calmly, "and lowered my refractive index to zero."

"It's—it's—it's impossible!"

"You said that before, but—well, here I am. The man in the book did it, and so have I."

The sweat dripped from Doctor Merrinoe's forehead. "But, Timothy, listen! The book was only a story—fiction. It just couldn't happen."

"It has. Feel my hand." He prodded his father, not too gently, underneath the ribs. "Would you say that was fiction?"

Doctor Merrinoe coughed and sat down suddenly, his legs giving way like overloaded pit props. Mrs. Merrinoe, having now reached breaking point, fainted and with excellent timing slid gently into her husband's arms.

"Now see what you've done!" he panted angrily. "We'd better get her on to the chesterfield." As he struggled with his wife's limp form, Doctor Merrinoe was helped by a pair of invisible hands.

He settled her in a relaxed position, then turned pathetically to the vacant suit. "How—how did you ——"

"The apparatus is in my room," said Timothy. Anticipating his father's next move, he added, "No, don't go there. You may get electrocuted, or turn invisible or something. From now on, my room will have to be private."

Doctor Merrinoe was about to lay down the law, but thought better of it. "All right, son," he said meekly. "But, Timothy—can you—can you change back?"

There was childish laughter. "I don't want to. This is fun. Besides, think what they'll say at school."

Doctor Merrinoe shuddered. He was thinking what the whole world would say. He was also thinking what the world might possibly do. At that moment, Mary opened her eyes. She looked as if she were getting ready to scream. It was the last straw. Doctor Merrinoe panicked.

"Timothy, you've got to change back," he pleaded. "You've got to. It's not decent. It's ——" He floundered, inwardly praying for spiritual guidance. How could he ever hope to control an invisible boy?

Then suddenly Doctor Merrinoe was inspired. "I'll bet you twenty-five dollars," he said sadly, "that you can't become visible again."

"Done!" snapped Timothy. Suit, stockings and shoes galvanized into action. A door opened and slammed, and the invisible boy bounded upstairs three at a time. With an abject sigh, Doctor Merrinoe turned to his wife and patted her hand reassuringly.

"I'll divorce you!" she snapped. "For extreme cruelty! You and that psychopathic brain!"

"Now, Mary," he soothed, "it's going to work out all right. We'll just have to watch him carefully for a while."

"Watch him carefully!" she stormed. "When at any moment he might decide to turn us into a couple of white mice?"

"It's not so bad as that, dear. If you understood a little physics, I could ——"

"Physics!" she scoffed. "Can you make yourself invisible? Don't be a moron." She dabbed at her eyes with a handkerchief and sniffed. "It's the work of the devil."

Unless the devil had also been programmed by Peeping Tom, Doctor Merrinoe doubted if he would have enough scientific knowledge to be of practical assistance. But Mary was in no mood for reasonable discussion, so he let it pass.

He would have given anything to watch Timothy making himself visible again, but somehow that didn't seem advisable. He sat down and waited tensely. A mysterious humming started upstairs. It sounded like a muffled hornet. Presently it changed into a high-pitched whirring that died slowly into silence. Then there was a sound like breaking glass.

A few moments later, Timothy came back into the room, wearing a benign smile on his chubby, substantial face. Doctor Merrinoe mopped his forehead. Then he saw the purposeful gleam in Timothy's eye and hastily took out his billfold. He selected a five and two tens.

"Now, Timothy"—he waved them slowly in front of the boy's nose—"I want you to promise that you'll never make anyone or anything invisible with that—that apparatus. In fact, it would be a good thing if we took it to pieces tonight. Of course, I'll just take a few notes for the sake of a scientific record, but ——"

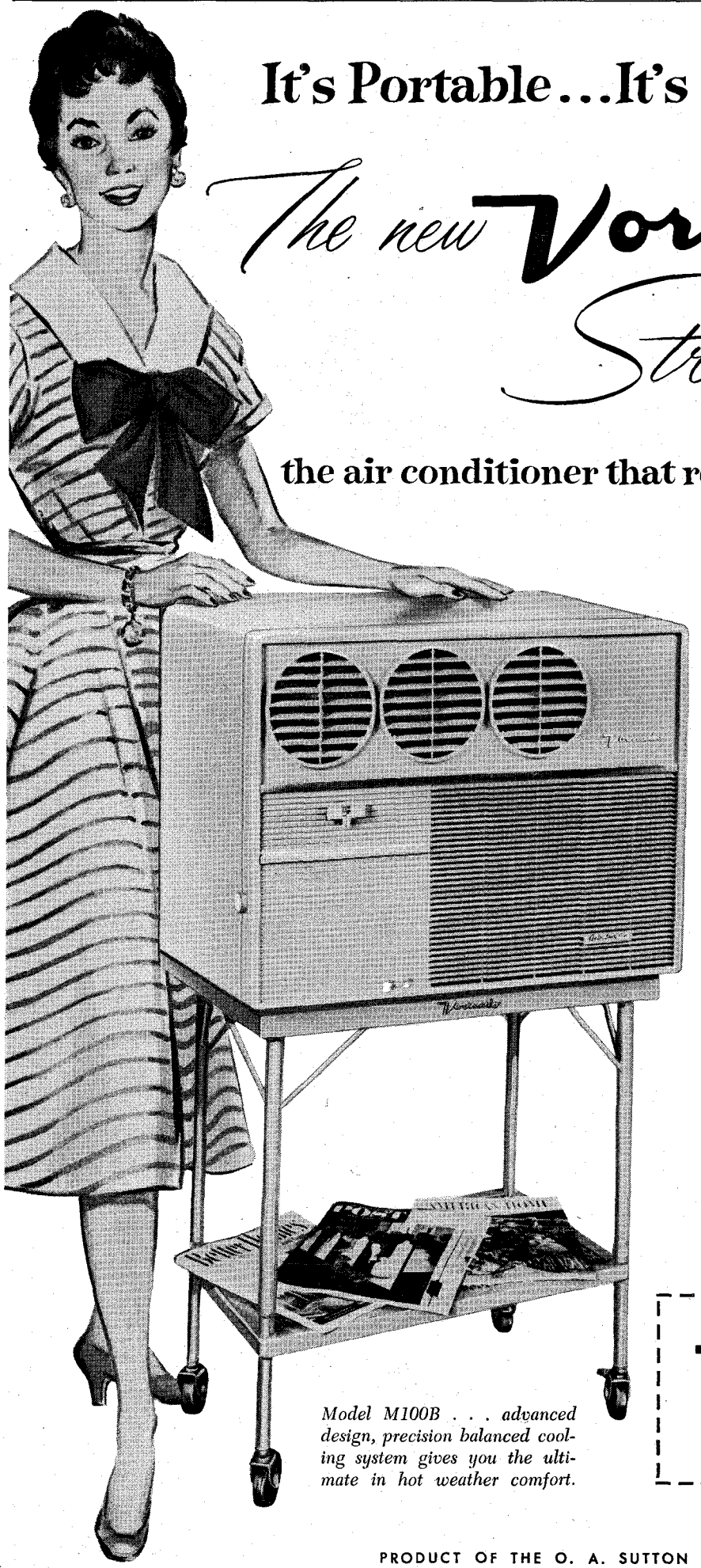
"Nobody goes into my room," interrupted Timothy decisively. His hand closed round the bills. "Now that I've done it once, I'm beginning to lose interest. I only worked on it because you said it was impossible. . . . But I've just discovered a far more interesting problem."

"What's that?" squeaked Doctor Merrinoe in top falsetto.

"Antigravity," said Timothy with a happy smile.

Doctor Merrinoe experienced an odd darkness descending. The room began to sway slightly, and he had a feeling that presently the floor would rise up and hit him.

From far, far away, he heard Timothy eagerly explaining why the general theory of relativity was just a little unsound. But Doctor Merrinoe was more concerned with the practical side. He was already figuring how much it would cost him not to go to the moon. THE END



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The Most Important Man in Town

Continued from Page 34)

"Forgot my blackjack," he said. "I'll e right back, Charleyhorse. You stay ght there."

"He will not stay right there!" Gloria lled after him. "He'll get up right this stant and get off the county's grass!"

Charleyhorse put his arms over his eyes keep the sun out. "Why will I get off e county's grass?"

"Because you're breaking the law ev- y second you stay on it, that's why."

By then my father couldn't stand to atch out the window and not know iat was going on any longer. Here he me walking across the lawn in his high- eled boots.

Charleyhorse sighed and got up. 'oung lady," he said, "you are speaking a practically full-blooded member of e Chickamasia Indian tribe."

"Charleyhorse," my father said hope- lly, "how would it be if you found some ce green grass someplace else to rest ?"

"There isn't any," I said. "To speak ." Nobody paid any attention—hardly ybody ever does when you're eleven ars old—but I was right. This was the rd year of the drought and most all grass had dried up.

"I don't care if I'm speaking to the t of the Mohicans," Gloria said. "I'm ing in right now and draw up the arges."

'Now, Gloria," my father said, "let's it and re-examine this issue Monday rnin'. That Antelope City game ——"

Charleyhorse sat up straighter and ssed his arms. "Not just a member ıer," he said. "The chief."

'Congratulations," Gloria said.

'Duly elected," Charleyhorse said. omin' home I stopped by my uncle's ıse, out in Okfuskee County, and me l him and my cousin held us a council l I got elected chief. We had a quorum ıse that's all of us Chickamasias there eft, except my two cousins that went California to work in an aircraft plant ore the war and never came back."

My big sister looked suspicious. "What e you been doing down there at the versity," she asked, "besides playing tball?"

Studyin' law."

Gloria pursed her lips thoughtfully. With a good, strong minor in history," ırleyhorse said.

Gloria turned away. "I'll be back," she l over her shoulder. My father went r her, talking fast.

Charleyhorse grinned at me. "Hi, ter," he said. "Some gal!"

Edgar Ransom's gone fishing in Colo- ɔ," I explained. "That makes Gloria ng attorney, and she takes it real ous."

"I take her serious too," Charley- horse said. "Only don't tell her I said so."

"I won't."

"I saw her at a football game last fall." Charleyhorse reached around and got his shoes and started putting them on. "She was with Ernie Freeman."

"He's still comin' around," I said. Ernie was a state senator and one of these brilliant young lawyers, and people said around the courthouse that he'd be gov- ernor someday. But if they let you vote on who would be your brother-in-law, he'd never carry my precinct.

"Here comes ol' Dave back with his blackjack," Charleyhorse said. "Let's ease out of here."

We got his car and went down to that big hole on the river below the red bluff and took a couple of channel catfish off a trotline I had there. Then we took a swim, and didn't get back to the court- house until just about quitting time. Gloria was sitting in the county attorney's office, drawing up a paper charging Charleyhorse with trespassing.

"I've looked up one side of the revised statutes and down the other," she said happily, "and the law makes no excep- tion for members of the Chickamasia tribe."

"What about the Treaty of Horseshoe Bend?" Charleyhorse asked.

Gloria leaned back in her chair and crossed her arms. "What about it?" she asked cautiously.

"I'm not through that law course yet," Charleyhorse said, "but as far as I have gone, it looks to me like no state consti- tution or state law can run a reverse on a Federal treaty."

"Any nitwit knows that," Ernie Free- man said, behind us. "You'd think even a lady lawyer would know that, wouldn't you, Charley?"

He came on in and shook hands with Charleyhorse. He didn't pay any atten- tion to me. I couldn't vote for another ten years.

Ernie was as big as Charleyhorse, and he'd been pretty near as good a running back when they played together on the Mistletoe Corners High School football team. Ernie and Gloria had finished col- lege ahead of Charleyhorse because Charleyhorse had lost a couple of years fighting with the 45th Division in Korea.

"What you got against lady lawyers?" Charleyhorse asked him.

"I just don't like 'em. What I like is former lady lawyers."

Gloria took a deep breath and put her pen down. "Some of the finest lawyers in this country ——" she started.

"Name one," Ernie said. "Women are wonderful, but they just don't have the legal mind." He turned to Charleyhorse. "What about the Treaty of Horseshoe Bend?" he asked. "Sounds interesting."

"It is interestin'," Charleyhorse said. He grinned at everybody and went out.

Gloria slowly opened a drawer and put the trespassing charges in it.

"Cold feet?" Ernie asked.

"It can wait."

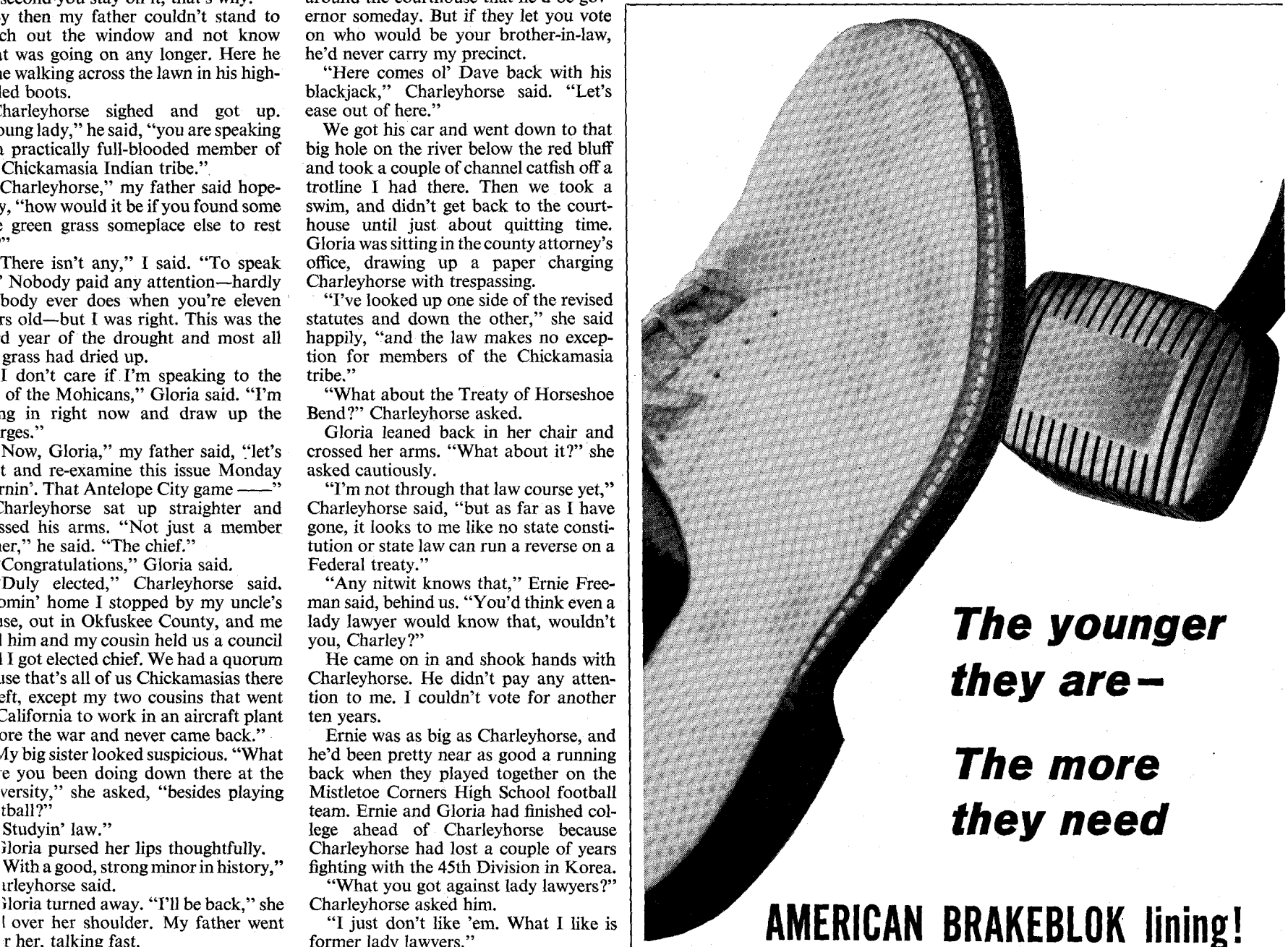
Ernie laughed. Overbearing, that's what he was. I'd just looked that word up in the dictionary the day before, and that's what he was.

Gloria got up and went to look for some more lawbooks. "Don't fall down the stairs on your way out," she said.

Ernie laughed again. "I was just about to ask you to drive over to Tulsa to a movie tonight," he said.

"And if you do fall down the steps on your way out," Gloria said, "try to fall quietly."

She didn't come home till late that night. And the next morning she made some calls to Washington and one to the state attorney general and several to lawyers she knew around the state. Just before noon she came into the jail, where I was watching my father play cassino



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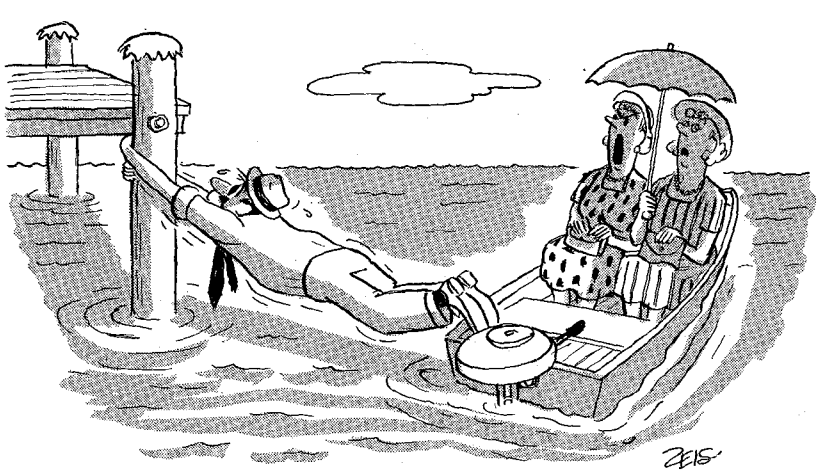

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Walter—we're waiting."

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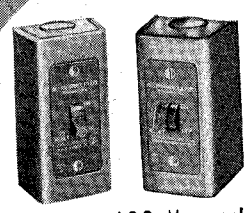

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with an armed-robbery suspect and a man awaiting trial on a charge of larceny of domestic animals.

We went into the sheriff's office and she told us about it. Now you never hear much about the Chickamasia tribe, even around here. Seems like they were a real small tribe, and finally they got the Cherokees to adopt them so they'd have somebody to talk for them to the Great White Father and the other Indians.

But the Chickamasias were a going concern in 1854 when Chief Running Horse and the Government negotiated the Treaty of Horseshoe Bend. The Indians gave up part of their lands, including all of what is now Chickamasia County and a little bit of the counties north and east of here. Gloria didn't find out what the Government needed the land for. She said it was immaterial and not at issue.

The Chickamasia Nation got money and some more land farther west and some conditions. One of the conditions was that the white man's laws would not apply in the tract the Indians were giving up, so long as the rivers should flow and the grass should grow.

"That was because the land the tribe had left was split by what they gave up," Gloria explained to us. "They'd need to be crossing the Government tract to visit back and forth."

"Well," my father said, "it looks like he's got you, Gloria. Just as well too. I think Antelope City is goin' to go with that left-hander of theirs Sunday, and Charleyhorse always did hit him like he owned him."

"But this is ridiculous!" Gloria said.

"Now don't you worry about it, honey." My father patted Gloria on the shoulder. "You didn't negotiate that treaty. . . . Buster, let's find Charleyhorse and throw 'im some battin' practice. I'll pitch and you can shag 'em."

"Yes," Gloria said, and she had a glint in her eye and her fighting face on. "And when you find him you show him this warrant for his arrest."

"I—will—not."

"You will," Gloria said firmly, "or I'll go right to work this minute drawing up ouster charges against you."

"You wouldn't do that," my father said unhappily. "I've got a family to support."

"And you can just start cooking your own supper too," Gloria said, getting warmed up. "And making your own bed and doing the laundry, and I may get a grand jury petitioned and get you indicted for malfeasance of office, and that's a felony, and how'd you like to be down there in the pen with all the people you've sent down there?"

So my father took the warrant and we found Charleyhorse fishing off the railroad bridge with a casting rod for crappie. He had quite a few live minnows left, and my father said it would be sinful to let them go to waste. We helped Charleyhorse use up his live bait till almost dark, and by then it was too late to do anything, so my father put the warrant back in his pocket and told Charleyhorse he'd come by his rooming house and arrest him in the morning, if that was all right.

So we did, and they arraigned Charleyhorse in Judge Hunter's J.P. office over the bank. Charleyhorse pleaded not guilty and asked to have his preliminary trial the next day, so he could clear his name and get that out of the way in time to play against Antelope City on Sunday.

"All right," Judge Hunter said, taking out his watch and looking at it impatiently. "She's set for tomorrow. Court's dismissed."

"Judge," Charleyhorse said, "I wish you'd subpoena the Secretary of the Interior for me. I need him for an expert witness in this thing."

The judge said he wasn't sure whether you could subpoena a member of the President's Cabinet in a justice-of-the-peace court.

"I could look it up for you, Charleyhorse," he said, "but I know a place where the fox squirrels are just about to eat up a man's corn crop and I just hate to let 'em get by with it."

"Well, shucks, then," Charleyhorse said, "just skip it." And he went home and got his rifle, and him and the judge went squirrel hunting.

Word got around town, and there was a pretty good crowd in and around Judge Hunter's office the next afternoon when Charleyhorse and I got there. The judge counted the house, got his gavel and a spare package of chewing tobacco out of his desk, and moved the hearing over to the county judge's office in the courthouse.

"I forgot to ask you yesterday," the judge said. "You got a lawyer, Charleyhorse?"

"Just me," Charleyhorse said. "I'll be a lawyer in about eighteen months. If you can wait that long."

"We hadn't ought to," the judge said. "There's ol' Ernie Freeman sittin' back there. The court'll appoint him to represent you."

"I'd be glad to have Ernie in my corner," Charleyhorse said, "but I'd rather do most of the talkin'."

"Ain't no skin off of my back," Judge Hunter said. . . . "That all right with you, Ernie?"

"Be just fine," Ernie said, grinning at Gloria.

Gloria called me and my father and Dave Dolan, and made us all testify that we'd seen Charleyhorse sit on the courthouse grass and hang his shoes on the sign. Then she said the state rested.

Charleyhorse got up and faced the judge and took some sheets of onionskin paper out of his pocket.

"Judge," he said, "you can read this if you want to. But what it amounts to is that I couldn't break any law in the book if I wanted to. This treaty says the only law I could break around here would be one passed by the Chickamasia Nation. And I'm the one runs the Chickamasia Nation, so even if I did start breakin' the law, it'd be up to me to see I got tried for it, not you. And anyway, I've passed up a law that says I'm supposed to sit on the courthouse grass ever' chance I get."

"H'm-m-m!" said the judge. "Supposin' you was to take it into your head to go down and rob the bank?"

"It wouldn't be any of your business."

"Linin' out as a pretty unusual case," the judge said. "You got any more at present?"

Charleyhorse looked at Ernie Freeman. "Have I got any more to say?"

Ernie smiled and shook his head.

"What you got to say to all this, Gloria?" the judge asked.

Gloria marched up to the bar of justice like a lady on her way to stomp a snake.

"Your honor," she said, "I am prepared to show that the treaty under consideration, if it was ever a legal document in the first place, has long been invalidated by circumstances and the march of progress."

"Got a whole big old stack of proof there, have you?"

"I have, your honor." Gloria took some papers out of a big folder and cleared her throat.

"Now wait a minute, Gloria," the judge said. "Maybe we won't have to get into that. . . . Charleyhorse, what you say now?"

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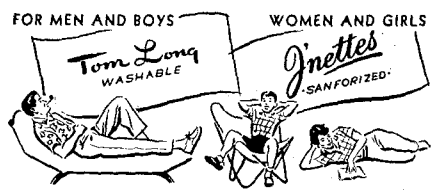

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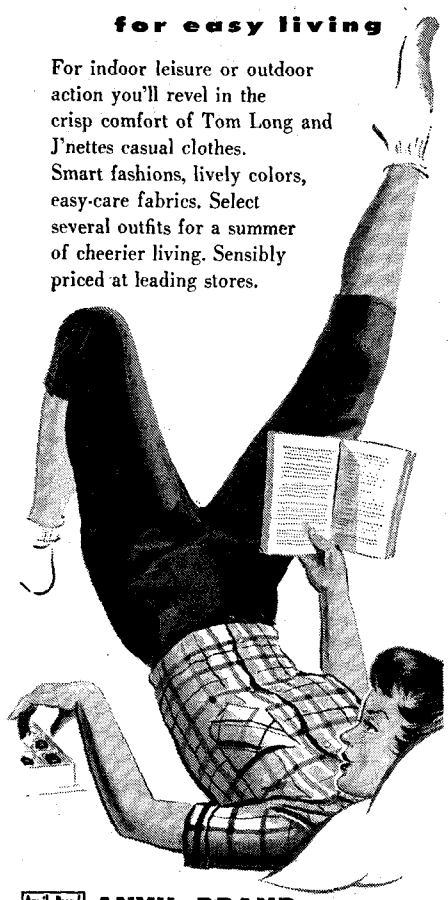

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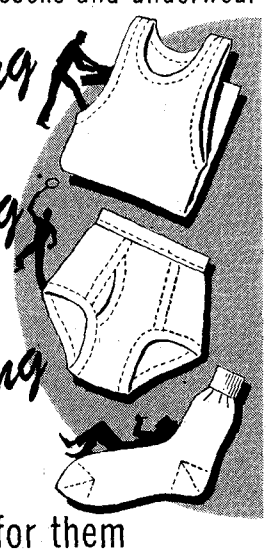

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"It suits me," Charleyhorse said. "If you all want me and the Government to trade back, that's fine."

Ernie Freeman looked at Gloria and laughed. Gloria glared at Charleyhorse, and I was glad she didn't have anything better than some typing paper to throw at him.

"That'd make me and my kinfolks own Chickamasia County," Charleyhorse said. "We might evict you people out of our county and import us some buffalo and go back into business."

The judge shook his head. "Shucks, Charleyhorse," he said. "I don't know. What'd you say if I just bound you over for trial in county court? Passed the buck to the county judge, in other words?"

"Whatever you think, judge. I kind of like this courtroom work. I wouldn't mind if Judge Newton would find against me, so I could appeal someplace else. No tellin' how long I could keep on appealin'."

"All right," the judge said. "She's did, then. . . . Gloria, I don't believe I'll set any bond. Shucks, you know Charleyhorse ain't goin' to run off."

Charleyhorse didn't. He got his car and drove it up on the courthouse lawn and started washing it with one of the hoses the county used to water the grass, and nobody stopped him. The county and a few others who had private wells were the only ones in town who could still use water for anything except drinking and taking baths and washing dishes and things like that. That was on account of the restrictions the city council put on when water stopped running into the city reservoir. When Charley got through he had about the only clean car in town.

They had an emergency meeting that night in the county commissioners' room in the courthouse. The school board was there, and the city council, and the county commissioners, and my father and my sister. And me, but, of course, I was ex-officio.

"What's bad about this," said Ted Bowman, the county commissioner for the south district, "is that that crazy Indian really could stretch this out forever in the courts."

"That's right," Mayor Arden chimed in. "And we've got that big ol' bond issue we just voted for the fairgrounds and the one for the new grade school, and bond buyers are so skittish I just doubt if we can sell 'em while we're involved in litigation, cockeyed as it is."

"Look what it could do to our ad-valorem tax collections," Mr. Bowman said. "Any skinflint in the county can refuse to pay, it looks to me like. Say he's not payin' taxes on his property till he finds out whether he owns it or the Chickamasia tribe owns it."

"Well, what can we do about it?" my father asked. He was eager to get out of there and check on the condition of our left fielder, who was having domestic and throwing-arm trouble.

"For one thing," Gloria said, "we can get the county judge to set the case ahead of everything else on the docket."

"All right," the mayor said. "We'll do that. Now what else can we do?"

But nobody could think of anything else.

Charleyhorse spent a good part of the next day walking around with his hands behind his back, looking at the town as if he owned it.

"Take good care of my city hall," he said to Dave Dolan. "That's where I'm goin' to keep my bird dogs."

But the meanest thing he did was tell people he was thinking about annexing his county to Texas as soon as he got a clear title to it.

Just to be on the safe side, my father got him off in a corner and made him promise not to deport any first-string members of the Mudcats or pitch any tepees on the ball-park grounds or let any deer and antelope roam on the outfield grass or anything.

After supper Charleyhorse came around to the house. My sister, Gloria, was sitting on the front steps telling my father what she thought of a county attorney who would go clear to Colorado on his vacation with a crisis about to happen, and not tell a soul where to get in touch with him. Charleyhorse sat down beside her.

"Let's us go for a ride," he said. "Then, if either one of us happens to think of a possible out-of-court settlement—why, we can discuss it."

"I'm supposed to go for a ride with Ernie Freeman," Gloria said.

"Seems like this is a lot more important."

So they went and got in Charleyhorse's convertible. And they parked on top of the red bluff, looking out over the river, which is what people around here use for a lovers' lane. I know, because I went by there on my way to look at my trotline. I want to tell you Charleyhorse's car looked a lot better up there to me than Ernie Freeman's big old sedan ever did.

The next day was Sunday. Charleyhorse went four for five and handled eleven chances perfectly in the field, and we trounced Antelope City 12 to 2. You would have thought that would make people feel good all day Monday, but it didn't.

I don't guess hardly anybody really thought Charleyhorse was going to take their county away from them, but still it made you wonder. And people were afraid it would get in the papers and make us look silly.

I saw Charleyhorse and Gloria heading out toward the red bluff on Sunday night and again Monday night.

The trial was on Tuesday morning and I don't guess there was hardly anybody in town who wasn't either in the courtroom or out in the hall trying to get into the courtroom or bedridden or in jail.

Reveille

By James Facos

The woods lie cool
With mist, and still.

The leafy pool
Gleams, clear and chill
With morning glow.

A shadowy doe
With listening eyes
  Pauses
In the ferny dark. . . .
  Silence. . . .

Then a sudden lark
  Trills
Its triple-throated cries,
  Winging
The soaring, sunward skies.

O my love, my heart, arise!
Morning's come, singing!

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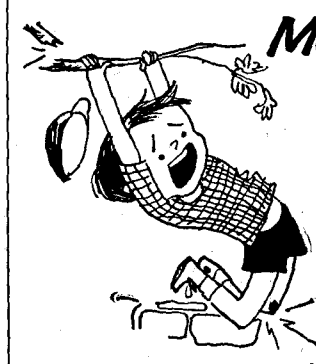

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Old Judge Newton was a lot different from Judge Hunter, being a lawyer by trade instead of a domino-parlor operator. Judge Newton pounded court into session as soon as the clock on the bank started to strike ten. And here we went again.

Me and my father and Dave Dolan testified again, and Charleyhorse got on the stand and Ernie Freeman asked him about the treaty, and Charleyhorse told him, and Ernie inserted the copy of the treaty in the record. Then Gloria said she wanted to cross-examine.

"Mr. Horse," she said, "is it not true that the provisions of the treaty at issue here have now expired?"

"Huh?" Charleyhorse asked.

"Please state in your own words the designation made in the treaty for the duration of the agreement."

Charleyhorse blinked. "Forever," he said.

"Forever?"

"Yes, ma'am. From then on."

"Is that the wording of the treaty?"

"No, ma'am," Charleyhorse said. "What it says is: 'For so long as the grass shall grow and the rivers shall flow.' That's the way us Indians always used to draw 'em up. Sounds better."

I looked around, and there wasn't anybody in the courtroom who wasn't leaning forward and trying not to breathe.

"And how many rivers are there in Chickamasia County and the other territory covered by this transaction?" Gloria asked.

"Just the Cherokee River," Charleyhorse said, sounding puzzled. "Course there's some creeks, but the Cherokee's the only river."

"Aha!" said Gloria. "And have you observed the Cherokee River recently?"

Charleyhorse grinned. "Why, Gloria, you know you and me ——"

"Answer yes or no, please," Gloria said crisply.

"Yes, ma'am."

"And was the Cherokee flowing?"

Charleyhorse sat back in his chair real sudden, like he'd been shoved. One of those murmurs you always hear about running through crowds ran through the crowd.

"Well ——" Charleyhorse said, and looked at his lawyer.

"No, Mr. Horse," Gloria said, "the Cherokee River is not running. It is down to pools, is it not, Mr. Horse? Just a hole here and a hole there. Some of them hardly more than puddles."

Charleyhorse didn't say anything.

"Furthermore, the Cherokee River has not flowed these two years and more, except for a little bit in the spring of the year. I find further that the Cherokee also stopped flowing in 1936 and again in 1937. And the Lord only knows how many other times the Cherokee has not flowed in the years since 1854."

Charleyhorse looked stunned.

Ernie Freeman jumped up. "Wait a minute!" he said. "Now don't try to tell me the grass doesn't still grow. Some of it, at least."

"Sure," Charleyhorse said. "Else that sign on the courthouse lawn is misleadin' and irrelevant and what am I doin' here anyway?"

"Ah, yes," Gloria said. "But the wording of the treaty signed by Mr. Horse's illustrious forebear is 'and.' 'So long as the grass shall grow and the rivers shall flow.' Not 'or' the grass shall grow."

Charleyhorse looked at his lawyer. "Shucks, Ernie," he said. "She's got us!"

Ernie Freeman wanted to talk some more, but Charleyhorse didn't give him a chance.

"If it's all the same to you, your honor," he said, "I'd just as soon back off and start over. I plead guilty."

The judge glanced at Gloria, and Gloria nodded her head. The judge sentenced Charleyhorse to ten days in jail. He suspended the sentence, but he said Charleyhorse would have to pay $17.25 court costs, which is real reasonable.

I happened to be crouched down behind the honeysuckle bush by the steps when Charleyhorse came calling on my big sister that night. He didn't waste a second.

"Now, look," he said. "As long as you've proved you're a smarter lawyer than me and Ernie Freeman put together—why, you don't have to prove it any more, do you?"

"I don't know what you mean."

"I mean by the time I get out of law school you ought to be ready to retire and let your husband have your job and start workin' his way up the ladder to state senator and governor and things like that."

"What husband?" Gloria asked.

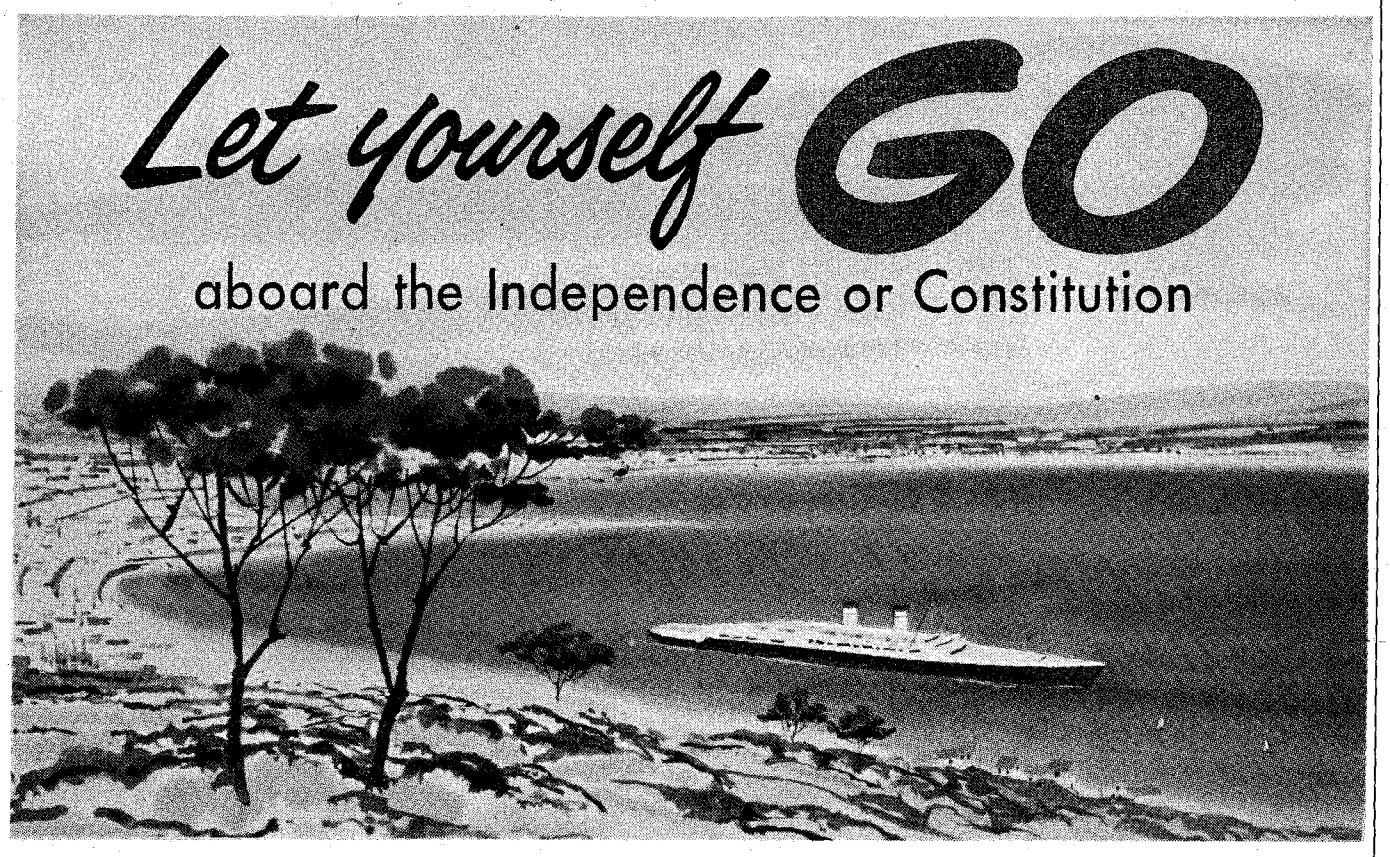
Charleyhorse wrapped his arms around her so she could make sure who he was talking about. When he got through kissing her, she put her head on his shoulder and left it there.

"Forever and ever," she murmured.

"Sure," Charleyhorse said. "For as long as the grass grows *or* the rivers flow."

"Or even a Jimson weed," Gloria said.

I remember at the time I thought I must have a pretty dumb sister, for Charleyhorse to have to take her out to the red bluff above the river so many times before he could make her see for herself about that treaty being so bad out of date. But I'm some older now, and I guess she wasn't so dumb. THE END



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Secret Tricks of the Sea (Continued from Page 21)

ons per square foot, churning and shifting it, so that its topography may change y the season or even by the day. A series f seas concentrating on one point may ig a hole in the bottom the size of a athtub or a lake. Or they may dig a ough as narrow as a gutter or as wide s a river.

Water, forever seeking its lowest level, ishes out to fill these holes and troughs, metimes so forcefully that it rushes far eyond them from its own momentum. his rush of water is what most bathers istakenly refer to as the "undertow." As d Stetser and other professional lifeards have always known, the movent neither flows beneath the surface or drags the bather under, a fact which e Scripps Institute of Oceanography in a Jolla, California, verified only a few ars ago. In Atlantic City the guards re- r to it as an offset. At some beaches it is lled a sea puss, or, particularly on the est Coast, a rip tide. Actually, the tide ntributes nothing to the motion. rictly speaking, they are all a form of current, which is the name oceaographers prefer to use.

Offsets, as Ed called them, have been own to sweep 150 bathers to sea at ce. They have taken a lifeguard and a owning victim a mile and a half from ore. An offset can terrify a bather, even ough he may be only waist-deep in ter.

It is this extreme fear that causes ownings. Without fear, Ed explained, u will float high enough to breathe ether you can swim or not. When pped by fear, however, you panic. rashing about in vain, you burn your pply of oxygen and sink below the surface. Gasping for air, you swallow water instead; the salt causes a spasm of the larynx, which closes your windpipe.

You are being smothered, in effect. In less than a minute you will surrender limply to the sea. Within three minutes you will be dead from exhaustion or suffocation.

When we reached headquarters, Ed introduced me to his superintendent and chief, Richard W. Hughes. Chief Hughes has a complement of 145 men, eleven of whom have been with the patrol for more than thirty years. He himself has served for forty-four years. He is slender and surprisingly untanned. During the summer season he works mainly in his office, balancing his $175,000 yearly budget and keeping extensive records pertinent to beach safety. Chief Hughes spends part of his winters visiting other beaches and lecturing on the subject of lifesaving.

After talking several hours with Chief Hughes on the nature of the surf and how best to cope with it, Ed and I returned to States Avenue. We spent the afternoon sitting on a lifeguard stand. In front of it was a seventeen-foot lifeboat, technically a form of bank skiff which the patrol has altered somewhat for its own uses. It lay on two wooden rollers a few feet from the water's edge, ready for immediate launching. One hundred and fifty yards to both our right and our left were other stands, each with its own lifeboat and two guards in attendance. The wind was blowing from the southwest, moving the seas upbeach, so that they broke on the bias. Capt. Harry Yates, the sixty-three-year-old officer in charge of the States Avenue tent, was sitting with Ed and me. Guards Fred Burwell and Bernard Levy were standing on the beach in front of us. Guard John Daley had walked upbeach to blow his whistle at a man and two young children who were bathing dangerously close to a groin.

"There's a set," said Ed, pointing to a spot about 200 feet offshore. An area just beyond the breakers, about an acre in size, seemed to be more agitated than the sea around it. It was embroidered with long strips of foam and had a brownish cast. It was moving out to sea, one body of water within another body of water.

"See how brown it is?" said Ed. "That's sand. An offset sucks it right off the bottom. It'll suck a man off his feet just as easily. If he knows what he's doing, he'll swim to one side to get out of it, or just stay afloat until it dissipates itself. Chances are, though, he'd try to swim against it. When he found himself being dragged farther and farther from shore, he'd panic.

"We don't allow bathers to use inner tubes or rubber mattresses or even water wings. A bather with artificial buoyancy is at the mercy of an offset. If he needs an inner tube, chances are he doesn't know how to swim. He might fall off or even jump off before we can get to him.

"Now watch this lady." A middle-aged woman came toward us from the surf, shaking water from her hair. She walked behind our stand and began searching in the sand.

"Can I help you, ma'am?" Ed said.

"I've lost my pocketbook," she said. "I know I left it right here behind the stand."

"Look behind that other stand—that one over there," Ed said, pointing downbeach. "You came out of the water in front of this stand, but you went in in front of that one."

The woman looked dubious. Ed smiled. "Take a walk up there and see if I'm not right," he said. The woman shrugged and walked away.

"We've got whistles for people like her," Ed explained. "They keep jumping up and down until they lose their bearings. So we keep their bearings for them. They think we're blowing our whistles to show off. But what we're trying to do is keep them from jumping into an offset that might toss them into a jetty or a groin, or maybe those sticks over there." He was looking toward the pilings underneath the Steel Pier.

"Offsets don't always move straight out to sea," Ed went on. "Sometimes they move at an angle, maybe even sideways, until they collide with a jetty or a groin or a pile of sticks. Then they bounce off the side of it and rip out to sea, or maybe form a kind of whirlpool. If you're in the offset, you'll bounce off too. And it's no fun, particularly when you hit something with barnacles on it. A barnacle will cut you open like a can opener."

While Ed had been talking, his eyes had been sweeping the water. Now his attention was caught by the man and the two children whom Daley had warned to keep away from the groin. They did not seem to me to be in any immediate danger, and Daley, I noticed, although still upbeach, had stopped blowing his whistle.

"Well," Ed said to the guards, "who's going to get wet?" Then he turned back to me. "It doesn't do any good to blow a whistle at some people. There's a hole off the end of that groin about six feet deep. That guy and his kids are walking right into the offset it's forming."

As far as I could tell, the man and his children were still not in danger. But simultaneously, without any signal, Captain Yates, Fred Burwell and Levy took off on a brisk trot upbeach.

At the same instant, Daley grabbed a can buoy, a diamond-shaped affair about two and a half feet long. Levy had taken another one.

By the time the four of them had plunged into the surf, the man had lost his footing. The boy and the girl had been swept well out of his reach and were bobbing about like two pieces of driftwood. Daley, who was closest, swam for the girl. Levy went for the boy.

When Daley reached her, he sandwiched her body between himself and the can buoy. If they were to get tossed into the groin, either he or the can buoy would take the punishment. If they were to be bowled over by a breaker, both of them would come to the surface together. In

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

A fire in the candy store, at street level, burned a gaping hole in the floor of the dress shop above. That night, burglars broke into the candy store, climbed through the hole and looted the dress shop. When that shop's insurance firm refused to pay a claim for loss due to burglary by "force and violence," the dress-shop proprietor sued the firm.

"The burglars didn't break into your dress shop," insurance-company counsel maintained. "They simply climbed in through the hole in the floor."

"They certainly did 'break in,'" the proprietor argued. "They smashed through the door of the candy store downstairs."

If you were the judge, would you make the insurance firm pay?

• •

The insurance firm did not have to pay. The court said that while the candy store was invaded by force and violence, the insured premises—the dress shop—were entered as easily as "walking through an open door."

Based upon a 1954 New Jersey decision

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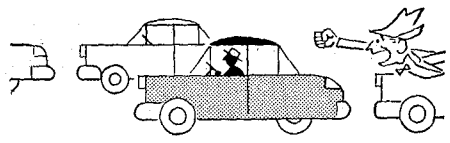

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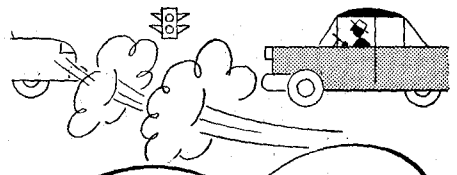

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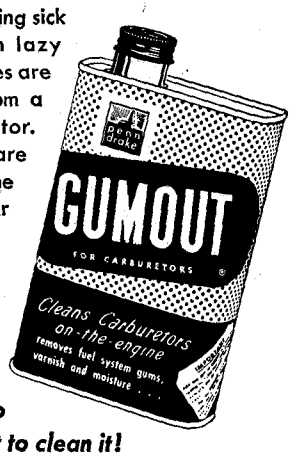

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the meantime, he was maneuvering her out of the offset, holding her head above water and speaking words of encouragement into her ear.

Levy, meanwhile, had been going through the same procedure with the boy. Captain Yates had put the man on his feet and was helping him back to shore. Burwell had swum protectively between all of them and the groin.

"When that man and his kids get out of the water," Ed said, "they'll be off the beach in less than a minute. They've had it."

And so they had. When Daley brought the daughter ashore, the man hugged her with one arm and pulled his son close with the other. Then he took them both by the hand and walked off the beach. None of them looked back.

By the process of erosion the sea constructs a beach. The formation of the beach, in turn, determines the sea's behavior there. As it has on some parts of the California coast, the sea may shape a beach that is flat, a beach on which huge waves roll shoreward on just a normal day, and where low tide may retreat to a distance of several hundred feet. It may, as it has on some parts of Florida's East Coast, construct a beach that drops sharply into the ocean, where, on a normal day, there are no waves or tides to speak of. The topography of a beach dictates that system which an organization of lifeguards can best use to protect bathers from the sea. Since no two beaches are exactly alike, there is no one system that is best for every group of guards.

At Atlantic City's beach, the distance between high and low tides averages about 100 feet. The surf is seldom calm, and sometimes, when there is a storm at sea, it will break on the shore in waves you would need a ladder to climb over.

The Atlantic City Beach Patrol ordinarily uses a lifesaving technique that involves a boat, oars and a certain amount of co-ordinated muscle. After reaching their victims, one guard handles the boat while his partner tosses a ring-shaped buoy, or "doughnut," to the bather who seems to be in the most immediate danger. The doughnut is attached to sixty feet of line.

Because handling a boat in high seas calls for a good deal of practice, it is not a system used by less experienced patrols—say, on those beaches where the guards are mainly college boys on vacation. Difficult as it is, however, Atlantic City's guards have found that it is most efficient for them.

First of all, two men in a boat can get through the seas, regardless of height, almost twice as fast as an Olympic swimmer, a fact which was once proved for the enlightenment of Johnny Weissmuller during his prime. They can row 500 feet in a minute and a half, half the time it takes a bather to drown.

Secondly, two men in a boat can rescue as many as twelve bathers at one time. This is impossible with the surfboards, kayaks or the torpedo buoys on which some patrols base their techniques.

That afternoon I had had a chance to watch the boat system in use as Guards Dick Blair and Tony Germana rescued seven bathers from an offset that came close to sweeping them underneath the Steel Pier. While Germana rowed, Blair stood in the stern, tossing the doughnut to each of them with amazing accuracy. After reeling one victim close enough for him to grab the boat, Blair let fly with the doughnut again. It took not much longer than a minute or two for him to fish all seven out of the sea.

There's another advantage to the boat system. Instead of waiting until he has paddled his victim to shore—as he would on a surfboard, for example—a guard can lay him across the stern sheets and perform artificial respiration while his partner rows. This saves as much as a minute for a drowning bather.

Although each guard is a superb swimmer, he swims only when he absolutely has to. He will use no lifesaving holds. If a bather in distress grabs him, he'll leave him, and the bather is warned of this fact when the guard approaches. If the bather grabs him anyway, he'll sink below the surface until the bather lets go, which will be very quickly; a drowning man wants to get out of the water, not under it.

There is nothing cruel about this. Guards do not have time to wrestle with bathers maddened by fear. Nearby there may be another bather whose life depends equally on the same guard.

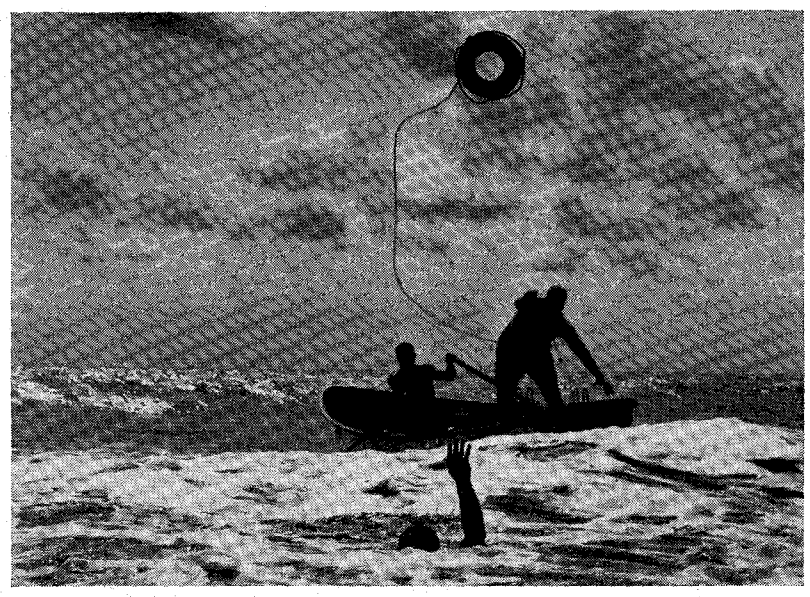
If he must swim, a guard takes a can buoy with him if at all possible. He may have to support another bather in addition to the one he is after, perhaps two. He may need protection against a stone jetty, a groin or a pier piling. He and his victim may be swept out to sea by an offset. Finally, he may lose his victim in the seas, in which case, by tying a rope on the can buoy to the victim's trunks, he has the body marked for a re-rescue—or the grappling lines.

Whether he brings his victim ashore by can buoy or boat, a guard must immediately be able to render artificial respiration. The victim is laid face down, his hands placed underneath his head, so that his elbows point outward. Blankets are wrapped around him if available. If not, warm sand is used instead. The guard straddles him from behind, pushing forward on his chest cavity for the count of two. Another guard assists him by straddling the victim from the front, raising the victim's elbows for another count of two, thus putting the lungs in the best position to receive air. The two guards will continue this count until the victim is able to talk. They will continue at least one hour, even two hours, after the victim is seemingly dead.

A man who has been drowning in the sea is close to anoxia, is exhausted from his struggle and strangled by salt water. His stomach, distended by the water he has swallowed, presses against his diaphragm. He will vomit, possibly choking himself to death with ejected food particles or mucus.

Ed Stetser, the patrol's expert on artificial respiration, has implicit faith in the Atlantic City system, which contends with all these complications while simultaneously delivering oxygen to the victim. Once he was called upon to resuscitate an elderly man, later discovered to be suffering from Parkinson's disease, who had been dragged from the water unconscious. A medical assistant who was on the scene has said, "The man was in the advanced stages of cyanosis: body blue. Extremities yellow. No respiration. No pulse. No perceptible heartbeat, not even a fibrillation. As far as I was concerned, he was dead." While a crowd gathered, Ed grimly pumped the man's lungs. More than an hour later he began to show signs of life. The crowd was incredulous.

Two members of the Atlantic City Beach Patrol pull their surfboat through the breakers during a practice rescue.



Using a boat and a "doughnut" life preserver, a pair of guards show how they could save up to twelve bathers on one trip.

To Ed and the rest of the guards, resuscitation is the most fascinating branch of their profession. They have been known to break into tears when a victim fails to come around. A death will leave the entire patrol morose, and they will discuss and analyze what went wrong for months.

"A guard's got to know how to resuscitate," said Ed. "He's got to know how to swim, of course. But most importantly he's got to know how to use that boat. We have dozens of guards who have made or assisted on more than five thousand rescues, and each one will tell you that no two rescues have been exactly alike," Ed told me. "There's an element of the unknown in the seas, an element that will show you how much guts a guard's got. Sooner or later he will run up against a situation he hasn't enough nerve to handle. After all, there's a limit to any man's nerve. And that's the beauty of the boat system. A man with a boat under him is not afraid of anything."

Suddenly Germana and Blair, with whom we were then sitting, began blowing their whistles in steady blasts. They jumped from the stand and launched their boat. As the bathers cleared a path, Burwell and Levy, from the next stand, launched their boat and began quartering it toward Blair and Germana's, backing them up for whatever emergency lay ahead.

"I don't think you're going to see much," said Ed, peering out to sea. "There's a guy out there in a set, but it looks like it's breaking up. You get a run like this every so often. We call them monkey runs. The bather's not really in trouble, so he makes a monkey out of you. Which is O.K. with us. We don't care how many monkey runs we get to go on."

By this time, Blair and Germana had reached the bather. Surprisingly, they seemed to be arguing with Blair. "He doesn't want to get in the boat," Ed said. "He's got his nerve back. Wants to swim in, so he'll save face with the crowd. He'll get in, though. Once we go after a bather he's got to get in. No telling what else might happen to him after you've turned around and gone back to shore."

Dick Blair is the biggest guard on the patrol, is six feet four and weighs 220 pounds. He did not have to argue very long. The bather allowed himself to be hoisted aboard, and then sat sheepishly in the stern sheets as Blair and Germana rowed ashore.

Near the end of the day Ed called my attention to a muscular young man with a young woman. They were standing in water to their waists, walking toward the shore, but not making much headway. The young man had her by the hand, and he was pulling so hard that the veins in his arm stood out.

"They're in a small offset," Ed said, "but they're going to get out of it. . . . Now wait a minute. Maybe not."

They had slipped back a yard. The girl turned the color of ashes. Then they began moving toward shore again. "Yes, they'll make it," Ed said. "Wait till they get out of the water and then we can go home."

As they walked by our stand, Ed called out to them, "Something grab you by the ankles?"

The man's face lit up. He waved to us with his free hand to show he understood and kept on walking.

"Now, if I hadn't yelled at those two," Ed said, "they'd have gone back to Philly or wherever they came from. They'd have told everybody they know that they got caught in the 'undertow.' Almost drowned in Atlantic City. And nobody saw them."

THE E

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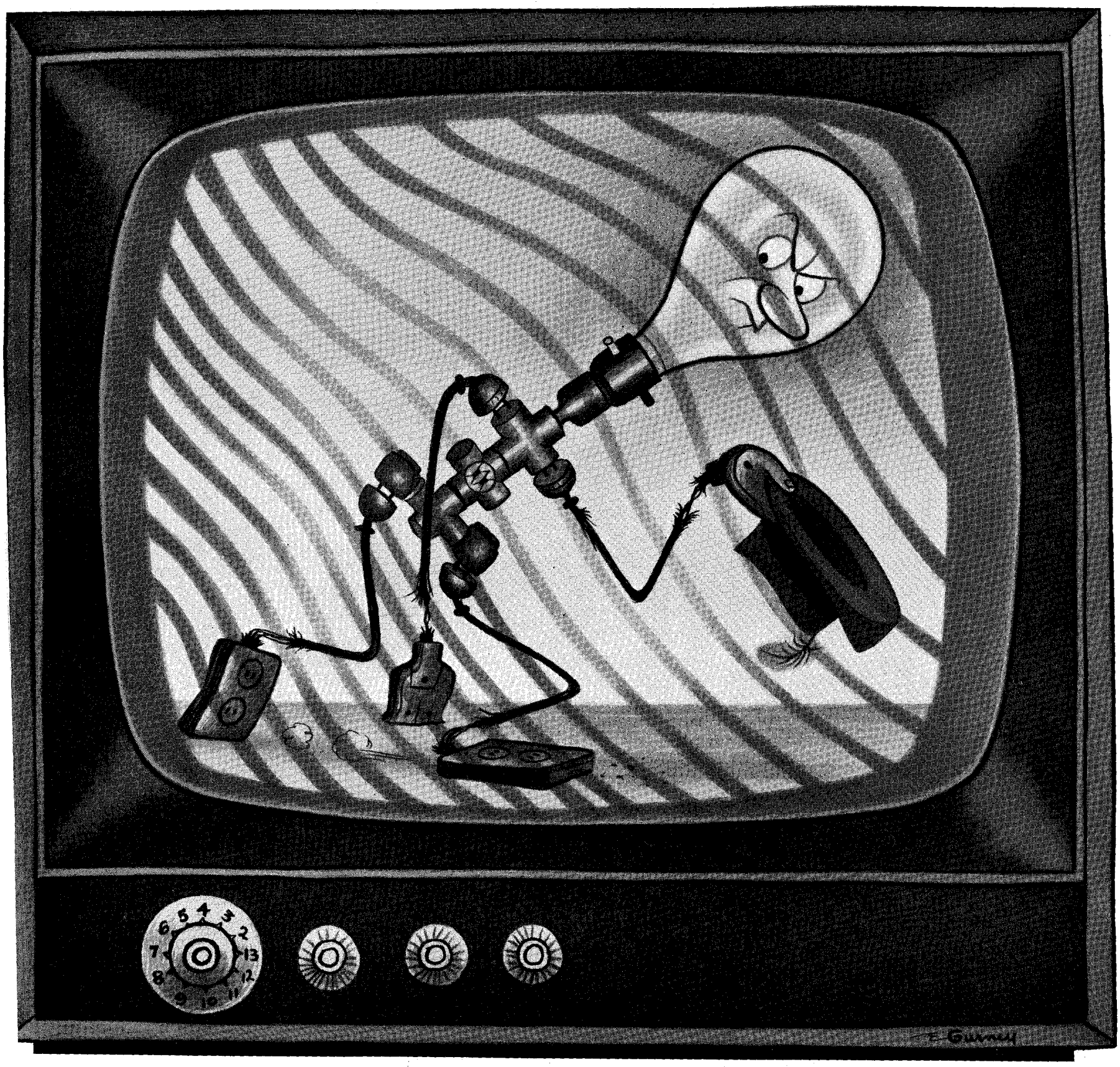
THE WORST ACTOR ON TV



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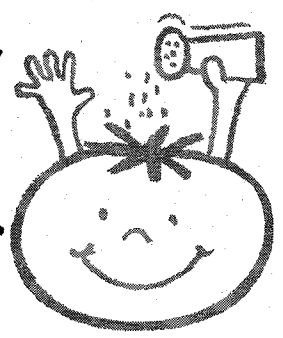

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Bad Year for Bugs (Continued from Page 30)

The only trouble was, Peters feared it might be too deadly. What he had was a modified form of "nerve gas," a substance which could destroy mosquitoes with an efficiency previously unknown. In fact, nerve gas could destroy any living animal, from bug to man, with impartial efficiency. Peters' problem was this: Could he use this weapon against mosquitoes in populous areas without killing people too? The laboratory scientists thought he could. For nine years they had been struggling to perfect a "tame" poison based on the nerve-gas principle, and it was this new formula that Peters proposed to try.

He obtained the co-operation of a team of state public-health physicians, headed by Dr. Dwight Culver. The experiment required human subjects to submit themselves, along with the mosquitoes, to the then-unpredictable effects of the chemical. Seven of Peters' entomologists volunteered. In the records they are known only as J.K., C.G., J.L., G.C., E.M., W.J. and B.M. In the late spring of 1954, this nameless seven joined the ranks of history's human guinea pigs. Peters provided spray machinery and the new poison in liquid form. The volunteers manned the machines and marched through the spray clouds, intentionally subjecting themselves to massive doses of a potentially murderous chemical.

For two weeks in the spring of 1954, this weird drama was enacted in the fields near Merced, an agricultural town 100 miles southeast of San Francisco. Each day, at dawn and again at dusk, a jeep carrying a spray machine and laying a trail of ominous fog, crisscrossed measured tracts of pasture. Behind the jeep, manned by a volunteer spray operator and driver, walked three more volunteers. All five of the men wore surgical masks—not for protection against poison, but only to keep from inhaling mosquitoes, so thick was the cloud of insects.

On the outskirts of the test areas, Peters and his entomologists lurked with mosquito traps. Before each application, they made an incidence count of the mosquitoes in the area; after the test run, they counted survivors.

The whole experiment was carried out under conditions of near-emergency. The threat of a new and worse epidemic of encephalitis was in the air. At this time it had been established that the virus carriers could no longer be held in check by DDT or any of its related insecticides. It remained for the Peters-Culver experiment to determine if the new poison could destroy mosquitoes without at the same time destroying unprotected human life.

The test proved that the new poison vanquished 99 per cent of all mosquitoes that came within fifty yards of the sprayer. And the volunteers came through unscathed, except for mosquito bites casually suffered. The California public-health officers, like the crew of the atomic submarine, had supervised a destructive force turned to a useful purpose. A Frankenstein's monster had been trained to fetch and carry.

It was not, however, until January of 1956 that the public learned of this singular triumph of man over one of his most ubiquitous enemies. Doctor Culver revealed how his volunteers breathed the death fog and survived, in a laconic technical report published in that month. Peters had already announced the lethal results of the "Merced experiment" as far as the mosquitoes were concerned. Neither of these scientists described the dramatic story which led up to Merced. That story begins when the Allied armies crashed into flaming Berlin in 1945.

Among the records of the collapsing Nazi state seized by British (and Russian) Intelligence, were some papers by a scientist named Gerhard Schrader. Schrader's work concerned a new ultimate in frightfulness: a chemical formula with a phosphorous base, designed for use as a military weapon. Schrader's data showed that the substance will block the vital activity of the human nervous system when it is inhaled or absorbed through the skin. A man exposed to it collapses in ten seconds, becomes unconscious in one minute and dies in five minutes. Its lethal punch is just as effective against all animals, including insects. The deadly stuff was dubbed nerve gas. The United States Army used the more inclusive term, G (for German) agent, to describe the original formula and adaptations of it.

In the years immediately following World War II, American chemical companies developed insecticides derived from the original G-agent formula. The new poisons could be used only under rigid precautions, by operators wearing gas masks and fully protected by rubber clothing, boots and gauntlets. They were much too hazardous for householders or home gardeners. Marketed as spray liquids, dusts and aerosol "gas" bombs, under a variety of fanciful names such as TEPP, Parathion, Dithiono and Thiophos, they took over the professional bug-killing job where DDT left off. DDT, the wonderful insecticide of World War II, was still a champion killer of many insects through the 1940's. But late in 1952, the United States Department of Agriculture ruefully announced, "We now have proof that the housefly, the body louse and at least six species of mosquitoes have developed resistance to DDT." Resistance to the G agents was unknown from the beginning, and, so far, none of any significance has appeared. Moreover, they have proved effective against a far greater range of insect life than any previous poisons. It seems there is almost nothing they can't kill.

Grapefruit growers in Florida set G-agent insecticides to work killing scale, a small sucking insect, and in the early '50's citrus yields jumped to astonishing highs of over 500 boxes per acre. Tennessee tobacco farmers for the first time were able to maintain seedling beds entirely free of beetles and aphids. Orchardists of the Yakima Valley in Washington massacred mites and thrips, and produced bumper crops of apples, peaches, prunes and plums.

Greenhouse men live in a tense tropical atmosphere. Their valuable plants are conveniently concentrated in a massive banquet for greedy bugs. For these professional horticulturists, the new insecticides were revolutionary. The current popularity of African violets as house plants, for example, is by grace of the G agent. Otto Dietrich, superintendent of one of America's largest greenhouses, in Norwood, Pennsylvania, says, "We used to lose about ten to fifteen per cent of our plants per year. Now, with the new phosphate insecticides, we have cut the loss to less than five per cent. It now takes only three and a half minutes to disinfect a hundred-and-fifty-foot greenhouse with an aerosol phosphate bomb. With the older insecticides, it took three and a half hours—and it had to be done oftener and the results weren't nearly so good." He looked thoughtfully down rows of thousands upon thousands of African violets. "We just bomb them—bang—and the bugs are dead. You know,

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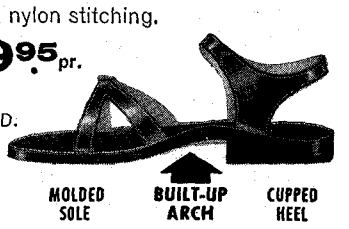

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f we didn't have these new insecticides, ve just wouldn't grow any African iolets."

For six years the phosphates proved ut as amazingly lethal professional in- ecticides. Meanwhile, the scientists trove to overcome the big drawback—he danger problem. By 1952, they felt hey had the answer—a G agent only lightly poisonous to mammals, but ighly poisonous to bugs. Only one ques- ion about it remained to be answered: Would it be as safe in the field as it was in he laboratory? Would man be as im- nune to it as experimental animals were? hat question was not apparently an- wered until the Culver-Peters experiment t Merced indicated that malathion, the rst of the tame G agents to appear, was s relatively harmless to human beings as was to laboratory rats.

Shortly after the Merced demonstra- on, the little town of Solvang, California, ot in trouble. Solvang, in the Santa Ynez alley, is an all-Danish community and a elebrated tourist attraction, where vis- rs may see Scandinavian costumes, chitecture and folk customs, particu- ly during Danish Days in early Au- st, a festival which brings an important nual income to the town. At midsum- er Solvang suffered a severe local out- eak of polio. All public meetings were nceled. The local newspaper published nitation precautions, particularly urg- g war on flies, on the theory that insects ght be carriers of the disease virus. But lvang's flies, too, had acquired re- tance to DDT. Encouraged by the erced results, the authorities decided to malathion. With spray equipment lent local farmers and ranchers, the whole wn's streets, gutters, garbage cans and tlying chicken houses were treated. e polio epidemic abated in July, and as esult of the spraying, it was reported, here were no flies in Solvang." Danish ys were held as usual.

In Massachusetts, Dr. E. H. Wheeler, entomologist of the state university, d Peter Mitchell, a poultryman of athland Farm at Vineyard Haven, put lathion to the test. Mitchell had just en a 12½ per cent knockdown in price 2400 birds—all because of a vicious le bug called the northern fowl mite. is mite gives the chicken's skin a rough, bby appearance and makes it un- petizing at the butcher's counter, as ll as debilitating the bird generally. itchell knew nothing about malathion, ich sounded dangerous, but he was ready for desperate remedies. Doctor Wheeler dusted 6000 hens with malathion—half of them with a massive 200-pounds-per-pen treatment, and the remainder lightly with twenty pounds per pen. He also set aside 100 undusted chickens tor comparison. At the end of a month, the first half of the 6000 birds were found not to be infected with as much as a single mite. The remaining half proved to be nearly free of mites, although a few live insects were found. No abnormal deaths occurred, there was no drop in egg production and no one complained about the taste of the eggs. The 100 undusted birds remained literally lousy.

One of the strangest aspects of the insect threat to man is the way new bugs mysteriously appear suddenly, out of "nowhere," to ravage a particular crop or locality like a Mongol horde. Last summer, for example, an alarm was sounded in the Southwest. A new bug which had been discovered in New Mexico in the winter of 1954, had begun to march through thousands of acres of alfalfa. Alfalfa, a hay crop for cattle, is one of the most important to the region, worth over $10,000,000 a year in Arizona alone. By last Christmas, the alfalfa aphid had spread through nine states and was ruining hay from the Pacific to the Gulf of Mexico. The Department of Agriculture pronounced it a threat to all alfalfa-producing regions of the country.

The Government has sent experts abroad to see if a natural enemy of the aphid can be found in Africa or Asia. Ladybugs, for example, eat the aphids, but they don't reproduce fast enough. Some ranchers are looking for substitute crops. No satisfactory one has been found. In the meantime, what to do? Aerial spraying by DDT would kill aphids, which are not yet resistant to it, but on a hay crop DDT leaves a lasting residue which is believed to be ultimately harmful to human beings who eat the meat and drink the milk of cattle fed on the hay. And in this regard, the G agent has again turned out to be perversely beneficial to man. It leaves no significant residue, and the crop may be harvested within a week of spraying without contaminating milk or meat. Furthermore, while it is killing aphids, it kills leaf hoppers, spider mites, larvae and young grasshoppers. The G agent is now considered the best means to salvage the 1956 alfalfa crop in the Southwest. Even though malathion is still quite expensive for such a massive operation—two treatments per cutting, at a cost of from $1.50 to $2.50 per acre—the Department of Agriculture has an expanded program under way to educate farmers in the use of the new insecticides.

In Canada, early last August, a bug similar to the alfalfa aphid suddenly appeared and began to devastate the nearly 8,000,000 acres of barley in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Under this cataclysmic assault, Canadian farmers faced a multi-million-dollar loss. The supplies of the G-agent insecticides in the area were quickly exhausted. A telephone call to New York started an emergency airlift operation. Canadian Industries, Ltd., an insecticide supplier, in co-operation with the American Cyanamid Company, the United States manufacturer, worked so fast that within one week from the time of the phone call, thirty-three tons of malathion had been sprayed on Canadian grain. Most of the whole crop was rescued—over $1,000,000 worth in Saskatchewan alone.

This year, malathion for home gardeners and householders is marketed under various brand names in strengths as high as 50 per cent pure. It is the only G agent commonly available for amateur use. Its

First Wrist Watch

By R. H. Grenville

For others, Time may
crack the whip
To bid them hurry, hop or
skip,
Or, like a sullen servant,
lag
Behind, with feet disposed
to drag.
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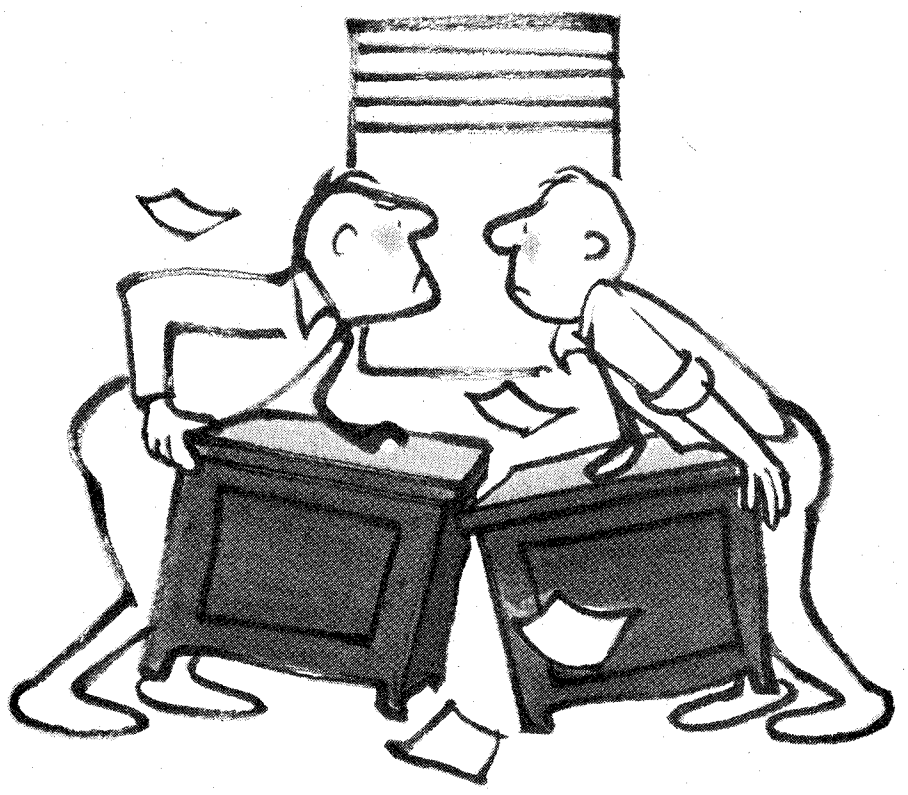

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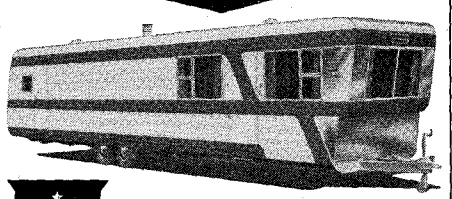

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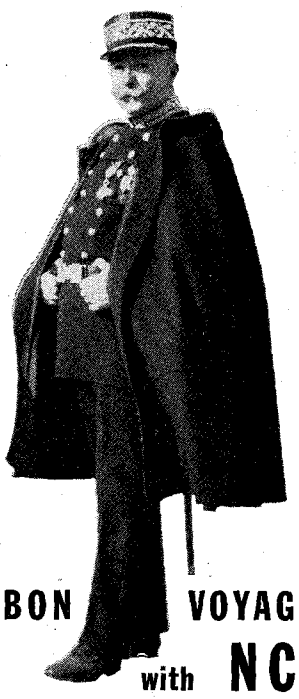

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more toxic older brothers continue to slaughter pests under conditions where unprotected human beings won't come into contact with it, applied by operators bound to surgical precautions.

Still, there is no way to eliminate human carelessness, and the inherently dangerous nature of the G agents makes them no unmixed blessing. The tragedy of John Casey shows how treacherous a G-agent insecticide can be. Casey worked on William Beauman's farm near Tunnel Hill, in Southern Illinois. One bright May day, he and two other men were making ready to spray the peach trees. It was hot, but all three wore rubber coats, boots and gauntlets, and uncomfortable respirators which look like grotesque masks. Mr. Beauman was similarly dressed. A little after eleven in the morning Beauman left to help a neighbor deliver a calf. Before leaving, he told Casey where he was going.

Casey acknowledged Beauman's parting instructions, lifting his respirator away from his face to do so. He then replaced the mask and continued to open bags of the powder which was to be mixed with the water in the tank. Altogether, he opened twenty bags of a preparation called Niagara's Phoskil Code 66. He cut them open with a knife. The instructions provided with the powder specified cutting, not tearing, the bags. Tearing the bags would cause the powder to billow up and spread through the air. The label on the bags stated that they contained the chemical Parathion, highly poisonous if breathed, touched or swallowed.

At quarter to twelve the men knocked off for lunch, and Casey went to his home about half a mile away, where his sixteen-year-old daughter, Bonnie, kept house for him. Casey was forty-four and in good health, but he was not to return to work that day or ever. He ate a light dinner and went out on the porch to lie down. At 12:30 Bonnie's little cousin ran into the kitchen. "Uncle John is snoring," he said. Bonnie went to her father and found him sick and unconscious. The girl got on her bicycle and hurried for Mr. Beauman. Beauman and Bonnie drove Casey to Dr. Earl Veach at Vienna, Illinois. The incoherent, nauseated Casey was sweating profusely and in great pain.

Doctor Veach searched his references and found a medical-journal article which recommended the drug atropine in cases of Parathion poisoning. Doctor Veach injected atropine into the dying man at 1:15 P.M. Casey was then removed to the Holden Hospital at nearby Carbondale, but he died in convulsions within minutes.

Similar tragedies occur in all parts of the country, and are reported with pathetic brevity in local newspapers. In Riverside, California, recently, the three Walker children were making mud pies in their yard. The Walkers live in a citrus area, and their house is next to a fertilizer shed. Someone had left a phosphate-insecticide can lying nearby, contrary to the stringent instructions issued by the manufacturing chemist. Billy Walker, four, played with the empty can, became sick and died. The elapsed time between his first symptom and death was less than twenty minutes. Also in Southern California an eight-year-old Japanese-American boy, Clifford Hanada, was helping his father, Tashibura, spray the strawberries. The youngster took a drink from an irrigation ditch in the field and died almost immediately. In Connecticut, a greenhouse worker sprayed his own house with a phosphate "bomb" and killed his baby. In Spartanburg, South Carolina, Ronnie Lee, a grown man, helped his Uncle Ferris in the fields all day, using a phosphate spray. It was so hot he discarded his respirator. He quit work at five and died at six-fifteen.

Not even the tame G agent malathion has a spotless reputation. And here the hazard problem becomes more acute. Casualties from a purely professional G agent like Parathion usually result from carelessness on the part of the user. But malathion is available for anyone, even children, to use, under only the normal precautions one takes with any household chemical. One controversial case involving malathion is recorded:

On a hot August afternoon in Indianapolis, Dr. George F. Parker, Jr., a young pediatrician, received a telephone call from a general practitioner in a small town five miles away. Doctor Parker says, "He told me he had a little girl in a comatose state as a result of some condition he couldn't diagnose. I told him to send her to the Methodist Hospital, where I could meet her. The child was ten.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Her name was Mary Helen Hartlage. She had seemed listless the night before, and slept late the next morning. At ten o'clock her family found her in the bathroom, on the floor, unable to use her legs. This was on a Tuesday. I examined the child. She was unconscious and had a temperature of a hundred and three. I considered her in critical condition.

"I did a spinal tap. As a result, I ruled out meningitis as a possible diagnosis. I didn't know what she had. I kept her as comfortable as possible, and questioned her parents. I found she had gone on a picnic two days before. Mary Helen played ball barefooted in the grass. When a rainstorm came up, she covered herself with some plywood sheets used for picnic tables. That's how I first heard about Fly Flakes, a new kind of fly killer. The people giving the picnic had scattered Fly Flakes all over the place. They were on the plywood, in the grass. Mary Helen got them in her hair, in her clothes and in her shoes."

Doctor Parker produced a cardboard carton containing a yellow can and a pair of little girl's blue-leather shoes. The shoes contained a scattering of gray-white grains of oyster shell. The yellow can had a shaker top, and, according to the label, contained Fly Flakes, a formulation of 1 per cent malathion. On the front appeared the words: "Easy, scatter by hand." But on the back: "Avoid skin contact, use a rubber glove." The label stated that atropine should be immediately administered in case of illness resulting from the use of Fly Flakes.

The child had now been forty-eight hours in the hospital, and she was still seriously ill. Doctor Parker injected atropine on Thursday afternoon, and, he says, "The effect was dramatic. She recovered with the utmost rapidity. I discharged her from the hospital on Sunday, completely recovered."

Parker prepared a case report for the Journal of the Indiana State Medical Association. It was signed by him and his associate, Dr. William R. Chattin. In it he referred to the Hartlage child's illness as "malathion intoxication" and declared, "Although legally within the law, the labeling and selling of organic [G-agent] insecticides disregards the moral responsibility to the general public." This accusation was quickly relayed to the home office of Cyanamid, the sole manufacturer of malathion, the key ingredient of Fly Flakes. There, Dr. Donald O. Hamblin, the company's medical director, took issue strongly with Parker and Chattin.

"An uninformed report," he says. "The child was not poisoned by malathion—she couldn't have been. She was a victim of some febrile disease or food poisoning. We have studied the toxicology of malathion for five years. Do you know what that child would have had to absorb, through her skin, to be as sick as she was? All the malathion in eighty pounds of Fly Flakes. Certainly that could poison you. Lots of things can poison you—common salt, for example, if you eat enough of it. But eighty pounds! . . . Parker made a *post hoc, ergo propter hoc* diagnosis. Just because the child became sick after she had come into contact with malathion, she must have been sick because of malathion. . . . The little girl's symptoms were inconsistent with phosphate poisoning. She had a fever—103 degrees—and fever is never present in such cases until terminal stages are reached."

Hamblin and his assistant, Dr. H. H Golz, rebutted Parker's report in the In diana State Medical Journal, Parker re affirmed his original position, and the dis agreement between the doctors remains a an impasse. The pediatricians stuck t their guns, despite the fact that the Hart lage case is the only alleged instance o malathion poisoning, although, by th end of 1955, 5000 tons of the substanc had been sold. This means 5000 tons c pure malathion—equivalent to one hal million tons of insecticide as applied i typical formulations. The Hartlage famil brought suit for damages against the loca distributor of Fly Flakes. Trial was hel early in May of this year, and it resulte in a directed verdict for the defendant.

Late last summer Doctor Culver an Mr. Peters gave malathion its severe test to date. At the small (1500 pop.) tow of Planada, near Merced, with the cc operation of the inhabitants, they spraye the whole community from the air at height of about seventy feet. As a result c this one-shot application, three quarte of all mosquitoes in the area died, bu "no hazard to the normal human popu lation was found." As far as California concerned, Mr. Peters comments, "Th present indication is that increasing us will be made of these insecticides durir this current season. Their effectivene and thus far the absence of any resistan to them contribute to their being chosen

This year, in Mississippi and Texa some cotton growers are trying out an a most necromantic G-agent trick: pc soned cotton seed. Shortly before plan ing, the seed is treated with a new nerv gas chemical of the "systemic" type. Th young plants grown from such seed a living booby traps—one bite and the bu falls dead. The poison in the plant's sy tem lasts about six weeks, and eliminat several early-season sprayings whi otherwise would be necessary. If t Mississippi-Texas trials are successful, t new chemical, called Thimet, will be d tributed on a world-wide basis in 1957.

What may the world at large hope fro the "friendly" G agents? At a meeting insecticide manufacturers, Dr. David Price, Assistant Surgeon General of t United States, told his hearers, "Yo products are increasing the yield of wor agriculture many times over. . . . They a also helping to curb and eliminate d eases which have ravaged many countr and have robbed their people of ener and productive capacity." After pointi out the world's wartime debt to DDT, t "old granddad" of the new insecticid he continued, "Our weapons in the fig against disease are continually deplet by the ever-increasing resistance of sects. . . . Organic phosphorus [G-age insecticides are used with success agai insects which have become resistant. . . And Dr. Wayland J. Hayes, Jr., of t United States Public Health Servic Communicable Disease Center at S vannah, Georgia, has declared, "T effectiveness of some of the new insec cidal agents has made possible the cont of many important diseases which pre ously defied all practical efforts at co trol, and has brought within the realm possibility the ultimate eradication certain diseases."

This summer will be a bad one bugs. Whether or not they can ever b come resistant to the new killers, only t future will reveal. For the present and least for the next few years, G agents c tainly mean death on insects. To Am ican farms, gardens and mosqui plagued summer resorts, the benefits incalculable, although ironic. They st from the sinister laboratories of a m dictator who was bent on enslaving world.

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Keeping Posted

The Baseball Story That Was Written on a Door

One day near the close of last baseball season, the White Sox and the Orioles were engaged in combat, and writer Roger Kahn was sitting in the press box with Frank Lane, effervescent general manager of the aforementioned Pale Hose. When the Sox began to fall behind

in regard to runs, Lane began to mutter and writhe. But presently Lane's fellows got the tying runs on base and batter Jim Rivera strode to the plate with menacing mien. In this crisis Rivera took a perfect strike without swinging. He then repeated this mistake. Whereupon Frank Lane arose, uttered what Kahn calls a terrible bellow, and roared down at Rivera, "Jim! Can you see the game all right from down there?" So Rivera popped out. The general manager went into a depression, but Kahn felt cheerful, for the idea had popped into his head that such an outspoken man as Lane might outspeak nicely for a magazine piece. Page 28.

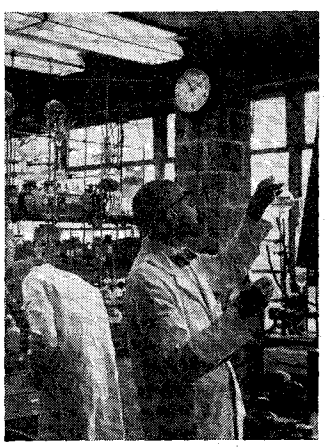
Roger Kahn, sports editor of Newsweek, wants to claim that Lane and he worked up the first Post story ever written on a door. "You see," he explains, "my biography, in essence, comes down to an endless struggle to stay away from a TV set, a phonograph and a living-room couch—and stay at a typewriter. So my wife, in order to make the typewriter more attractive, bought a flush plywood door and built me a writing table long enough to sleep on between paragraphs." This suggests that in their Brooklyn home Mrs. Kahn is the handy man around the house. Right, agrees her husband, though mostly she sticks to oil painting and dishwashing in her free time. Kahn says he did once tighten a loose screw, "and I can drop an onion into a Gibson cocktail nine times out of ten."

By the way, when Harry Saltzman turned in one of his typically expert sets of photographs to illustrate the Lane story, somehow there happened to be mixed in with them that shot of Saltzman shaking hands with baseball's great Connie Mack in the year 1930. The camera boy bears

quite a resemblance to his 1956 version, maybe add a pound or two. "I was then covering spring training for the Philadelphia Daily News," says Saltzman. "I was young. But the youngest, liveliest, keenest fellow in camp was Connie himself—a spring chicken of sixty-seven."

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Can Chemicals Conquer Cancer?"



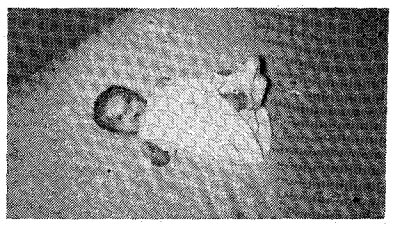
New treatments for this dread disease can prevent suffering, enable patients to live without fear, and may evolve into a complete cure. For the facts, read this article by the Post's medical editor, Steven Spencer.

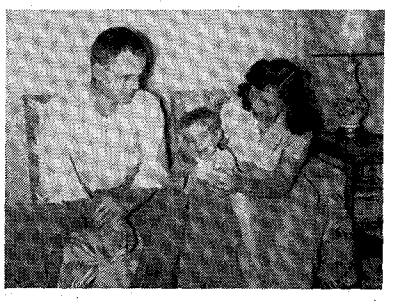
He Found an Idea on His Leg

When Charley Price was eight years old he did the first research on his 200th magazine piece, which is on page 20. The piece is about how people risk drowning while surf-bathing. The youthful Price had been swimming off a jetty on a New Jersey beach (not well-guarded Atlantic City) and suddenly a rip current knocked him off his feet and hurled him against a piling. The youngster clung desperately to the piling until the current churned away, then he scampered for shore. Out of the water, he discovered that blood was pouring down his right leg; something on the piling had torn a hole in his hip, penetrating to the bone. "Twenty-two years later," says the writer, "the scar from that experience gave me the idea for a story that may save someone a similar scar—may even save his life."

It took Price quite a while to see a story in his scar, but then, who, searching for an idea, would sit down and examine his own epidermis?

Babies, Checks and Happiness



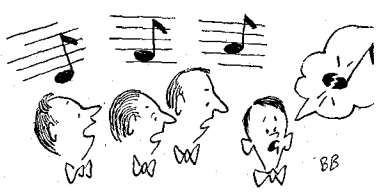


In 1954, Ed Montgomery, who lives i Norman, Oklahoma, and works on th Oklahoma City Times, sold his first sho story to the Post and it was, naturall published. Late last December he sold No. 2, and in January he wrote, "Th biographical data you have is all rig today, but almost any day now o youthful son is apt to have a new broth or sister." Then the father got to reflec ing that if the check for story No. 2 h arrived three days later, he wouldn have had to count it on his 1955 incon tax, and if the expected baby had arriv three weeks earlier, it *could* have be counted on said tax. "But don't thin I'm complaining!" he cried. "We' happy! We aspire to at least a thousa more Post checks and at least one mo baby after this one." Right after he wro that letter he got a check for story No (page 34) and four days later (Janua 19) baby 2 arrived. Papa Ed wanted name her Saturday Post Montgome but mamma Connie wanted Karen Su So she is Karen Sue.

Fate Molded the Career of Furman Bisher

There must be some reason why sports writer is writing about gospel sin ing on page 32. Furman Bisher thin that superficially this is because he ma a football speech in Statesboro, Georg and a famed gospel-singing quartet w booked in for the next night. Wha that, association of unrelated ideas? An how, Bisher's deep-down reason is th he started out in life to become a gosp singer, but fate rendered him mum.

When Bisher was a lad in Dento North Carolina, there was a hot gosp quartet in town, and one of the sing roomed at the Bisher house. Present when a tenor member of the group l town, youthful Furman was groomed



carry the part, using his lovely, boy alto voice. After the boy had worked in the routine like an old sawdust-trail the quartet held a public warm-up s sion, and in the middle of this, Furma voice began to emerge in dread squawks. It was changing then and the His mind changed too. Turning fr music to words, he hastened to beco sports editor of the Atlanta Constituti

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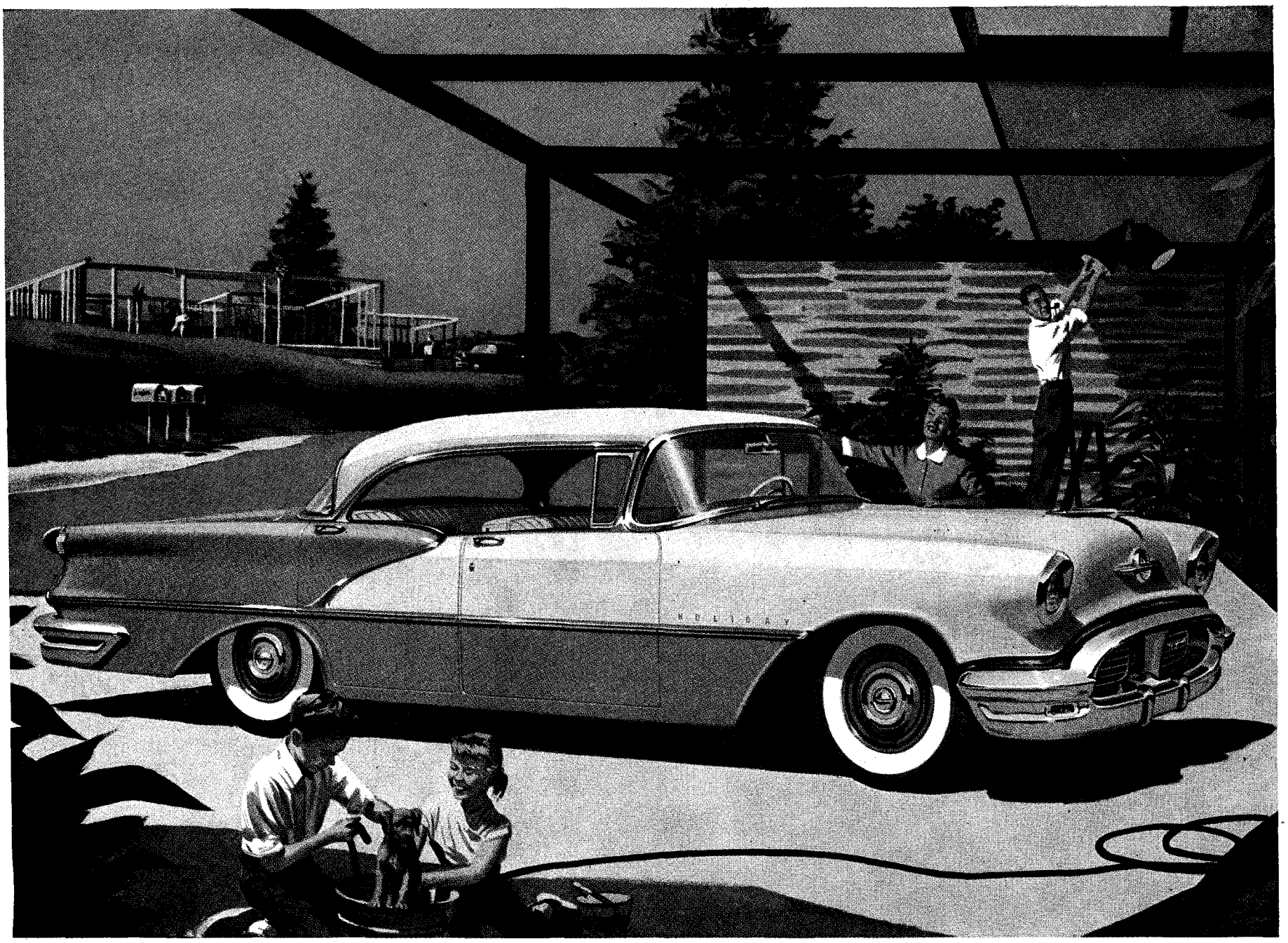
More and more young folks——



"88" HOLIDAY SEDAN

——are getting "Olds" ideas!

Their special favorite is the budget-priced 88

They are enjoying their *Holiday* while they're young. To them, it's an investment in distinctive modern living. An investment, like their home, that they can be proud of.

And, their Oldsmobile speaks for them! It has sophistication, success, good taste, and a zest for living written in every clean, functional line. What's more, their youthful vigor is matched by the pace-setting performance of a high-compression 230 h.p. Rocket Engine* . . . together with the solid assurance of *big car* ride and handling ease.

Young folks are discovering they can easily afford an Olds "88" . . . and smart people everywhere are learning that it's an investment that *holds* its value! If *you* are in a new-car buying mood, *now* is the best time to see your Oldsmobile dealer!

**240 h.p. in Super 88 and Ninety Eight models.*

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AMERICA'S TOP BALLPLAYERS SMOKE

Camels

AMERICA'S TOP CIGARETTE

HANK BAUER, real hustling outfielder for the Yanks: "I've been smoking Camels for over 15 years now. Camels are tops in my book!"

TED KLUSZEWSKI, Redlegs' mighty muscle-man and League leader in total hits, says: "Give me Camels every time! Taste rich, smoke mild."

BOB LEMON, Cleveland pitching ace, is a 10-year Camel smoker. Bob declares: "Camel's my choice for two reasons — flavor and mildness!"

JOHNNY LOGAN, hard-hitting Braves' shortstop, states: "Camels are as mild as a cigarette can be — and their flavor agrees best with me."

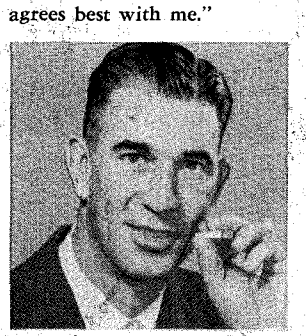
HARVEY KUENN, Tiger shortstop rated tops in the League, says this: "Camel's the richest-tasting cigarette I've found. Smokes mild, too."

RICHIE ASHBURN, National League batting champ, plays outfield for the Phils. "Nothing can touch Camels for good taste and mildness," he says.

WARREN SPAHN, Milwaukee's "Mr. Dependable", leads his League in total games won. "Camels have got what it takes, pack after pack," says Warren.

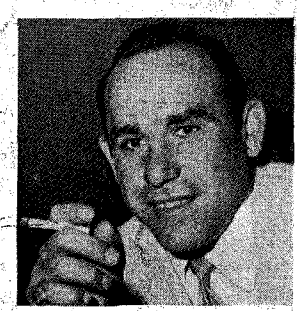
JACKIE JENSEN, Red Sox outfielder who tied for League R.B.I. title in '55, reports: "No other cigarette even comes close to Camels for pleasure!"

WHITEY LOCKMAN, first sacker who's also played outfield for Giants, declares: "I've switched back to Camels—the best cigarette I ever smoked!"

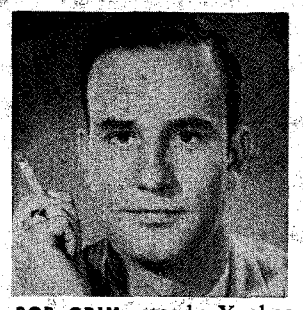


TOMMY BYRNE, Yankee pitching hero last year, states: "When I tried Camels, I found smoking pleasure. Camels have more flavor—and they smoke mild!"

RED SCHOENDIENST, great second baseman of the Cardinals, says: "Camels taste richer and smoke milder than any other brand I've ever tried."

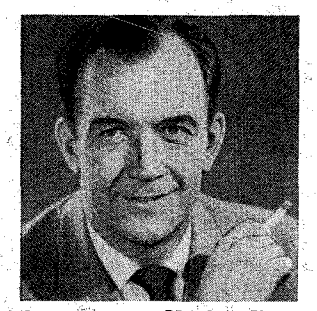


YOGI BERRA, star Yankee catcher, was key man in Bombers' 1955 pennant drive. Yogi says: "Camels' good, rich taste gives me real pleasure."



BOB GRIM, steady Yankee "clutch" pitcher, says: "Camels sure are No. 1 with me! They taste good and rich, smoke smooth and mild."

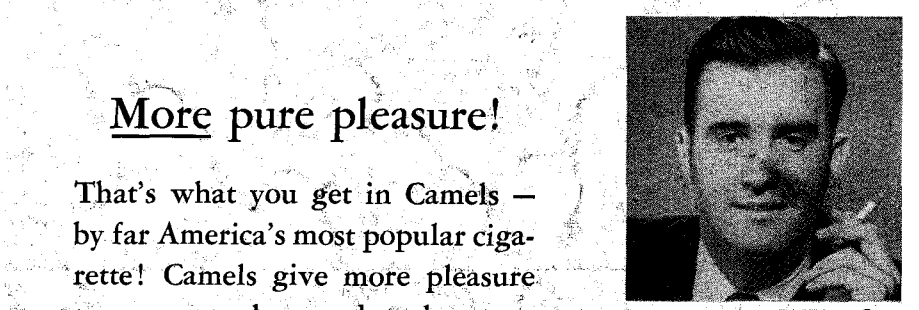
ENOS SLAUGHTER, Athletics' outfielder known to all ball fans as "Country", declares: "I'm a steady Camel smoker and have been for years."



JOE COLLINS, Yankee first-baseman who gets hits when they count. Joe says: "Camels' rich flavor and real mildness add up to pleasure."

More pure pleasure!

That's what you get in Camels — by far America's most popular cigarette! Camels give more pleasure to more smokers today than any other brand. Try Camels yourself. You'll see right quick why Camel's in a league by itself for good, rich taste and smooth mildness.

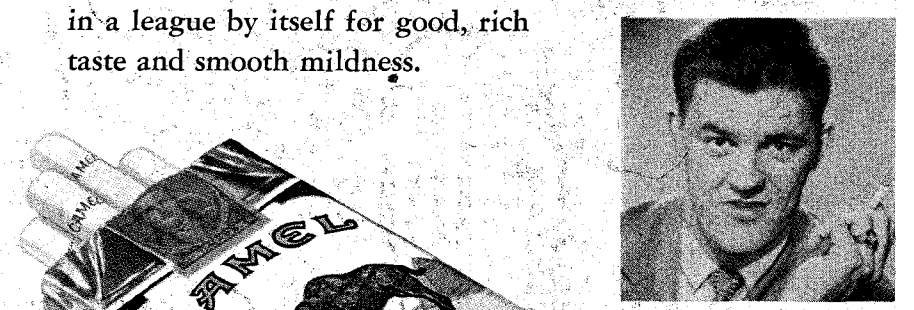


BILLY PIERCE, White Sox, E.R.A. pitching champ of the Majors in '55: "I go for Camels because they taste richer and smoke milder."

EARLY WYNN, Indian right-hander rated by many experts as best in League. "I've smoked Camels for mildness and flavor since 1950," Early says.

JERRY COLEMAN, infielder for the Yankees, reports: "There is nothing I like better than to take it easy with a mild, rich-tasting Camel."

HARVEY HADDIX, Cardinals, one of baseball's best southpaws, says: "I found that Camels have much richer flavor, and they're really mild!"



BILLY HOEFT, young Tiger hurler, led both Leagues in shutouts last year. Billy states: "Can't beat Camels for good rich taste and real mildness!"

Only Camels taste so rich, yet smoke so MILD!

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